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GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

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DANIEL BUTTERFIELD MAJOR GENERAL, U.S.V.



©
A BIOGRAPHICAL
MEMORIAL *of* GENERAL
DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

INCLUDING MANY ADDRESSES
and MILITARY WRITINGS

Edited by

JULIA LORRILARD BUTTERFIELD

With Portraits and Illustrations



THE GRAFTON PRESS
NEW YORK MCMIII



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NEW YORK - MACMILLAN

VII.—The Centennial Parade—The Butterfield Lectures—Gettysburg Celebration—Action in Spanish War—Raised Regiments—Distributes Flags—Presents Sword to Admiral Philip—President Military Convention—Fifth Corps Monument—Presentation of Butterfield Tablet—Illness—Death—Funeral—Tributes to His Memory.....	197
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DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

1831-1901

MILITARY RECORD.—Private New York State Militia; Lieutenant, Captain, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel 71st Regiment, New York State Militia; First Sergeant "Clay Guards," Washington, D. C., April 16, 1861; Colonel 12th Regiment, New York State Militia (three months' service); Lieutenant-Colonel 12th Infantry, U. S. Army, May 14, 1861; Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, September 7, 1861; Major-General, November 29, 1862; Colonel 5th Infantry, U. S. Army, July 1, 1863; resigned March 14, 1870. Brevet Brigadier-General, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious service during the war," and Brevet Major-General, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war."

CAMPAIGNS AND ENGAGEMENTS.—Defences, Washington, D. C.; General Patterson's Shenandoah, Va., Campaign; Peninsula Campaign (commanding 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps), Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, Turkey Bend, Gaines' Mill (where wounded), Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg (commanding 5th Army Corps), Chancellorsville and Gettysburg (where wounded—Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac); Wauhatchie (Chief of Staff 11th and 12th Army Corps, Campaign of Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain); Pea Vine, Ringgold, Buzzard Roost (commanding 3d Division, 20th Army Corps); Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Golgotha, Kenesaw Mountain, Kolb's Farm and Cassville.

MILITARY HONORS AND POSITIONS.—Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry at Gaines' Mill, Va., June 27, 1862. President of the Society of Army of Potomac, 1891. New York State Commissioner of Gettysburg and Chattanooga Battlefields. President Old Guard Association, Twelfth Regiment, N. Y. National Guard. Member Sons of the Revolution. Commander Lafayette Post, No. 140, G. A. R., New York City. Member Military Order Loyal Legion, of which he was Chancellor in 1866. Russian Emperor's Guest at Military Review. President Third Brigade Association. Marshal of the Sherman Funeral Procession. Member Military Service Institution. Honorary Member Eleventh Army Corps. Marshal of the Centennial Parade of 1889, in which 100,000 men took part, and also aided the Mayor of New York in the Reception of Admiral Dewey in 1899.

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry—Benjamin Butterfield—John Butterfield—Birth of Daniel—Boyhood—At College—Studies Law—Goes to New Orleans—In Business—Becomes a Soldier—Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment—Proceeds to Washington.

BENJAMIN BUTTERFIELD, the ancestor of the subject of this memorial volume, and from whom the American family chiefly derive issue, settled at Charlestown in the Bay Colony in 1638. In England, from whence he came with wife and several children, the family date their arrival from Normandy in the twelfth century. Robert de Buteville held lands in Bedfordshire and Norfolk in 1165. John de Buteville was the possessor of the lordship of Cheddington, in Bucks, in 1316. The name Botevyle occurs in the Battle Abbey roll. The estate of Bouteville was near Carentum, in Normandy, a town at the mouth of the River Tante. There may still be seen ancient fortifications, a castle, and a curious Norman church. A branch of the family settled at Church Stretton, Shropshire.*

The name of Benjamin Butterfield appears among the first town orders of Woburn, and in 1643 he was made a Freeman. Two years later his name is included on the Woburn tax list. In 1652 the inhabitants of this town petitioned for leave to explore the west side of the Concord River. The report stated that it was "a very comfortable place to accommodate a company of God's people." The following year Butterfield headed a petition of twenty-nine, including the petitioners of the preceding year, for a tract of land six miles square, "to begin at the Merrimac River, at a neck of land next to Concord River," to run south-

*In early deeds and other documents, the name also appears as Botefeld, Botesville, Botfield, Bouteville, Buterfeld, Buterfelld, Buterfield, Butterfelld, and Butterfelde.

erly on Concord River and westerly into the wild country. The place was known to the natives as Naamkeek. About the same time the Rev. John Eliot, the Indian apostle, received a grant of "the Great Neck," an adjoining tract, as a reserve for his Christianized Naticks, which was known as Wamesit. The six-mile tract was occupied in 1654 by Benjamin Butterfield and his associates, and in the following year was incorporated as Chelmsford. In 1656 he is named as one of the citizens of the new settlement, to whom the Governor Thomas Dudley farm of fifteen hundred acres in Bellerica was conveyed. In 1686 the Indian reservation of Wamesit was purchased by the whites, and three of Butterfield's sons, Nathaniel, Samuel and Joseph, were among the grantees.*

Daniel Butterfield, the grandfather of the General, was a native of Berne, in the Helderberg, not far distant from Albany, the capital of New York. His father, Timothy, saw service in the War of the Revolution, and his kinsmen, James, Jonas and Thomas, also participated as lieutenants of New Hampshire and Vermont regiments in the seven years' struggle for independence. The General's maternal grandfather, Gamaliel Olmstead, enlisted in February, 1778, in the company of Captain Joseph Walker, of Stratford, Conn., of Colonel Samuel B. Webb's regiment of the Connecticut Continental Infantry for three years, being honorably discharged at the expiration of that period. It is a singular and interesting circumstance that when private Olmstead's term of service was completed, his regiment was in quarters on the east side of the Hudson, opposite West Point, on the precise spot of General Butterfield's summer residence of "Cragside," Cold Spring. John Butterfield, the son of Daniel, was born in Berne, on the Van Rensselaer Manor, November 18, 1801, and began his career as a stage-driver for an Albany firm, his education being limited to a brief period during several winters, when he attended such primitive schools as then existed in the Helderberg. He early established himself in Utica, with the progress of which city he was closely identified.

*Vide "The Butterfields of Middlesex," by George A. Gordon, A.M., Boston, 1890.

For many years Mr. Butterfield was the leading spirit in the direction of the stages which at that time formed the only public conveyances through what is at present the center of the Empire State. He climbed from the driver's seat to a principal share in the proprietorship.

In 1790 Jason Parker, from Massachusetts, had settled at New Hartford, where he cleared up two farms. He was in Utica in 1794, and was post-rider between Whitestown and Canajoharie, his wife sometimes eking out the trip between Utica and Whitestown. In that year the bringing by the western mail of six letters for Fort Schuyler was thought so remarkable that it had to be attested by John Post, then postmaster. In 1795 Parker conducted a stage twice a week from Whitestown to Fort Schuyler, and thence to Canajoharie, there connecting with the Albany and Cooperstown stages. In 1799 he ran a mail stage from Utica to Schenectady, and in 1802 westward to Onondaga. In 1804 Parker and Levi Stephens obtained the exclusive right for seven years of running stages on the Seneca turnpike between Utica and Canandaigua. In 1810-11, there was a daily line between Utica and Albany, and another tri-weekly. At the time of Parker's decease, in 1830, there were eight lines of stages running east and west from Utica, besides twelve daily, semi-weekly or weekly lines north and south, in most of which he was or had been interested. In 1811 Parker and Powell announced that the daily mail stage leaves Baggs' Hotel, Utica, at 4 o'clock a. m., breakfasting at Maynard's, Herkimer; dining at Shepard's, Palatine; supping (on oysters) at Thomas', Schenectady. In 1816 Parker and his associates were, besides their other lines, running a line three times a week between Albany and Canandaigua, by the way of Auburn, Skaneateles, Onondaga, Mauritiu's, Cazenovia, Madison and Cherry Valley. Jason Parker, Theodore S. Faxton, Silas D. Childs and John Butterfield developed the transportation of passengers and of articles by express, that gave Utica an unrivaled prestige in the department of business.

Mr. Faxton, then connected with Parker, went to Albany and

engaged John Butterfield to pick up passengers for their stages. After being for a time thus engaged he bought a horse and conveyance, and made these the nucleus of a livery business, long the principal establishment of that kind in Utica. He continued with Parker & Co. while they were in business, and until Mr. Parker's death in 1828, afterward establishing lines of his own. He became interested in packet boats on the canal, and in steamboats on Lake Ontario, in the construction of plank roads leading to Utica and was the originator of its street railroads. He more than any other promoted and secured the building of the Black River and the Southern railroads. When the practical uses of the electric telegraph were demonstrated he joined Faxton, Wells, Livingston and others in establishing the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company, and urged the extension of other lines and companies.

John Butterfield possessed indomitable will and the intelligence which is farseeing and finds expression in enterprises that are ever increasing in scope. He was a pioneer in the transportation business, and aided in developing it from the crude methods of the stage coach to those of the fast trains of our own time. In 1849 he formed the express company of Butterfield, Wasson and Co., being among the first who saw the profit to be gained by the rapid carriage of merchandise that would bear express charges. The success of that important enterprise was largely owing to him; he was a directing power in it during his life and reaped from it great distinction and pecuniary power. Later the business was conducted and is still known as the American Express Company, among the greatest corporations of the country. As President of the Overland Stage Company he, in 1858, before the building of the transcontinental railways, contracted with the United States Government to carry a tri-weekly mail between San Francisco and the Mississippi River. Mr. Butterfield himself arrived in St. Louis October 9 with the first overland mail twenty-three days from the Pacific coast. The following dispatches appeared in the leading journals of the land:



The Stage Coach that made the first round trip from California in 1858.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9, 1858.

"The President has received a telegraphic dispatch from John Butterfield, President of the Overland Mail Company, dated St. Louis, Oct. 9, informing him that the great overland mail arrived there to-day from San Francisco in twenty-three days and four hours, and that the stages brought through six passengers.

The President replied by telegraph as follows :

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9, 1858.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD, President, etc. :

SIR—Your dispatch has been received. I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph for civilization and the Union. Settlements will soon follow the course of the road, and the East and the West will be bound together by a chain of living Americans, which can never be broken.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

This mail was to have left San Francisco on the 16th of September. Our previous advices were of the 6th of that month. Consequently the news from California is eleven days later, and it ought to be here to-night. This is the first trip of the overland mail from the Pacific, and its arrival at St. Louis at this early date shows what can be done. It was not expected to reach Fort Smith till the 13th inst."

Besides these extensive operations Mr. Butterfield was a director in the Utica City National Bank, and interested in other stock companies and business undertakings, in land investments in and about Utica, and in their cultivation. Among the important edifices planned and built by him were the Butterfield House and the Butterfield (now Gardner) Block. He was an efficient officer of the State Agricultural Society, and other country and city organizations. Utica, his home for so many years, largely benefited by his clear prescience of the future, his enterprise, public spirit and sagacity. It may safely be said that John Butterfield was its most prominent citizen in promoting its interests and maintaining its prosperity.*

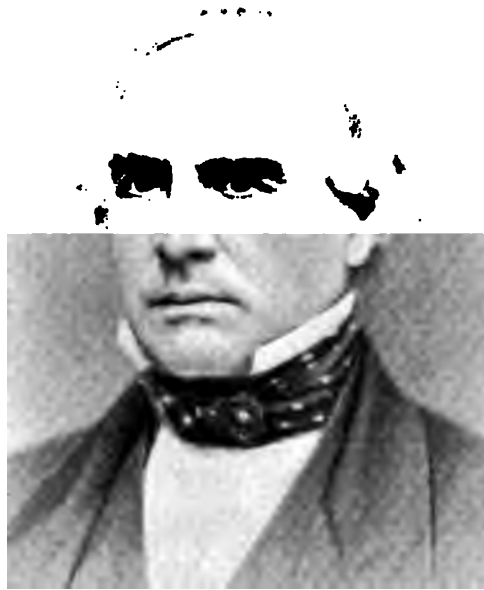
*In 1845 the firm of Livingston, Wells and Co. had received a valuable acquisition in the services of William G. Fargo, who was chosen as a suitable man to extend the express into the country west of Buffalo, and Fargo did not disappoint his employers. He worked with extraordinary

Mr. Butterfield was the comprehensive type of the business man; he had organizing genius, an intuitive perception of means to desired results, and the imagination, guided by judgment, which saw the end from the beginning. His success was achieved, says Dr. Bagg, "by careful insight and minute attention to details, wherein he was aided by a memory wonderfully retentive and by a strong and enduring will, by the contagious influence of his determination exercised on others, bearing them along in the current of his own enthusiasm, and by an energy that was balked by no obstacle, and never asked for rest.

* * * Such confidence had Mr. Butterfield inspired by the generally prosperous results of his operations, so accurate was deemed his insight in his peculiar field, and so many were the instances in which his advance led others to the improvement of their fortunes, that his approval and co-operation in a scheme were apt to be deemed conclusive of its merit. In the most of his varied transactions he trusted little to bookkeepers, and such of his business as he did not carry in his head he carried in loose papers in his hat. * * * Such continued mental tension, with never a moment of relaxation, detached from one pursuit only to be fastened upon another, and without even a book in which to coil away his cares and relieve the burdened memory, was a strain that no mind could support. He yielded for a time and was wholly withdrawn from active life. Return-

force, and in the course of a few years express wagons were traveling at regular intervals between the East, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. Several changes occurred during the next few years in the style and the constituency of the original firm, and in 1850 it was represented by Wells and Co., Livingston and Fargo, and Butterfield, Wasson, and Co., who were opposed to each other. The principal of the latter firm was a man of wealth. He had been a stage-coach driver when a young man, and had risen to be the owner of nearly all the stage lines running in Western New York. In 1849 he was engaged in transporting freight across the Isthmus of Panama. He was also projector of the Morse Telegraph line between Buffalo and New York, and he not only built it, but also put it into successful operation. Enlisting others with him, he founded a line of Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence steamers, and in 1849 he formed the express company of Butterfield, Wasson and Co. We suppose he may claim to be founder of the American Express Company, for in 1850 he approached Henry Wells with the acceptable proposition that the three firms should be consolidated under that title. No time was lost in consummating the necessary arrangements, and the Adams Express Company then found a rival which has advanced with it step by step, and is now one of the wealthiest corporations in America.—Harper's Magazine, August, 1875.





Mr. John Butterfield, about 1860.

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

7

ing health found him as busy as ever and as intent on his multifarious projects."

In 1867 Mr. Butterfield was stricken by paralysis, from the effects of which he lingered until the 14th of November, 1869. In the large assemblage at his funeral, wealth, intelligence, business circles, and laboring men were all represented. Few citizens of his prominence had ever had among the laboring class so many attached and grateful friends. The pall-bearers at his funeral were Governor Seymour, Senator Kernan, Judges Bacon and Williams, Stephen and John Thorn, Ezra S. Barnum, and James Sayre. During the obsequies at Trinity Church, by request of the city authorities, all business in Utica was suspended.

Mr. Butterfield was married to Malinda Harriet Baker in February, 1822, who survived him and died August 20, 1883. His surviving children, of whom there were nine, were Theodore Faxton, John Jay, Daniel Adams, the youngest, and Mrs. James B. Van Vorst, Mrs. Alexander Holland and Mrs. William M. Storrs. Of these only John and Mrs. Storrs are living.

John Butterfield had no inclination for office, and little time to devote to it. He once accepted the office of Mayor of Utica, to which he was elected by the Republicans in 1865, and was in the same year the unsuccessful candidate of the Democrats for State Senator. He owed nothing to scholastic education, nor is it likely that the training of the schools would have added much, if anything, to his executive ability and native genius for practical affairs.

Daniel, third son of John Butterfield, who inherited from him certain traits of character that gave promise of success in life, was born in Utica October 31, 1831. His father, who had been deprived of the advantages of an education in early life, bestowed them freely on the subject of this memorial volume. After being duly prepared at private schools and the Utica Academy, Daniel entered Union College. There he made a fair record as a student, and was a leader among his classmates in boyish games and frolics. During his career at Schenectady, the college being then presided over by President Nott, young

Butterfield became a member of the Sigma Phi, next to the oldest of the college Greek letter fraternities. It has always been one of the most exclusive organizations of its character in this country, and, although founded at Union in 1825, has since that time gone into but seven other colleges, and in its existence of seventy-nine years has given the privilege of membership to but a few more than two thousand students. Butterfield was graduated from Union in 1849 at the unusually early age of eighteen, and at once took up the study of law. President Raymond, under date of December 18, 1903, writes:

"I am in receipt of your letter of inquiry concerning General Butterfield, and I am glad to give you such information as I have. He entered Union College from Utica, his home, and was graduated in 1849 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He was a member of the Sigma Phi fraternity, and was always more or less identified with the interests of Union University. In 1892 he was honorary chancellor of the university, and delivered the annual address at our commencement in June of that year, when he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The lecture course which General Butterfield instituted and which bore his name was not endowed, and was intended by him to include some thirty lectures covering a period of several years. His plan was carried out, and the lecture course attracted widespread attention because of the national reputation of most of the speakers. In 1895 General Butterfield was elected President of the General Alumni Association, and in 1899 was elected one of the four alumni trustees of the college."

From Washington, under date of January 5, 1904, Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States, writes:

"Your letter of December 26 last is before me. As you assume, General Butterfield's early days and my own in Utica ran nearly parallel. His father had won distinction by his remarkable foresight, his far-reaching enterprise, and his tremendous energy in connection with the American Express, the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company (the basis of the Western Union Telegraph), and the Overland Express. In some respects he was the most notable citizen of Utica. The

son Daniel inherited some of the father's enterprise and energy. He was active in sports and all youthful undertakings, with a certain dash and audacity which were a presage of his future career. We did not attend the same schools in Utica, and he was graduated in 1849 at Union College, to which he was during his whole life much devoted, while my own graduation followed in 1850 at Yale. Thus our educational paths were apart. Yet his zeal and ambitions, as beyond those of his associates, were not unknown to me. Not long after he left college he chose New York as a broader field than Utica for his plans and purposes, while he retained his affection and interest for his native city. The companions of his youth rejoiced in his brilliant military career, the most notable of any native of Utica in the Civil War."

After completing his preliminary work in the field of law, however, Butterfield found himself still too young to be admitted to the bar, and so he set out on an extensive tour, for those far distant days. The young collegian crossed Lakes Erie, Ontario and Superior, and from Duluth to St. Paul, the newly selected capital of the Territory of Minnesota, his only companion in almost pathless forests, through which they were compelled to carry their canoe, being an Indian guide. This was an experience which tried the courage and endurance of the youth of nineteen. At St. Paul he parted with his half-breed guide, and took passage on a Mississippi River steamer for New Orleans, then the financial and business center of the slave-holding States, as well as their most populous city. There young Butterfield had an opportunity of studying the influence of slavery upon the character and habits of the people, also its influence politically in the central mart of the Southern States. It was then and there, as he afterward declared, that the irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom was made manifest to him, and believing it to be already impending and the conflict inevitable, he returned to the North determined to give his attention to military matters, so that when the emergency arose he could respond to the call of his country. Soon after reaching Utica he was intrusted

with the important task of preparing a time table and schedule for the Overland Stage line running between Memphis and St. Louis to San Francisco, the successful accomplishment of which was regarded as an achievement for an inexperienced youth, exhibiting unusual executive ability. Later he removed to New York, and for several years he was the general superintendent of the eastern division of the American Express Company. From the following dedication of a college address it appears that Butterfield and ex-Governor Cornell were as youths associated in the service of the Telegraph Company: "Dedicated to my friend, General Daniel Butterfield, with whom it was my privilege to be on terms of more than ordinary intimacy and cordiality since 1847, when we were associated in the service of the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company, which had recently been projected and constructed largely through the efforts of our respective fathers, John Butterfield and Ezra Cornell."

A few years before his death the General prepared, at the request of a friend, the following brief memoranda concerning his early military experiences:

"I first entered the military service as a private soldier in the Utica Citizens' Corps when nineteen years old. About that time I left Utica permanently as a place of residence, and moved to New York. I entered the Seventy-first Regiment as a captain on staff duty, and through my ability and devotion to the service was chosen by a vote of the officers as Major of the regiment, and subsequently promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. From that regiment I was elected without any solicitation on my part as Colonel of the Twelfth Militia. I had long been impressed from what I had seen while traveling in the South that war was inevitable on the slavery issue, and sure to come between the North and South. I fitted myself in every way possible, so that I had nothing to learn concerning tactics or discharge of duties in the positions I held. I offered the services of my regiment to Governor Morgan, but such services were not accepted by him, evidently for two reasons. First, that the officers of my regiment differed in politics from the Governor's party. Second,

that we had so few men. I proceeded to Washington, and through the aid of my friend and classmate, Frederick W. Seward, and the aid of his father, Secretary Seward, orders were sent to New York to Governor Morgan to send on my regiment. We enlisted 800 men in one day and received the last arms issued from Governor's Island from General Joseph E. Johnston, who subsequently became a distinguished Confederate commander. Though ready to go on the 19th, through the influence of the colonels of other regiments, who wanted our departure delayed, we did not get away until the 21st of April.

"We were selected by General Scott as a guard of honor, encamped nearest the White House and the Treasury Building, corner of Fourteenth and K streets, where we built our own cantonment, as the Government had no tents to give us.* When the march was made into Virginia I was honored with orders to lead the advance, which we did. We were subsequently recalled and sent to Martinsburg to join the column of General Robert Patterson, and so we escaped being participators in the first battle of Bull Run. In that campaign we overstayed our term of service and received complimentary orders and thanks from General N. P. Banks, who relieved General Patterson. The Governor offered me a commission as Brigadier General if I would remain at the expiration of the term of the service of my regiment and allow my regiment to return without me. This, in honor, I could not do, as I had promised my men that if they would remain over their time I would remain with them. I had in the meantime been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army.

*General Butterfield omits to mention that on his arrival at the National Capital, then deemed to be in great danger, he became a member of the "Washington Clay Guards," a battalion of three hundred men, organized by General Cassius M. Clay to defend the city against expected attack, threatened by hordes of traitors. Butterfield, who was appointed First Sergeant, daily drilled the command, consisting of prominent citizens and including Senators, Judges and military men of all ranks, from generals down to privates. "Colonel Butterfield was an excellent drill sergeant," said an old Washingtonian recently, who belonged to the battalion, and has since passed away. It was formed April 18 and disbanded May 2. As many regiments had arrived from the North the War Department no longer deemed the organization necessary for the defense of the National Capital. Each officer and private received an honorable discharge, signed by Simon Cameron, the Secretary of War, and also by President Abraham Lincoln. Butterfield was under the impression that General Clay and himself were the last survivors of the "Clay Guards."

"On September 30, 1861, I was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and ordered to report immediately at the front, which I did, giving up my duties in the American Express Company, in which business I had been trained. The regiments which are popularly known as Butterfield's famous Third Brigade of the First Division of the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac were organized by me. They were: The Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Sixteenth Michigan, Forty-fourth New York, Seventeenth New York, Fiftieth New York, and Twentieth Maine regiments.

"I was designated by Governor Fenton of New York at the close of the war to present to the State of New York the returned flags, which I did at Albany to the Governor in front of the Capitol in the presence of General Grant and others. This compliment was paid me at the time without any knowledge or solicitation on my part as a recognition of my being the representative successful officer from New York State in the war.

"In the battle of Hanover Court House I captured the two guns from the Confederates, the first guns taken in McClellan's campaign. In the battle of Resaca, Ga., I captured the first four guns in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. I was wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mill and at Gettysburg. I was designated by General George H. Thomas to fix the numbers and position of the forces to guard the lines of the campaign of the Army of the Cumberland between Nashville and Chattanooga. General Hooker personally stated to me that he considered it a very great compliment to have been selected for such an important duty, and having performed it so satisfactorily to General Thomas that he ordered my recommendations carried out exactly as made.

"From being Lieutenant-Colonel of the regular army I was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Fifth Infantry by the death of General Reynolds at Gettysburg. I was breveted Brigadier and Major General for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war, and so remained until I resigned from the army, which resignation was made necessary by my father's business and property devolving upon me in 1869."

In an address delivered before the Old Guard Association of the Twelfth Regiment in April, 1894, Butterfield gave the following interesting account of the early days of the Civil War:

"Thirty-three years ago to-day, on the west side of Union Square, many of you who are here present (and it is a remarkable fact that so many of us are spared to live and think of that day) with many a brave fellow who has crossed the river never to return, shouldered arms at your country's call and marched to the front to defend and uphold that flag. The services of your Regiment were offered to the Government by its Colonel before the call for troops had been made, but were not accepted, because the Regiment was so small in numbers. An offer of the services of the Regiment to the general Government was met by the response that we were not strong enough in numbers, but was answered by me with the statement that we would bring one thousand men to the front within twenty-four hours' notice. The Regiment was accepted and telegraph notice was sent by myself to Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, with whom a previous understanding had been made that the companies would open recruiting offices. The announcement was made, and in twelve hours from the time that the officers and men of the Regiment began work a full regiment was raised and ready to start. Many of the gallant veterans of the Twelfth who started on that day thirty-three years ago had never shouldered a musket. The active and energetic work of your Lieutenant-Colonel, in a short time, with the means of patriotic citizens, and with the funds in hands of the Regiment, equipped the entire body of one thousand men with the blue chasseur uniform which you wore during your first period of nearly four months of service in the field. You all remember those days of work, of energy and of devotion to the duty which had called you out. In less than twenty days from the time you assembled and marched off from Union Square your Regiment had no superior in its drill, discipline and efficiency. The orders of the day for work, which some of you will remember, tested your most vigorous efforts to fit yourselves for the duties assumed. Your Regiment was the first regiment to muster into the service of the United

States from the City of New York for a period beyond thirty days. To your Regiment was accorded the post of honor in leading the advance to Virginia on the night of the 24th of May, 1861. To your Regiment was accorded the honor of guarding the flanks in the march of Patterson's column in the presence of the enemy. And there is a man sitting at the head of that table who knows something about this—Colonel Ryder—who was the man ordered to take the advance and sent with his company in advance as skirmishers. I was asked a question by Colonel Dowd of the active Regiment, while sitting here at dinner, with regard to the circumstances connected with that order. I don't think all the veterans have ever understood it. The order came from General Heintzelman (he was then colonel) to report at the head of the Long Bridge at one o'clock in the morning, to do it quietly, secretly, without noise or confusion. We moved out, as you will remember, by the whistle. We arrived at the head of the Long Bridge, and fifteen or twenty regiments were about there. In that old brick house were the colonels of all the regiments that had been ordered out, and there also was Colonel Heintzelman. He told the position that each regiment was to take after we had crossed the river, also the line of march; and after he had explained it clearly we all sat as quietly as you are here. Presently, tramp, tramp, tramp, clank of sabre was heard on the stairs, and General Mansfield, who was assigned to the command, entered the room. 'Colonel Heintzelman, are you ready? Why don't you move, sir?' he said. 'It has not been stated who shall lead,' replied Colonel Heintzelman. 'Why,' said the General, 'Colonel Butterfield's Twelfth Regiment, of course.' Well, I would have marched you all into the river after that."

Daniel Butterfield became Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment in December, 1859, a few days later issuing the following orders:

HEADQUARTERS, INDEPENDENCE GUARD,
22D REG., N. Y. S. M., NEW YORK, Dec. 7, 1859.

General Orders, No. 1.

The Officers and non-commissioned Officers of this Regiment are hereby ordered to assemble for drill at the Mercer House,

on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, at 7:45 p. m. Fatigue Dress—Overcoat.

The Regiment will assemble for Drill at the Division Armory, White Street, on Monday, Dec. 19th, at 7:45 p. m.

Fatigue Dress—Overcoat and Body Belt—without Arms. The Drills will not be public.

At the first regular meeting of the Board of Officers, the BILL OF DRESS and BY-LAWS of the former organization, Independence Guard, were unanimously adopted until otherwise ordered by the Board.

The Officers and non-commissioned Officers are expected to be thoroughly familiar with the first thirty pages, Vol. I., Scott's Tactics, and ready to answer any questions in regard to same previous to the drill above ordered.

Col. BUTTERFIELD will attend at the Division Board Room, White Street, on Monday, Dec. 12th, from 3:30 to 5 p. m. for the purpose of issuing warrants to, and examination of, the non-commissioned Officers.

Commandants of Companies are requested to make returns of the elections for Sergeants on or before that time, and to furnish the Adjutant with a complete roster of their companies, giving residence and place of business of every member.

The attention of Officers is called to the following paragraphs in the book of "General Regulations," viz.: 43—454 to 498, 525-526.—

STAFF APPOINTMENTS:

HENRY A. BOSTWICK, *Adjutant*.

HENRY SLACK, *Surgeon*.

ALBERT H. NICOLAY, *Quarter Master*.

RICHARD S. PALMER, *Pay Master*.

FRANCIS H. SALTUS, *Ordnance Officer*.

THEO. TIMPSON, *Ass't Eng. (Acting Engineer)*.

By Order of

COL. DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

HENRY A. BOSTWICK, *Adjutant*.

The above was followed twelve days later by the accompanying special order No. 1, announcing that the regiment was

thereafter to be known and designated as the Twelfth, its previous number having been the Twenty-second.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, Dec. 19th, 1859.
Special Orders, No. 204.

1. The designation of the 22d Regiment and District, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, is hereby changed. Such Regiment and District will be hereafter designated by the numeral 12.

2. The 12th Regiment will serve exclusively as Light Infantry, pursuant to "Hardee's Tactics."

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
FRED'K TOWNSEND, *Adjutant-General.*

HEADQUARTERS, 2D BRIGADE, N. Y. S. M.,
NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1859.
Special Orders, No. 20.

The foregoing Special Order, No. 204, from General Headquarters, is hereby promulgated. By order of
BRIG.-GEN. CHAS. YATES.

HEADQUARTERS 12TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,
NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1859.
Special Order, No. 1.

The foregoing Special Orders from General and Brigade Headquarters are hereby promulgated. For all new uniforms in this command, the State Regulation Button will be used hereafter.

By order of
COL. DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.
HENRY A. BOSTWICK, *Adjutant.*
EDWARD M. FISHER, *Sergeant Major.*

The following was on inner page of above orders :

PRIVATE.

In the communication addressed by the undersigned, to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, through the Adjutant-

General, after making the request to have the number of the Regiment changed, the following language was used: "I deem it proper to state to his Excellency that I believe such a change in the numerical designation of the Regiment would be followed by increased zeal for the service on behalf of the present members of the Command, and a large number of recruits to the different companies."

It is deemed unnecessary to say anything more to the Command on this occasion, than that the Commandant desires to see every member carry out earnestly and efficiently the exertions that their own feelings of pride and desires for the success of the "Twelfth" will prompt, thereby fully justifying the above remarks.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Colonel Commanding 12th Reg't, Independence Guard.

To his Virginia friend, Col. Peter G. Washington, Butterfield wrote, April 11, 1861: "Absence from the city has prevented an earlier acknowledgment of your courtesy. I have received the report and your letter accompanying it, for both of which I am greatly indebted to you.

With regard to the remark in your letter, I should most sincerely regret that any combination of circumstances should place me in a position to be called upon to use any portion of the knowledge or skill I may possess in a military way against our erring brethren of the South. But, I have sworn to obey the Constitution and the Laws, and no alternative is left to me, as an officer and a gentleman, but to do so. I shall do so, come what will, and I can only say to you that if those erring brethren should cross the line of their own territory, where they are welcome to stay, and do as they please, so far as we are concerned, that moment the fields of the border States will be whitened with the tents of a Northern army more numerous, more patriotic and more determined for the defence of the Union, the Constitution and the Law, than the world ever saw. I know the feelings of the people, and speak advisedly. God grant that the day may never come." . . .

When the Civil War began by the bombardment of Fort

Sumter, quickly followed by President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand militia, New York's quota was thirteen thousand, but in a few days nearly three times that number responded to the nation's appeal. First among these was the Twelfth Regiment, and on April 19th Colonel Butterfield issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS INDEPENDENCE GUARD,
TWELFTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,
NEW YORK, April 19th, 1861.
General Orders, No. 12.

In compliance with orders from his Excellency the Governor and Division Order of this date, this Regiment is ordered to assemble, in full fatigue, with overcoats and knapsacks, on Sunday morning, April 21, to embark for Washington.

Regimental Line will be formed on Union Square, right on 14th street, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

The Field and Staff will report at the same time and place, with overcoats slung.

The Drum Major, with the Drum Corps, and the Band Master and Band will report at the same time and place.

RESIGNATIONS.

ALEX. T. BELL - - - *Ass't Surgeon.*

APPOINTMENTS.

ROBERT F. WEIR - - - *Ass't Surgeon.*

CLINTON BERRY - - - *Commissary Sergeant.*

The men will provide themselves with suitable underclothing, and one day's rations. No extra baggage will be allowed.

Each Officer will be allowed one small trunk, which must be marked and left at Regimental Headquarters, 594 Broadway, on Saturday, the 20th inst.

By order of COL. DAN'L BUTTERFIELD.
FRED'K T. LOCKE, *Adjutant.*

Amid great enthusiasm and through densely crowded streets the Twelfth marched down Broadway, Mercer and Canal streets to the North River pier and aboard the steamer Baltic, which started at about five o'clock Sunday afternoon for For-





Camp Anderson, Franklin Square, Washington, D. C.

tress Monroe. Arriving at the Fortress on the evening of the 22d, Colonel Butterfield tendered aid to the garrison. None being required, and orders having been received, sailed for Annapolis, and from there proceeded to Washington. On reaching Annapolis Junction on the march, a locomotive was found, disabled and the parts hidden. Volunteers from the mechanics in the Regiment were called for, by orders from the Colonel, and detailed to find the missing parts and put them together. A thorough search disclosed the missing parts, and the locomotive was adjusted and placed on the track, Lieut.-Colonel Ward and a soldier from the ranks running the locomotive to Annapolis, and returning with a train of provisions. Ten days later Colonel Butterfield proposed to the War Department to build suitable barracks within forty-eight hours if the necessary material was supplied. His proposition was accepted, and the work was completed within the specified time. The Regiment was sworn into the United States service May 2, for a term of three months from April 16, on the grounds fronting the Capitol at Washington, by Major Irwin McDowell, afterward an army commander. Nine days later Colonel Butterfield issued the accompanying order:

HEADQUARTERS 12TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. T.,
CAMP ANDERSON,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11, 1861.

General Order, No. 37.

General Order No. 34 is hereby countermanded, and the following

HOURS FOR SERVICE

have been established in place of those mentioned in said order:

Reveille..... 5 a. m.

Men will rise, wash, and dress, and answer to roll-call before the last roll of the drum. Police immediately after roll call—when the Huts must be thoroughly cleaned up and put in order.

Company Drill 5:30 to 6:30 a. m.

Surgeon's Call 6:30 "

Peas on Trencher..... 7 "

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

Reports	7:30	a. m.
Guard Mounting	8	"
Officers' Drill	8 to 9	"
Target Practice:		Company Drill:
G Co	8:30	10:30 to 11:30
I Co	8:30	10:30 to 11:30
Sap. & Min.	8:30	10:30 to 11:30
B Co	9:10	11 to 12
C Co	9:20	11 to 12
E Co	9:30	11:20 to 12:20
H Co	9:50	11:20 to 12:20
A Co	10:30	12 to 12:50
F Co	10:50	9 to 10
D Co	11	9 to 10
Roast Beef	1	p. m.
Police Call	2	"
Squad Drill	2 to 3	"
Non-commissioned Officers' Drill.	4:30 to 5:30	"
Dress Parade	6	"
Supper	7	"
Tattoo	9:30	"
Taps	10	"

By order of COL. BUTTERFIELD.

FRED T. LOCKE, *Adjutant.*

The non-commissioned officers in charge of the Company quarters will see that all copies of General Order No. 34 are destroyed.

As has been already mentioned Colonel Butterfield's Regiment was the first to cross the Long Bridge at the head of the Union column, May 24, 1861, and also the first to receive a challenge and attack, after reaching the Virginia side of the Potomac, having met the Confederate pickets as soon as the command left the bridge. For the following account of the service of Colonel Butterfield's command during the summer campaign of 1861, we are indebted to Colonel John Ward, who succeeded to the colonelcy of the Twelfth Regiment in 1867, continuing as such for ten years:

"On the 13th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter surrendered, and

on the 15th President Lincoln called the militia of the country to arms. Colonel Butterfield promptly tendered the services of the Twelfth for the defence of the National Capital, then in great danger, and the offer was at once accepted. Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. G. Ward made great exertions to procure uniforms suitable for service in the field. He proposed for this purpose the Chasseur uniform, which was the first move in this direction made during the late war. A sum of ten thousand dollars was raised by the numerous friends of the Twelfth in the City of New York to equip the Regiment forthwith. But the exigency did not admit even of this delay. It was determined to march at once; and so great was the popularity of the Regiment, and the patriotic ardor of the people, that the ranks of the Twelfth were swelled in a few days to nearly a thousand men; and without waiting for the uniforms, on a memorable Sunday (April 21, 1861), the Regiment assembled in Union Square, previous to embarking for the National Capital. The command comprised nine companies, eight of which were infantry, one company ("I") doing duty as a battery, with two prairie howitzers.

"The regular members and some of the volunteers wore the regimental uniform, but most of the recruits were in citizen's dress, with belts and equipments. A supply of muskets had been obtained, and, guerrilla-like as the recruits looked, they formed a fine body of men, and the spectators by their enthusiasm showed what was expected of them. The whole population turned out to honor the departing militia, and the churches remained virtually closed that Sunday. It was with great difficulty that the Regiment could make its way through the crowd to the wharf, and it was obliged to leave Broadway and turn into Mercer street, so great was the throng.

"The command embarked in the Steamship Baltic for Fortress Monroe, arriving at sunset on Monday, intending to proceed up the Potomac. The smoke from the conflagration of the Norfolk Navy Yard was plainly seen from the steamer. Orders having been received, the Twelfth proceeded to Annapolis, arriving early on Tuesday morning. The following day they were

transferred to the Steamship Coatzacoalcas, remaining there until Friday the 26th, at 11 a. m., when they disembarked.

"On the afternoon of the 26th of April the Twelfth started for Annapolis Junction, marching six miles, and bivouacking during the night in an open field near the railroad. At 5 a. m. on the 27th the Regiment resumed its march, and arrived at the Junction about noon, accomplishing a distance of fifteen miles in seven hours. The day was excessively hot, and the march to the Junction will long be remembered by the Twelfth as very trying, especially for troops unused to service. At 2 o'clock p. m. a detachment under command of First Lieutenant Loughran, of "D" Company, was sent forward to guard the bridges between the Junction and Washington. The Regiment followed immediately in the steps of the Seventy-first New York, relieving it from the duty of guarding the Junction, and on Sunday afternoon, April 28th, being relieved by the Sixty-ninth New York, it took the cars for Washington at 6 p. m., the train stopping at the several bridges along the road to take on board the detachments commanded by Lieutenant Loughran. The Twelfth reached Washington at 9 p. m., and was temporarily quartered in the Assembly Rooms on Louisiana Avenue, and in a church on Sixth Street, until a camp of wooden huts on Franklin Square had been completed by its members.

"The regiment was mustered into the United States service for three months, on Thursday, May 2, by Major Irwin McDowell, U. S. A., and moved to Camp Anderson, Franklin Square, on Tuesday, May 8; there it soon received the Chasseur uniform, which very greatly added to the soldierly appearance of the men.

"Camp Anderson attracted a great deal of attention during the stay of the Regiment in Washington. It was situated on Franklin Square, and bounded by Thirteenth, Fourteenth, I and K streets. It was laid out in a very regular manner, and consisted of ten company streets, running down from a wide one, on which the officers' huts were erected. Six huts were built for each company, three on each side of its respective street, each hut being occupied by sixteen men. The Colonel's

headquarters occupied the center of the officers' street, and faced a lane leading to the drill ground. The field and staff officers' huts were on a line with the Colonel's and running right and left from it. The officers of each company were quartered in a hut on the same line, and each facing their company streets. The Engineer Corps' hut was placed near Fourteenth Street, and the Non-Commissioned Staff were quartered in a hut at the other end, near Thirteenth Street. The kitchens were erected on the other side of K Street. The huts were made thoroughly water-tight, and were considered very comfortable and convenient. The parade ground occupied the greater part of the Square, and the guard house was placed on I Street, opposite its center, while a flagstaff was erected at the end of the Colonel's lane, with the two howitzers of "I" Company at its base. A severe course of drill, commencing from the very day of departure, soon brought the Regiment to a remarkable state of proficiency. Several West Point Cadets, of the class which had just graduated, were assigned as instructors to the different companies, and also drilled the officers in skirmishing. Lieutenant Emory Upton, late Brevet Major-General, and author of a prescribed system of infantry tactics, took special charge of the officers' drills, and lectured to them in the Colonel's quarters. Very soon, accordingly, the dress parades attracted great attention, and the citizens of Washington thronged the parade ground, while the Regiment received the warmest commendations from officers of the regular army. The spectators who assembled in crowds on I Street were often electrified by a bayonet charge in line of battle which seemed intended to drive them from the ground, but the line was always promptly halted before the ladies had time to be very much frightened. Another favorite exercise was to dismiss the Regiment, the men concealing themselves in their quarters until warned by the sound of the bugle to assemble in their company streets, and reform line at the double-quick. An organization was formed among the officers under the name of the Guard House Club, which was productive of much mirth and good fellowship, Lieutenant Loughran having the credit of originat-

ing it, and perfecting the various exercises peculiar to its meetings.

"On Thursday, May 23, the Regiment was strengthened by the arrival of Company 'K,' Captain Olmstead, numbering 100 men, and by recruits for the other companies, making the total of the command 1,023, rank and file.

"At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 24th of May, having received orders from General Mansfield, the Twelfth crossed the Long Bridge, and having the honor to head the column, *was the first Union Regiment to enter Virginia.* For several days previous to this memorable advance the Regiment had been sleeping on its arms, anticipating orders, but they at length came very suddenly on Thursday evening, May 23. The few hours of warning were occupied in completing the necessary preliminaries, and shortly after midnight the Regiment assembled on its parade ground; while so silently were the preparations for departure completed, that the residents around the Square were not awakened, and knew nothing of the Regiment's march until morning came without the usual gun being fired. The command marched in column of platoons down Fourteenth Street, and crossed the Long Bridge by the flank in route step. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the moonbeams glittered brightly on the flashing muskets as the Regiment silently advanced across the bridge. The Engineer Corps, commanded by Captain B. S. Church, led the column, driving in the picket line stationed near the bridge as they advanced. The Regiment proceeded toward Alexandria for a considerable distance, and then partially retracing its steps marched to Roach's Mills, a point some six miles from Washington, where it occupied the advanced post of honor. Several companies were quartered in the old mill, while the remainder erected wigwams on the neighboring slopes—Colonel Butterfield establishing his headquarters in the large two-story building adjoining the mill. At this point, where it was quartered, in the most exposed position of all the regiments, the Twelfth mustered 829, rank and file, present for duty, a camp guard having been left in charge of Camp Anderson.



Colonel Butterfield in 1861.

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"Captain B. S. Church, of the Engineer Corps, reconnoitered the adjoining country for miles, and prepared a topographical map of the country he traversed in his reconnoissances for the benefit of the War Department, which was pronounced to be by far the best map that they possessed. He subsequently was detached on special duty with Lieutenant Snyder of the U. S. Engineers, and chose the sites of the fortifications on Arlington Heights, being frequently fired on by the rebel scouts.

"On the 2d of June, the Twelfth, being relieved by the 2d Connecticut Volunteers, returned to Washington, where, during its stay, the Regiment attracted especial attention, and at the parade of the New York regiments, on July 4, was commended by Lieutenant-General Scott for its solid marching and splendid appearance, while the brilliant illumination of Camp Anderson, and the accompanying festivities on the evening of the 4th, were enjoyed by a large concourse of visitors. This illumination attracted much attention, and Franklin Square was thronged with the ladies and citizens of Washington, the whole scene presenting a fairy-like aspect, as the camp glittered with gaily painted Chinese lanterns, and blazed with lights, while dance after dance followed to the music of the choicest selections of the regimental band. The following day rumors were in circulation of an approaching transfer to Western Virginia, and on Sunday, July 7, the Regiment, having received orders to reinforce General Patterson at Martinsburg, proceeded to Baltimore, marched through that then hostile city, and took the cars for Harrisburg, and thence to Hagerstown, arriving at the latter place on Monday evening. After bivouacking in the woods, it left Hagerstown July 9, at half-past five p. m., marched to Williamsport, forded the Potomac, passed the scene of the recent skirmish at Falling Waters, and marching all night arrived at Martinsburg, a distance of twenty-nine miles, at five o'clock the next morning. The encampment at Martinsburg was known as Camp Meigs.

"The troops were here for the first time brigaded, and Colonel Butterfield was detailed to command the Fourth Brigade, consisting of the Fifth, Twelfth, Nineteenth and Twenty-

eighth New York regiments. Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. G. Ward assumed command of the Twelfth, and Lieutenant Loughran became Acting Adjutant, Adjutant Locke being appointed A. A. A. G. on the Brigade Staff. The Regiment's stay at Martinsburg was diversified by a foraging expedition on Monday, July 12, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, the detail consisting of three companies of the Twelfth and three of the Twenty-eighth. This expedition was very successfully conducted, and was attended by a slight skirmish.

"General Patterson, who commanded the Army Corps, was expected to attack the rebels at Winchester; and on Sunday, July 14, a very solemn service was celebrated for the Regiment by Acting Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Tracy. It took place in the woods, and all who took part in it believed they were preparing for a bloody battle. On Monday, July 15, the army advanced to Bunker's Hill, where it encamped for a day, the Twelfth being stationed near Sulphur Springs, at a spot known for the time as Camp Patterson. On reaching Bunker's Hill, a portion of the Rhode Island Battery had a slight skirmish with the enemy, killing one and wounding two of the rebel cavalry. Early on Wednesday morning, July 17, the corps left Bunker's Hill, expecting an immediate advance on Winchester, the men being in the best of spirits. During the march, a reported advance of the rebels caused the formation of the troops in line of battle, the wagon train passing the line from right to left. The men were kept in line from 9 a. m. until 2 p. m., when to the surprise of all, General Patterson marched the column to Charlestown, where the Twelfth encamped outside the town, in a large field, which assumed the name of Camp McClellan.

"On Sunday, July 21, the troops marched to Harper's Ferry, and occupied a position on Bolivar Heights, close to the spot where the rebel batteries had been stationed. The camp of the Regiment was established on a ridge covered with a dense thicket on the opposite side of the deeply cut road. General Patterson now sent home several of the three months' regiments, among others the gallant Indiana Zouaves, 11th Regiment, whose camping ground the Twelfth immediately occu-

pied, and named Camp Butterfield, the Regiment's first position on Bolivar Heights having been known as Camp McDowell.

"The term for which the Regiment had been mustered expired on the 16th day of July, but Colonel Butterfield tendered its services until the 2d of August, and the War Department promptly accepted the offer. On Friday, July 26, four companies of the Twelfth, consisting of Companies 'B,' Captain Huson; 'C,' Captain Fowler; 'E,' Lieutenant Ackerman, and 'A,' Captain Ward, crossed the Shenandoah and occupied the block houses built by the rebels on Loudon Heights. These block houses formed part of the system of defences erected by the rebel General, Joe Johnston, for the protection of Harper's Ferry. A battery of siege guns was first placed on Bolivar Heights. This was protected by the cannon erected on the platforms of the two block houses on Loudon Heights, and a force stationed on Maryland Heights prevented the latter guns from the possibility of being silenced. When General Johnston retreated from Harper's Ferry, he burned the carriages of the siege guns on Bolivar Heights, and spiked the latter hastily with ramrods. Captain Doubleday's Battery took possession of these cannon, and sent for carriages to remount them, as the ramrods were easily removed, but they were not finally made serviceable owing to the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by General Banks. The four companies of the Twelfth remained two days on Loudon Heights, and threw out pickets down the Loudon side of the mountain. On Sunday, July 28, General Banks, who had succeeded General Patterson in command, ordered the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, and withdrew the regiments stationed at Charlestown. He had directed the four companies from the Twelfth to remain until warned by a column of smoke to descend. A party of officers accordingly assembled on the heights overlooking the Potomac, and watched the army as it forded the river. It was a beautiful sight. The sunlight tipped the bayonets with gold, and the bands played martial airs, as regiment after regiment advanced to the ford and stepped into the gleaming water. The view from the extremity of Loudon Heights is majestic in the extreme. Di-

rectly below, the Shenandoah pours itself into the Potomac, amid some of the grandest scenery of this spur of the Blue Ridge, its turbid waters contrasting with the graceful windings of the clear Potomac, which lend a mirror to the thickly wooded heights on either side, while directly opposite tower Maryland Heights, affording an abrupt contrast, which adds to the beauty of the scene. Soon a cloud of dust heralded the march of the regiments retreating from that point. Before the entire force had crossed a rain storm came up, the gathering clouds and driving rain adding to the grandeur of the landscape. Finally the column of smoke was discerned, and the four companies assembled under the orders of Captain Huson, who had command of the detachment, and rapidly descending the heights, forded first the Shenandoah, and afterward the Potomac, being the last troops to leave Harper's Ferry. After crossing the Potomac, a hasty march brought the detachment to Knoxville, where the remainder of the Regiment was encamped. The Twelfth remained at this point until ordered home, taking the cars on Thursday, August 1, by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia to Amboy, and embarking there for New York. As they neared the city, the men exerted themselves to present the best possible appearance, but owing to some delays the wharf was not reached until late in the afternoon of Friday, August 2. The regiment was received with great popular honors, the march up Broadway being much impeded by the dense throng, and marching by platoons, the front extended from sidewalk to sidewalk. On Monday, August 5, the Regiment was mustered out of the United States service at Washington Square, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sheppard, U. S. A.

"Colonel Butterfield having been appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers and Lieutenant-Colonel of the U. S. Army, August 29, 1861, the office of Colonel remained vacant until Friday, October 25, when Lieutenant-Colonel William G. Ward was elected his successor. Shortly after the Regiment was mustered out, Ex-Lieutenant-Colonel Henry A. Weeks commenced raising a regiment for the war. Captains Boyle, Huson, Ryder, Cromie and Fowler, and Lieutenant Hoagland,

of Companies G, B, E, F, C, and A, of the Twelfth, each raised companies from their own regiment for this organization, which was consolidated February 3, 1862, with the Twelfth Volunteers from Onondaga County, Colonel Weeks assuming command. This regiment formed part of General Butterfield's Brigade, and did gallant service with the Army of the Potomac."

The following communication from the British War Office was addressed to Butterfield's friend, Mr. L. H. Millard:

WAR OFFICE, April 5, 1861.

SIR—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., forwarding a plan drawn up by Colonel Butterfield, of the 12th Regiment, New York Militia, for forming square in two or four ranks from line of battle. Lord Herbert desires me to express his thanks for this communication, which he has caused to be forwarded to the Adjutant-General for the information of His Royal Highness the General Commanding in Chief.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD LUGARD.

The accompanying extract from a letter written by Col. Edward F. Jones, with which our first chapter is concluded, dated Binghamton, N. Y., April 19, 1901, recalls an interesting Lincoln incident that occurred, two-score years previous, after he met Butterfield at Havre-de-Grace:

"Forty years ago, on the 19th of April, when on my way to Washington, at the head of the old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, I met you at Havre-de-Grace, you being on your way, as you said, to New York to get your regiment. It is quite natural that while recalling in detail the occurrences of that eventful day that my meeting with you should come to mind, especially as you took so prominent a part in the subsequent events of the Civil War. The next to grasp my hand, after we parted, was President Lincoln, who said, as he greeted me: 'If you had not arrived to-night we should have been in the hands of the rebels before morning.'"

CHAPTER II.

The Twelfth in Washington—In Virginia—Butterfield Promoted—Commands a Brigade—With General Patterson—Bugle Calls—The Siege of Yorktown—Battle of Hanover Court House—Captures Gun—Official and Other Reports—Gold Spurs—Speech at Presentation.

GEN. PAUL A. OLIVER writes to the editor of this volume: "I first saw General Butterfield in Washington, when colonel of the 12th Regiment of New York. He had brought it to Washington, at the time Washington was threatened in April, 1861. It was a full regiment, three-quarters composed of recruits. Old army officers ridiculed the idea that these could be made soldiers of in less than a year, but in a month's time he had them all uniformed and equipped, and in another month they were thoroughly drilled. Their fine appearance and splendid marching won the admiration of the same army officers who had ridiculed them before. Many old residents of Washington remember to-day the splendid wheels of Butterfield's Twelfth as it marched down Pennsylvania avenue and through the principal streets. The perfect drill and efficiency of the Regiment attracted a great deal of attention in Washington."


General Scott, then at the head of the army, was so strongly impressed by the soldierly appearance of the Twelfth, that he spoke of it as "more closely resembling a regiment of regulars" than militia. Within a brief period, chiefly on his recommendation, Butterfield was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry, his commission being dated May 14, 1861, and Brigadier-General of Volunteers, September 7, 1861. The following letter from the pen of gallant Phil Kearny, addressed to his cousin, Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, is introduced here, owing to its highly complimentary allusion to Butterfield and his famous New York regiment:

HEADQUARTERS, NEW JERSEY BRIGADE,
CAMP SEMINARY, Jan. 21, 1862.

DEAR JOHN—Your most interesting letter still affords me subject of reflection, and strange to say, the Burnside expedition seems to be about to realize your project as to Albemarle Sound.

I think that I thanked you for the interesting extracts you forwarded me from the useful translations made by you from the German. I have in good keeping the second and third volumes of "The Eclairer," and Wainwright sent for, and lent me, the first volume. It was a noble pearl before conceited swine. I am sorry that you do not come on. I am sure that your active mind would be better satisfied. I have recently been thrown in contact, most agreeably, with General Butterfield. He seems a charming gentleman, and of the right material. I give you credit for your discernment as to him. He has been brought forward entirely by regular officers (Gen. Fitz-John Porter, etc.), and therefore solely on his merits. I have ever said that his 12th Regiment was one of the most superbly set-up regiments that I have ever seen in any quarter of the globe, and principally composed of raw men (so much the better for him with his good discipline). . . .

General Porter's attention was early attracted by the admirable bearing and appearance of the Twelfth Regiment, and he solicited and obtained the appointment of Butterfield to be brigadier-general of volunteers, and an assignment to his own command. General Butterfield proved, as Porter anticipated, a strict disciplinarian and an admirable drill officer. Said an officer of his Brigade, recently: "For a time I don't think I ever hated a man more in my life than I did General Butterfield; he drilled us so unmercifully, as we then thought. It was 'double-quick' from morning until night, and sometimes at midnight, to see how well we could do it. If all the balls which the boys vowed would go through him in our first engagement had done so, he would have been riddled worse than any coal sieve you ever saw, and I don't think he would be here to-day. But Butterfield never was afraid of balls, and when we realized his



worthy purpose in thus drilling or disciplining his men, which we did not fully until the enemy had been met—and upon the field beheld, amid those exciting scenes, his usually stern countenance wreathed in smiles as, dashing up and down the line amid the leaden hail with waving sword, he would cry, 'Come on, boys, give them a Roland for their Oliver!—then, amid the red-hot shot of the bloody field, we became better acquainted with our gallant leader, and strong hatred was turned to stronger love.'

In a letter to a friend, written during the following year, General Porter mentioned Butterfield in the following flattering manner: "He was certainly a splendid commander and a good model for any one: quick, brave, and his men had perfect confidence in him. Butterfield's conduct at Second Bull Run was admirable. He held his men well together." In conversation with a friend but a few years before his death, Porter said: "General Butterfield had no superior as a soldier among the young volunteer commanders who came under my personal notice." In the "History of the Fifth Army Corps," the author writes: "All reports bear witness to the care, energy and ability of General Butterfield in the handling of his Brigade, and to his personal gallantry in inspiring and leading his troops."

From London, under date of May 3, 1861, Henry Bergh writes to Colonel Butterfield, who had married his niece:

MY DEAR MR. BUTTERFIELD: LONDON, May 3, 1861.

Now that "grim-visaged war" is looking you directly in the face, I presume that handsome, intelligent countenance of yours, which in times of peace speaks of money and enterprise, is frowning with military fury. And so it should—for, as Shakespeare says, "in times of peace there's nothing so becomes a man as gentleness of bearing; but, when the rude blast of war is sounded in our ears, let us be bloodhounds in pursuit of our revenge!"

An opportunity now presents itself for you to distinguish yourself—and I greatly mistake if you do not avail yourself of it. Whichever side may win, the thing most essential is, *in*

my opinion, a total change of government, by the destruction of the principle of *universal* suffrage—the rock upon which our nation is now split, although it seems to be the question of slavery. Were there no *State* but one in America, and at the head of that State a man, supported by the necessary means to beat rebellion into submission, without first asking permission of Tom, Dick and Harry, this revolution would be soon finished—or rather, it would never take place. My advice to you, my dear fellow, is to go to work and create a *military despotism*, until that cursed incubus, universal suffrage, is destroyed; then give to everybody the privileges his talents, virtue and worth entitle him to. You have military capacities—youth, health and courage—why should you not make yourself the “man in the right place” to whom I allude?

At any rate, let your views differ ever so much from mine in those particulars, I’m sure we think alike on one point, and that is, that those infernal Southern traitors and slavers shall be beaten, cost what it will!

I thank you kindly for the letters you have sent me; and in relation to the other matter, to which you allude, be assured I shall exercise the utmost discretion, although, I must add, that I think the rumors of which you speak have no foundation in fact. Will you please, in your next, be more explicit? The persons to whom I gave the order for the books you sent for have not been able to procure them; but now that I am here in person, I shall renew my efforts. Love to Lizzie. Kiss the *heir apparent* to the throne of Washington, and believe me,

Yours most truly,

HENRY BERGH.

Describing a night visit to the camp of the 12th Regiment, in Franklin Square, Washington, a New York correspondent writes to the “Herald,” May 20, 1861:

“At night I visited the camp of the New York Twelfth Regiment, commanded by Colonel Butterfield, which is situated on one of the squares on the outskirts of the city. The huts and tents were gaily illuminated with lamps, and a crowd of well-

dressed people, never tired of the novelty of actual military life, strolled about among the lines, and enjoyed the music of the regimental bands. There was no drunkenness, but a great deal of gaiety, and finally a dance before visitors were compelled to withdraw. As an instance of the good conduct of the Regiment, let me say that the Colonel gave all the men leave, *en masse*, for the day, up to four o'clock. At that hour every man had returned out of the 900 except two, who afterward appeared much bemused with lager beer. And this is a large city, with many grogshops, and spirits very cheap and dreadfully intoxicating. The sick list shows thirty invalids, most suffering from diarrhoea. On the surgeon's table lay returns furnished by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian, to be filled up with statistical facts as to the birthplace, age, height, weight and size of chest, etc., of the men. The sheet I looked at referred to a section of twelve men. Of these only two were citizens of the United States—born therein—four were natives of England, six were Irishmen, and of these one-half showed more beef and bone and stature than their comrades.

"Colonel Butterfield is a New York merchant, who held militia rank before he commanded this regiment, and his men are, without a word of flattery, a credit to him and his officers."

Seven days later a correspondent of the "Evening Post" writes from Washington:

"Colonel Butterfield's Twelfth Regiment, which has its location on the heights toward Arlington, is in equally good condition, and anxious for an early contest with its country's assailants. The Twelfth was justly and highly honored by General Mansfield in being given the lead in the movement of Thursday night. It was the first regiment to enter Virginia, and if needs be will be the last to leave it. In ten minutes from the time the order was given on Thursday evening, the men were out of their beds, dressed, and in marching order, and so quietly did they leave their city encampment that the residents in the vicinity were not aware of their departure until the following day. In all that pertains to strict discipline, accurate drill and

soldierly bearing the Twelfth Regiment is unsurpassed and an honor to its accomplished Colonel. From the Twelfth we were kindly conducted by a guide provided by Colonel Butterfield to the station of the Twenty-fifth (Albany) Regiment, some three miles distant, and in a position overlooking Washington and the entire surrounding country. The Colonel has his quarters at a farmhouse, and the men have erected temporary cabins of brush, which are more unique than comfortable. The regiment is a small one, but plucky, and, like all others, impatient for battle."

Henry Bergh, who was then aiding his country abroad in various ways, including the purchase of artillery, in a letter dated London, May 28, 1861, writes to Butterfield:

"By your last letter we learn that you have again buckled on your armor, and are ready to do fight, if need be, against the enemies of our country. If the newspapers are to be believed there never has been such a sudden and spontaneous uprising of a people in the world before, and with the rapidity of the electric spark has been communicated to this side of the Atlantic. The Northerners are a unit here as well as at home. On the 18th of the present month a meeting was held of Americans, having for its object the expression of a loyal sympathy with our Government, and entire devotion to its interests.

"A committee was also formed, which was charged with the duty of collecting subscriptions of money for the purpose of purchasing Armstrong and Whitworth cannon, to be dispatched with as little delay as possible to the United States. Many splendid guns have already been procured, and are now on their way to New York, and our brethren in Paris are engaged in a similar duty there. The committee to which I have alluded was constituted as follows: Henry Bergh, Colonel Fremont, Gen. Van Den Burgh.

"It may not be uninteresting to you to give you the concluding paragraph of my speech at the meeting, to which I have alluded, so here it is:

"'Before I conclude, Mr. Chairman, permit me to thank the meeting for the honor it has done me in associating my name

with a subject so dear to the heart of every loyal American—that of aiding in the restoration of his country's outraged authority. I am especially grateful for this mark of confidence, for the reason that it affords me an opportunity of acquitting myself of my share of a sacred duty, in common with the patriotic labors of our countrymen and countrywomen in the Free Confederacy of the North. Whatever services of a personal character I shall be able to afford the cause in which we are engaged will be zealously, if imperfectly, performed, and you will perhaps pardon me the liberty I take in offering an atonement in advance of my shortcomings in the more important performances of a member of my family.

“This, sir, is a nephew of mine by marriage—a young gentleman who, for years, has made military science a laborious study—whom I have seen, night after night, “burning the midnight oil” in manœuvering mimic armies upon a table; now in hollow square *en echelle*, and open order; then in compact phalanx, rushing into “the imminent and deadly breach,” or operating a difficult judicious and successful retreat. Nor have these earnest investigations been barren of results, both present and prospective, for he has imparted their usefulness to as noble a corps of volunteers as are to be found in the great commercial emporium of New York—who, at the call of their country, have thrown away the peaceful, money-making pen, and substituted the sharp, avenging sword. The name of this corps, and the soldier to whom its discipline has been confided, is the Twelfth Regiment of New York Volunteers, Col. Daniel Butterfield, now in Washington, if not already in Richmond, or Montgomery, the self-styled capital of as base a confederacy of national brigands and pirates as the world ever saw. One word more and I have done.

“‘It is my sincere conviction that the flag intrusted to these brave men—beneath whose graceful folds our childhood and maturity have flourished, and our country placed in the advanced rank of civilized nations—is destined to be elevated higher than ever before, above the bleached bones and mouldering bodies of the traitors who have dared to lower it.’





The Advance of the New York Twelfth Regiment into Virginia, May 24, 1861.

From a large painting by Edwin Forbes, made for the Old Guard Association.

"So, you perceive, we are not idle on this side. I have been at work raising money, and have collected a considerable sum."

General Heintzleman, in his report of the crossing of the Long Bridge and occupation of Arlington on the 24th of May, 1861, says:

"During the day I warned the regiments to be prepared to march at a moment's notice, and at 9 p. m. officers were sent to the colonels directing them to march to the Washington end of the Long Bridge. The orders were to enter on the bridge at 2 p. m. on the 24th of May. A few minutes before the hour the head of the column halted at the Washington end of the bridge, and precisely at the hour, the troops advanced, *the Twelfth New York State Militia, Colonel Daniel Butterfield, leading*. The troops which crossed were the 12th, 25th and 7th New York, the 3d New Jersey, one company of cavalry, and one section of artillery."

It was on the eve of the Virginia election, to determine for or against secession. The crossing of the bridge was a grand and impressive spectacle. The moon was full and the sky cloudless. Silently, solemnly and firmly the gallant troops marched across the river, no sound to disturb the solemnity but that of their own footsteps—the order and firmness of which heightened the effect, and thus *the Constitution was proclaimed by the advance of the Twelfth New York* (Colonel Butterfield) on the right bank, before the rear of the column had left the left bank of the river.

The accompanying are copies of several of the many orders issued in Washington, and after the advance into Virginia:

HEADQUARTERS, TWELFTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. T.,
CAMP ANDERSON, May 13, 1861.

Special Orders No. 57.

Companies will fall in at parade rest in two ranks without regard to size at Reveille and tattoo roll-calls.

Sergeants will commence calling the rolls at the moment the last roll of the drum ceases. Absentees from these roll-calls or those late will be deprived of leave of absence for four days.

Talking in the ranks, neglect in uniform and appearance and carelessness, will be punished by confinement in the guard-house, stoppage of leave, etc.

The Colonel will promptly reduce to the ranks any non-commissioned officer neglectful of his duty in future.

All sentences, confinements, etc., must be read in orders before companies.

The attention of commandants of companies is called to Par. 110, Army Regulations. By order of

COLONEL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,
FRED T. LOCKE, *Adjutant*.

HEADQUARTERS, TWELFTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. T.,
CAMP MANSFIELD,

ROACH'S MILLS, FAIRFAX CO., VA., May 29, 1861.

General Orders No. 59.

Officer of the day, Captain Huson; Officer of the Guard, Lieutenant Ackerman; Supernumerary, Lieutenant Barlow.

Corporal William H. Rose, of Company A, is honorably discharged from service, that he may accept a Lieutenancy in one of the regiments of General Sickles's Brigade. The Colonel commanding feels honored for himself and his command that the honorable behavior and gentlemanly bearing of the members of the Regiment has given them so high a reputation. He exhorts all to continue their exertions to have the Regiment maintain its high position.

Commandants of companies will be excessively cautious as to the condition of their pieces. The men will sleep on their arms, have their canteens filled and ready for action. The Colonel exhorts every man to do his whole duty. By order of

COLONEL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,
FRED T. LOCKE, *Adjutant*.

HEADQUARTERS, TWELFTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. T.,
CAMP MANSFIELD,
ROACH'S MILLS, VA., May 29, 1861.

Special Orders No. 71.

The Officer of the Day and Guard will see that prisoners have nothing but bread and water, that no communication be held with parties outside. The windows to be boarded up tight to within eight inches of the top.

Commandants of companies will see that men late at drill have six hours in Guard House on bread and water; men absent without leave, twelve hours in Guard House on bread and water, and to be sent for to company drills and returned to Guard House at dismissal. When unfit for duty, must get the Surgeon's certificate to their Captain's that they are relieved from duty, and state for how long. By order of

COLONEL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,
FRED T. LOCKE, *Adjutant.*

A correspondent of the New York "Times," writing from Camp Anderson, Washington, June 3, 1861, thus describes the Twelfth Regiment in Virginia:

At ten o'clock on Tuesday night, the Twelfth had orders to march at once. No one but Colonel Butterfield, of this corps, knew the destination. "Twenty-four hours' rations, one blanket and knapsack," was the order. Our men, tired of barrack life, sprang with alacrity at the command, and before the small hours of the morning we were across the Long Bridge and on the sacred soil of Virginia. Taking the route step in quiet and silence, the men moved along till we passed the encampments of the Massachusetts Fifth and the New York Twenty-fifth and New York Eighth Horse Guards, when we came to a standstill about seven miles from Washington, three miles from Arlington House and two from Alexandria. We were put in command of Roach's Mills, an important post, and one needful to be guarded while intrenchments were dug and fortifications thrown up. General Mansfield did the Regiment the honor to

say that he sent this one to lead in the possession of Virginia because it was best fitted for the work, and of its discipline and valor he had the highest confidence.

All was silence and desolation along our route. God seemed to have done everything for this land—man nothing. The scenery was delightful; the soil poor and worn out—the natural growth abundant, the tillage thin and dwarfish. No man or child seemed aware of our approach, and we halted amid a silence that was oppressive.

At about 4 a. m. on Friday we came to a halt. Three dilapidated old windowless houses—occupied by one black man, and filled with all manner of vermin, which must be numbered among the peculiar institutions of Virginia—were open to our comfort. Our men were tentless. But a good march is a wonderful wooer of nature's sweet restorer, and all the men, tired and worn out, fell asleep on the ground. But amid much peril, an unscrupulous foe, that skulks in the bushes and the runs, the men had to be alert. Pickets were established, guards made strong, ammunition distributed, and the men put on their guard.

A better set of men I never saw. Ten days they bore this life without a murmur. With axes in hand they felled trees and made booths to dwell in, and bore all the privations without complaint. A little expedition was planned that would have told well for the pluck of this command. But the blunder of a small corps of Uncle Sam's men spoilt it all.

The Staff of the Twelfth are well known in New York, and it would do their friends good to have looked in on them in camp. But one room could be used with any degree of comfort, or even safety. Indeed, the surgeon, who is quite a small man, though every inch of him is smart, undertook to have a room to himself, as he has near Fifth Avenue, in New York. But I am told that he was taken up bodily, and had not the Staff come to his rescue he would have been laid up in the Commissary Department for winter's use. But the only room safe to repose in, all the Staff quartered. Colonel Butterfield had one corner assigned to himself, in consideration of his dignity.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ward lodged out; he had a camp made of a huge haystack near the residence of a small and very lean cow, with no horns. In another corner Paymaster Pately, Quartermaster Arnold, Sergeants Leesday and Weid, and Secretary Banks, lay side by side; a query who took up the most room. And on benches, tables and chairs the rest of the Staff made themselves comfortable. But we slept but little. The frequent alarms—the sounding of the long roll, and the booming of guns, brought the men to their feet often; to say nothing of the heat and the army of foragers who were all so eagerly panting for our blood.

A smart amount of work was done in that ten days. The country was scoured—all the available points noted—maps made of all the county bridges built—fortifications raised, and the men, with the officers, ready for anything. Colonel Butterfield was ubiquitous—now at Arlington House—now at Alexandria—and on horseback and on the road at all times.

So Saturday night found us. The men took a bath in the running stream near the camp. The Commissary made extra provisions for a good dinner—lamb, turkey, peas and strawberries greeted the eye as we glanced into his department. At three o'clock, Sunday a. m., the clear, shrill notes of a bugle were heard. Soon a full band fell on our ear, and before we could get on our feet, a regiment—friend or foe we could not tell—were within our lines. "Call out the guard"—"Sound the long roll"—"Beat the reveille" were heard on all sides. We soon found who the intruders were. One of the peculiarities of the men in command of the war is—they keep their own counsels. We were to be relieved, and the First Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers were sent to do it. Most splendidly were they appointed—camp equipage, horses, wagons and nurses. Our dinner vanished into a return of salt pork and dry bread, and as soon as our feet could move, we were on the march to the Capital.

About five miles from camp we halted in as beautiful a grove as any one seen this side of Eden. It was as beautiful as that which Adam trod, when he bowed in that first temple built by

God. Our men came to a halt, formed in hollow squares, and were ready for worship. The officers, the band, and the flag were in the center. We were in an enemy's country, where a banner with a strange device usurped the flag of Washington. One thousand men, loyal and true, ready to defend the banner floating over the Regiment, with their lives, stood up to appeal to the God of battle to aid them in the conflict. A hymn was sung to the tune of "Lang Syne"; a Psalm was read, a prayer was made, and then the Chaplain gave a short sermon from the words "Endure hardness as a good soldier." He pointed out the qualities of a good soldier, alluded to our peculiar condition, and dedicated the soil of Virginia to Freedom and Union, and said he had no doubt at the close of the war every Minister of Jesus, in any part of Virginia, would imitate his Lord and be able, as he did, "to preach liberty to the captives." At the close of the sermon the command took up the line of march. The heat was 105° in the sun. The dust was suffocating. The men were loaded down, but no one faltered. At three p. m., in noble order and with steady step, the Regiment marched across Pennsylvania Avenue, up Fourteenth Street to the old quarters, and with shouts that could have been heard from the City Hall to the Battery, took possession of their old quarters. Such a Sunday the men of the Twelfth never before saw.

The following anonymous lines are believed to have been written by General Butterfield, as a copy was found among his papers with his initials attached. Without being positive that such is the case, they are entitled to preservation in this volume, if only to illustrate the prevailing sentiment existing at the time in the army in regard to the over-confident Western General.

POPE'S PROCLAMATION, DATED WASHINGTON, JULY 15, 1862.

YE men of straps, who hold commissions,
Won by yourselves, or politicians;
And ye who claim the harder lot
Of being marched, and drilled, and shot;

All ye who in Virginia's valley,
Around my war-horse soon will rally,—
Inspect your arms, increase your hope,
And yield the temp'ral power to Pope.

By "special act" of him who holds
The might our noble flag enfolds,
I am assigned to ride and toil
On "Old Virginia's" rebel soil.
For fourteen weary days and nights
I've walked, and talked, and dreamed of fights;
In "Senate Halls," hotels, and street,
I've groaned about our last retreat,
And shown you all the only man
To end "that Anaconda plan."
'Tis thus I've learned the very spot
Where we *should* be, though some are not,—
Your wants, your sanitary state,
And all that makes your army great,—
Have reached it in minute detail,
Via the lightning and the rail.
But now this work is almost o'er,
I'll linger mid such scenes no more,—
I'll take my war-steed from the stall,
My saddle, bridle, spurs and all—
Nor stop for wind, or rain, or hail,
Till I'm in Shenandoah's vale.
But ere I take my winding way,
I'll stop a month or so to say—
That I'm your General, friend, and brother,
And we must understand each other.

I've come to you from out the West,
(This my dispatches will attest,)
Where we beheld the rebels' backs,
And sometimes even saw their tracks,
Where there were troops whose sole desire
Was to advance, take aim, and fire,—

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

Who never waited for the foe
To fortify and then to go,
Save only once, when all our pride
Was laid in trenches deep and wide,
Or filed in forms that still will stand,
Corinthian columns in our land.
'Twas there that with strategic power
We shot, and shot, for many an hour—
We shelled, and shelled, no foe was there—
Halleck and Echo answered—Where!
Ah! then I called my trusty men,
And bade them all advance again,—
We dashed through each deserted place,
We longed to see a rebel's face,
We caught full thirty thousand foes,
(This every Richmond paper shows,)
They are not here, they are not there,
Pope and the People answer—Where!
'Twas deeds like this that brought me here,
And made me real Brigadier.
Soldiers, I know you pant for fame,—
I pledge you, you shall have the same,
But ere we move I want to say
That you have got an Eastern way
Of talking of the strongest places,
Lines of retreat, and proper bases.
All these discard as very weak,—
They're phrases the Potomacs speak,—
This is a wandering tribe of men
Who marched up hill and down again,
And soon can issue squatter claims
On land beside the river James.
Leave these to foes who have no pride,
Or to some friend who's seen them tried;
You shall press onward, never fear,—
Shame and distrust lurk in the rear,—
Like your Commander, fix your eye

On something very, very high,—
He looks not backward save in thought,—
To dwell on glory dearly bought,—
To hear reporters say again,
That Pope took Island No. 10,
Cut through obstructions night and day,
Steered every gunboat on its way,
And brought his soldiers to the spot
Where rebels had been, but were not.
When on such scenes his memory dwells,
Just like his own "Artesian wells,"
His feelings try in vain to show
The depths from which they ought to flow.

Soldiers, I soon will take the field:
Then all the rebel ranks will yield,
Your banner folds will then reveal
What grateful hearts and homes will feel,—
That you have won a glorious name,
And linked with mine your deathless fame.

MORAL, WRITTEN AFTER SECOND BULL RUN.

O! Pope, John Pope, henceforth be wise,
Let older men your course advise:
Men who have "valor," "truth," and "will,"
Though wearing "bars" and "eagles" still,—
Some on our country's field of Mars,
Who get her "stripes" but wear no "stars,"
They'll tell you never to proclaim
What shall be done, but *do* the same;
And if you must write any more,
Date after fights, and not before,
Because it is not always sure
That you can call defeat detour;
Nor can you always hope to meet
With such a sure and good retreat
As that which suits your genius best,

Among the warriors of the West.
For there, as everybody knows,
Your gun will make you flocks of foes,
And you can capture without fail,
Not rebels,—but seceding quail;
There you can tell about those men
Who marched up hill and down again,
Who now have left the river James,
And squatted on Potomac claims;
And as you thought their phrases weak,
Use those the great Dacotahs speak,
And hurl them, with the force of law,
Against each savage and his squaw,
And for their sure annihilation
Write to each tribe a proclamation.

While at the front, in command of his brigade in Virginia, Butterfield was gratified by the receipt of the following document from the officials of the American Express Company, with which he had been connected since 1849:

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.,

NEW YORK, Aug. 15, 1861.

On motion of Johnston Livingston, seconded by William G. Fargo:

Resolved, That the Directors of the American Express Company appreciate the patriotic and prompt services of their Superintendent, Col. Daniel Butterfield, in behalf of his country, and congratulate him upon the credit he has earned during his three months' campaign.

Resolved, That his position in this company is open for him, and that should he feel disposed to devote his services "to the war for the preservation of the union," the company will, in consideration of the high appreciation entertained of him by the National Government and the flattering honor conferred on him, continue his salary during the war, while he is doing service for his country.

Major O. W. Norton, a member of Butterfield's Brigade, writing from Chicago to the editor of the "Century" Magazine, August 8, 1898, says:

CHICAGO, Aug. 8, 1898.

"I was much interested in reading the article by Mr. Gustav Kobbe, on 'Trumpet and Bugle Calls,' in the August 'Century.' Mr. Kobbe says that he has been unable to trace the origin of the call now used for Taps, or the 'Go-to-sleep,' as it is generally called by the soldiers. As I am able to give the origin of this call, I think the following statement may be of interest to Mr. Kobbe and your readers.

"During the early part of the Civil War I was bugler at the headquarters of Butterfield's Brigade, Morell's Division, Fitz-John Porter's Corps, Army of the Potomac. Up to July, 1862, the infantry call for Taps was that set down in Casey's Tactics, which Mr. Kobbe says was borrowed from the French. One day, soon after the seven days' battles on the Peninsular, when the Army of the Potomac was lying in camp at Harrison's Landing, General Daniel Butterfield, then commanding our Brigade, sent for me, and showing me some notes on a staff written in pencil on the back of an envelope, asked me to sound them on my bugle. I did this several times, playing the music as written. He changed it somewhat, lengthening some notes and shortening others, but retaining the melody as he first gave it to me. After getting it to his satisfaction, he directed me to sound that call for Taps thereafter, in place of the regulation call. The music was beautiful on that still summer night, and was heard far beyond the limits of our Brigade. The next day I was visited by several buglers from neighboring brigades, asking for copies of the music, which I gladly furnished. I think no general order was issued from army headquarters authorizing the substitution of this for the regulation call, but as each brigade commander exercised his own discretion in such minor matters, the call was gradually taken up all through the Army of the Potomac. I have been told that it was carried to the Western Armies by the 11th and 12th Corps, when they went to Chattanooga, in the fall of 1863, and rapidly made its

way through those armies. I did not presume to question General Butterfield at the time, but from the manner in which the call was given to me, I have no doubt he composed it in his tent at Harrison's Landing. I think General Butterfield is living at Cold Spring, New York. If you think the matter of sufficient interest, and care to write him on the subject, I have no doubt he will confirm my statement."

In answer to an inquiry from the editor of the "Century," General Butterfield, writing from "Craggside," Cold Spring, under date of August 31, 1898, said:

"I recall, in dim memory, the substantial truth of the statement made by Norton, of the 83d Pa., about bugle calls. His letter gives the impression that I personally wrote the notes for the call. The facts are, that at that time I could well sound calls on the bugle as a necessary part of military knowledge and instruction for an officer commanding a regiment or brigade. I had acquired this as a regimental commander. I had also composed a call for my brigade, to precede any calls, indicating that such were calls, or orders, for my brigade alone. This was of very great use and effect on the march and in battle. It enabled me to cause my whole command, at times, in march, covering over a mile on the road, to all halt, instantly, and lie down, and to all arise and start at the same moment; to forward in line of battle, simultaneously, in action and charge, etc. It saved fatigue. The men rather liked their call, but began to sing my name to it. It was three notes and a catch. I cannot write a note of music, but have gotten my wife to write it from my whistling it to her, and enclose it. The men would sing



Dan, Dan, Dan, Butterfield, Butterfield.

to the notes when a call came. Later, in battle, or in some try-

ing circumstances for an advance in difficulties, they sometimes sang

'Damn, Damn, Damn, Butterfield, Butterfield.'

"The call of Taps did not seem to be as smooth, melodious and musical as it should be, and I called in some one who could write music, and practiced a change in the call of Taps until I had it to suit my ear, and then, as Norton writes, got it to my taste without being able to write music or knowing the technical name of any note, but, simply by ear, arranged it as Norton describes.

"I did not recall him in connection with it, but his story is substantially correct. Will you do me the favor to send Norton a copy of this letter made by your typewriter? I have none.

"I enclose you a couple of military records which I think have some allusions to the bugle calls and uses. I likewise established a call for my command in the 20th Corps, Army of Cumberland.



cident of war. Generals Warren, Griffin and Sykes spoke to me of it, with much feeling, as a marvelous effect upon an army corps moving at night, causing it to move so steadily and so correctly in the dark. The other troops of the corps knew the call well, and followed it. I have no doubt that many of the old soldiers of my command in the 5th Corps, Regulars and Volunteers, recall it."

The following letter alludes to the bugle calls, and also illustrates a characteristic trait of the General in his constant willingness to aid army comrades—privates no less than commissioned officers—as is seen in his giving his influence in obtaining a Medal of Honor for a member of his old Brigade. The writer is George D. Sidman, and is dated Philadelphia, May 2, 1892. He says:

"I have recently received from the Hon. Secretary of War a 'Medal of Honor,' inscribed as follows: 'The Congress to Geo. D. Sidman, late of Co. "C," Mich. Inf. Vols. For distinguished bravery at the battle of Gaines' Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.'

"I am informed by Col. Edward Hill, who, it seems, originated the idea of bringing about this recognition, that you kindly gave your endorsement and influence in the matter. To say that I am proud of the honor conferred upon me would scarcely express my feelings, and I particularly desire to thank you, General, for your kindly interest in my behalf. I can never forget that it was your voice in the din of battle that rallied our old Brigade on the margin of Chickahominy Swamp, where we had been swept in the stampede that day at Gaines' Mill, and incited me forward in the 'forlorn hope,' that held Stonewall Jackson's Corps in check until night, and thereby saved the Army of the Potomac from complete annihilation. It was this rally, and subsequent events, under your leadership, General, that made it possible for me to be so honored to-day. I trust I may have the opportunity of verbally expressing my thanks at the Grand Army Republic Encampment in Washington, next September.

"Presuming it is your intention, as President of the Brigade Association, to bring about a reunion at Washington, in September, I hereby offer my services as an assistant in any working capacity to which you may assign me. As Washington is my home, I am necessarily well acquainted there. September is the Thirty-first Anniversary of the organization of our Brigade at Hall's Hill, Va. I have thought it would be quite apropos to have our reunion there this year. This is a suggestion which may have already occurred to you. I am sure accommodations and transportation could be secured without much trouble. A Northern man now owns the Hill, and a large residence and farm-barn occupies a part of the old parade ground of the 16th, otherwise there are but few changes in the old camp grounds. The pine grove near your old headquarters was there five years ago, just as you left it. If you favor this idea I presume you will see the necessity of sending circulars to the Brigade survivors, asking co-operation, etc.

"I can now hear the echoes of the bugle calls for reveille and retreat, 'Dan, Dan, Dan Butterfield, Butterfield,' as they sounded over those old hills in 1861. These echoes will linger forever in the brain and heart of every survivor of the old Brigade. God bless you, my old Comrade."

From a memorandum of his military services, prepared by the General in compliance with a request from the War Department, the following extract is taken:

"Moved with General Patterson's army, then to Bunkerhill, July 15th; Charlestown, July 17th, and Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry, July 21st. Remained at Harper's Ferry until August 3d (two weeks beyond the time of expiration of service), and was with it mustered out of service as Colonel, in New York City, August 5, 1861.

"On the 9th day of March the 44th New York Volunteers moved with Averill's 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry in the advance movement on Manassas, moving to Centreville, and during the three months' service the organization of the new regiments of the regular army was made, and I received the appointment of

Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth Infantry. I obtained a furlough of thirty days in August, 1861, in consequence of the death of my only child. Before this furlough expired I received an appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, dated September 7, 1861, which I accepted. I was ordered to report to Major-General McClellan, and assigned to the command of the 3d Brigade, Porter's Division; assumed command on the 1st of October, 1861, in front of Washington, near Fort Corcoran. This Brigade of new troops consisted of the 83d Pennsylvania, 16th Michigan, and the 50th New York Volunteers, to which was added, a few days afterward, the 17th New York Volunteers. The 50th New York Volunteers being ordered to the Navy Yard for duty as engineers, the 44th New York Volunteers was substituted.

"Arrived at Manassas to find the enemy's works abandoned. The Brigade followed on the 10th as far as Fairfax Court House. After remaining there several days, moved to Alexandria by the Little River turnpike. Thence, after some days' delay, embarked for the Peninsula, in steamers, landing at Fort Monroe and Hampton. Encamped beyond Hampton. Soon after I made a reconnaissance with the Brigade to Big Bethel, drove a small force of the enemy from their works and returned to camp.

"On the 4th day of April moved up and arrived in front of Yorktown on the 5th day of April, 1862. The Brigade was held in reserve during the demonstration made on that day by Porter's Division. Encamped near Wormley's Creek, and performed a heavy amount of labor in the trenches during the siege. Later, the enemy made a sortie from the works in front of General Hamilton's Division and in front of General Porter's Division, on our extreme right. The 12th New York Volunteers, under Major (now Colonel) H. A. Barnum, commanding the picket line, called up his reserves of the Grand Guard and attacked the enemy immediately, driving him within the works with the loss of ten or twelve men—our loss, two wounded.

"After the abandonment of Yorktown by the enemy my Bri-

gade embarked from that place on the 6th day of May, and landed at West Point, moving from there by successive marches to the vicinity of Gaines' Mill on the Chickahominy. On the 27th of May, 1862, my Brigade moved to Hanover Court House, with the balance of the 1st Division, 5th Corps, and after a long march through mud and heavy rain, arrived near Hanover and found a large portion of General Martindale's Brigade engaged with the enemy. Was ordered to attack the enemy in position on the road leading to the Court House and Railroad Station, and then engaged with a portion of Martindale's Brigade and Weedon's Battery. Moved to the attack, broke the enemy's line, captured one gun and a number of prisoners. Continued to Hanover Court House, with orders to encamp there. On my arrival the enemy in force had attacked our rear under Generals Martindale and Morell. I was ordered to return to their relief. Moved back at double-quick with a portion of my Brigade—the 16th Michigan and 83d Pennsylvania—by the shortest line, to the sound of the heaviest firing, leaving the balance, in consequence of their position at the time, to return as ordered by the route by which they came. With these two regiments fell upon the enemy's flank, compelled him to retire, captured a large number of prisoners, changed front as he retired, and closed the victory gained there with the last volley fired by the 83d Pennsylvania at the retreating enemy.

"During the next day returned to former camp, near Gaines' Mill. Remained there making heavy details for work on bridges in Chickahominy Swamp until the 26th day of June."

To General Porter, who was directing the siege of Yorktown, Butterfield makes the following official communication. Also another official report concerning the battle of Hanover Court House:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, PORTER'S DIVISION, A. P.,
CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, VA., April 28, 1862.

GENERAL—As general of the trenches for the twenty-four hours ending April 28, 8 a. m., I would respectfully report that

I relieved General Jameson at 7 a. m., 27th. I received from him no instructions. General Marcy had directed me to see him, also to see General Barnard, Chief of Engineers. From General Barnard's Adjutant, Lieutenant Hall, of the Artillery, I received an idea of the location of the works in progress, but no instructions from any source. I directed the field officers commanding the outposts from Battery 7 to the York River to report to me. I caused to be read to them all the portions of the confidential circular of April 23d relating to their duties.

I issued the following orders to the field officers of divisions in charge of working details in the trenches:

You will please keep a record of the work under your charge, as follows:

1st.—The detail at work; number of men; regimental officers in charge; work upon which they are engaged, and manner of performing their duty.

2d.—Engineer officer detailed; his name; hour of arrival and departure; directions received from him.

3d.—Hours at which details commence work and cease; hour of their arrival at the ground and departure.

4th.—Condition of the work when each detail commenced work; progress and amount completed each four hours afterward.

5th.—Any general remarks as to the progress and condition of the work necessary, or of interest to the general commanding the army or the general of the trenches.

The reports under the 4th heading will be in the shape of a memorandum, and will be sent to me at headquarters at the mill-dam every four hours—8, 12 and 4 a. m. and p. m. The engineer officer in charge will certify to the amount of work completed, as mentioned on the memorandum.

The information required under article 5 will be sent as often as may be deemed necessary or important by you. The failure of any detail to report for duty at the hour ordered or the absence of any officer, delaying the work, will be immediately reported.

In no case were any reports received or the order in any way

complied with, except by Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent, commanding details working in trenches from your division.

The officers who failed entirely to comply with these orders were Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan 105th (63d) Pennsylvania Volunteers, from Hamilton's Division; Major Holt, 70th New York Volunteers, from Hooker's Division.

The officers in command of the details for outpost duty, with the details, are as follows: From Porter's Division, Colonel McQuade, 14th New York Volunteers; detail, 600 men from 4th Michigan Regiment and 400 men from the 62d Pennsylvania Regiment. From General Hamilton's Division, Col. O. M. Poe, Second Michigan Volunteers; detail, two regiments, unknown. From General Hooker's Division, Colonel Cowdin, 1st Massachusetts Regiment; detail, 1st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. I inclose the report of each of these officers.

Your attention is directed to the report of Colonel Poe, concerning working parties having been sent to the trenches not in charge of field officers, in direct violation of General McClellan's orders.

At noon I discovered 500 men from Hooker's Division (250 from 6th New Jersey and 250 from 7th New Jersey) were at work at the redoubt, near Battery 5, without a field officer in charge, also in violation of the orders. I reported the same to Captain McKeever, and asked him to direct that a field officer be placed in charge of the work. Upon my arrival on the ground at 8 o'clock I found Major Holt, who stated that he was ordered to report with 1,000 men; that he had no tools, and that he had made ineffectual attempts at the headquarters of General Heintzelman and General Porter and other places to secure tools. In reply to an inquiry at General Hooker's concerning instructions given for the detail, it was stated that no other instructions were given than that Major Holt was to report to the assistant adjutant-general of the 3d Corps, and there would be an engineer officer, under whose directions he was to proceed and act. I immediately advised General Williams, and the tools were finally procured at the engineer depot, General Wood-

bury's Camp. I think this delay must have delayed their work at least four hours.

The detail ordered from Stockton's Michigan Regiment to report to Captain Duane at 8 a. m., reported at that hour, and were ordered by Captain Duane to remain at the head of the ravine on the left of the parallel across the Peninsula and await his orders. They did not commence work until an hour and a half after their arrival. Five hundred men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tileston, of the 11th Massachusetts Volunteers, did not get to work until two hours after their proper time, owing, I think, to the lack of thorough understanding of the hour at which they were to report and the exact location of the work upon which they were to be engaged. Two hundred men of the 14th New York, under Lieutenant-Colonel Skillen, ordered to work on the mortar battery (which was commenced yesterday), got to work upon the location originally selected for this battery, which was afterward changed to a location to the left and to the rear of the deserted huts.

Lieutenant-Colonel Skillen reported to me shortly after 8 o'clock as follows: That he had been at work since 6.30 o'clock; that there was no one there to direct him what to do, and that he was fearful of doing his work improperly. I immediately advised General Williams of the fact, asking him for the name of the engineer in charge. He replied, Lieutenant McAlester. Shortly afterward I saw Lieutenant McAlester, and learned from him that the location of the mortar battery had been changed by order of General Barnard, and that Lieutenant-Colonel Skillen's detail had been at work at the wrong place. They worked about three hours to no purpose.

The details at work upon the new battery commenced upon the Peninsula half way between Moore's house and the Dam were unable to push on the work during the night, owing to the want of fascines and wire, which had not been sent.

At 11.30 o'clock a. m. I received a full report from Lieutenant Perkins, whom I dispatched at the left of the line to supervise the posting of the guards and to look after the work in the trenches. He reported that there were 500 of the 63d

Pennsylvania and 500 of the 5th Michigan there doing nothing. They had been trying all the morning to find where they were to work. There was no engineer there, and no one knew what work was to be done. Lieutenant Comstock was supposed to be the engineer in charge. Lieutenant Perkins directed them to remain there until they should receive orders from myself or the engineer in charge. The detail of 500 men from my Brigade, ordered to report at 6.30 p. m., were delayed a considerable length of time in getting their tools, by a journey first to the six-gun, then to the seventeen-gun battery. They did not finally get to work until between 10 and 11 o'clock. The cause is said to be the absence of Lieutenant McAlester, the engineer in charge. I am not informed sufficiently to state this as the positive cause.

The officers report the men as going out full of energy and spirit, determined to show what work they could accomplish, but before they got to work chilled, cold, muddy, and not much in the humor for it.

These comprise, with those in the report of Colonel Poe, the principal portion of the delays in the work upon the trenches during my tour of duty.

Considerable complaint was made from time to time against the engineer officers in charge of the work, that they were not to be found, and the absence of definite instructions as to where the parties were to report and what they were to do. While there may have been some ground for a portion of this complaint it seemed to me that the engineer officers accomplished all that the same number of officers could accomplish. The necessity of a more thorough and systematic division of labor, and of more assistance to the engineer officers in directing the work of details, was very evident. The inclosure, marked A, I would respectfully submit as a system which seemed to me would be of more benefit in securing a greater amount of work and leaving the engineer officers a better opportunity of more advantageously carrying on the work.

After reading the orders, as previously stated, to the officer in charge of the outposts, I dispatched Captain Hoyt to super-

vise the posting of the guards, examine and report upon the work in the trenches on that portion of the line, from the secession huts to the Yorktown Road, Lieutenant Perkins to the same duties from the Yorktown road to Battery No. 7, and gave my personal attention to the balance of the line on the right, not included in the above.

At about 9.20 a. m. the enemy opened fire upon nearly the whole of our front from the ravine to the left of the Peninsula over to Battery No. 6. Several shells burst in the immediate vicinity of the mill-dam in the ravine in front. One burst in the seventeen-gun battery and some near the secession huts. No one was hurt.

There was no other firing of any consequence until the afternoon, when some shells exploded near yourself and General McClellan and others who were passing along the trenches.

Toward evening, after leaving General McClellan and yourself, I found the detail of 1,000 men of the 11th Massachusetts, under charge of Colonel Tileston, who had been at work, waiting to be relieved. They waited something like one and a half hours, when word was received that no detail was to relieve them, and they were sent home. An accurate estimate of the number of hours lost through the various causes mentioned shows the necessity of a more thorough system of organization of work in the trenches.

During the day Captain Wheeler and Lieut. R. J. Parker, of the 1st New York Artillery, from Smith's Division, came to the front not on duty and without a pass. They were ordered to report themselves under arrest to General Andrew Porter, provost-marshal, in accordance with instructions in confidential circular, dated April 23d.

At night, finding the number of men detailed for outpost duty in my judgment insufficient to properly guard the works, I requested Captain McKeever to send another regiment to report to Colonel Poe, in order to complete the connection between the six-gun battery and the battery at the left of the Yorktown Road. This regiment was sent, and the details were posted in accordance with the verbal instructions received from you.

The rifle pits ordered to be made by you during the night were all made. Some shells were fired by the gunboats during the night, the first six of which, using twenty-second fuses, as timed by us at the mill, burst in and near the enemy's works; the remainder fell short, some of them exploding over the right of the parallel across the Peninsula and on the ground between the parallel and Moore's house.

At 8 a. m. this morning the first tier of gabions had been laid on the battery on the Peninsula, the excavations completed for the magazine, a ditch dug to drain the battery and the magazine, and the men were working leisurely in the absence of the fascines and wire to carry on the battery. The work had progressed well on the mortar battery near the ravine in the left and rear of the secession huts. At 8 a. m. General Birney, general of the trenches of the day, had not arrived. Presuming that he had selected some other portion of the line for his headquarters, I returned to camp. Two regiments of the enemy were seen, about dusk, to break camp, pack knapsacks, and move to their left from near the front of Battery No. 7 toward Yorktown.

This report has been delayed by the non-arrival of the reports of the field officers in charge of details and the late arrival of the reports of commandants of outposts. I must apologize for the incoherent manner in which the report is made up. I have sent it in as it is, feeling it to be my positive duty to make a full report of everything as speedily as possible, without regard to the manner so long as the matter was all in.

I hope you will return it to me if in your judgment anything in it is ill-advised or improper.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Brigadier-General, General of the Trenches, April 27, 1862.

BRIG.-GEN. FITZ-JOHN PORTER,

Directing Siege.

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BRIGADE, PORTER'S DIVISION,
FIFTH PROV. ARMY CORPS,
NEAR NEW BRIDGE, VA., May 30, 1862.

CAPTAIN—I would respectfully report that in compliance with orders received at 10.30 p. m., the 26th inst., my Brigade marched toward Hanover Court House at about 6 a. m. of the 27th. Our orders were to march at 3.30 a. m. The regiments were up and in readiness, but did not form line and start, waiting the movement of the brigade that was ordered to precede us. The rain was so severe as to prevent the men from building fires; they could not get them to burn, and in consequence many started on the march without coffee. Our march to the battlefield, near Hanover Court House, was the most severe I have ever experienced. Half an hour before the fight began I hardly thought it possible for my men to pitch camp and prepare supper, so much fatigued were they with the march in mud, rain and sun.

When the head of my column approached the position indicated as A on the map, where Benson's battery was in action, General F. J. Porter personally indicated to me the position he desired me to take with my Brigade, indicating it, as understood by me, in the direction marked by the arrow C on the accompanying sketch.

I formed my Brigade in the order mentioned below and as per sketch: On the first line the 17th New York, Colonel Lansing, on the right; 83d Pennsylvania, Colonel McLane, on the left, with skirmishers in front. The second line, 12th New York, Colonel Weeks, in rear of the right; 16th Michigan, Colonel Stockton, in rear of the left.

Having personally surveyed the field, as well as having sent out some of my personal staff, I determined to change the position for attack very slightly from that indicated by General Porter, for the purpose of covering my approach to the enemy. I directed the command to move through the woods in the order indicated above and halt at the point on the edge of the woods indicated by the fence marked * * * I then ascended a

small tree, where, I was informed by Major Bartram, of the 17th, I could discover correctly the whole position of affairs and act accordingly. Doing so, I found the enemy drawn up in line near the house and orchard (afterward used for general hospital and headquarters of General Porter), with a section of a battery in action, supported by the 38th North Carolina Regiment. I since learned from prisoners that this regiment was about 1,300 strong.

To my right and rear was Benson's Battery, and I think a section of Weeden's (the cavalry in rear), replying to the fire of the enemy's guns. A portion of the 25th New York and a few of Berdan's Sharpshooters were in the positions indicated on the sketch. I determined to attack vigorously, and at once ordered the command forward in the order heretofore mentioned. The regiments, though much reduced in numbers by the march, the guards left in camp and with the wagons, moved up in the most admirable order, with all the precision of dress parade—skirmishers' firing gradually accelerating their pace. They charged the enemy and drove him back, capturing one of his cannon, with caisson and ammunition complete, except the horses. We pursued rapidly and captured many prisoners. The enemy were completely routed.

After getting a long distance in advance of our first position I was informed by a prisoner that eight regiments of the enemy had gone to our right and rear. I deemed this of sufficient importance to halt from the pursuit and await support on my right, or further orders. I did so, and threw out skirmishers on my right and left flank. I immediately advised General Porter of the circumstances. General Porter and General Morell came on the ground afterward, bringing up the batteries and cavalry on my right. General Porter shortly afterward directed me to push on to Hanover Court House and Railroad Station, which was done most rapidly considering the fatigued condition of the men, in order of battle as before, except that the 16th Michigan (Colonel Stockton) led the left across the railroad bridge, and the 83d Pennsylvania the right, by the ravine and road, and all moved across the Machumps

Creek by the flank. I had ordered arms stacked with two regiments, and had sent an aide for the others to come in the field between the Station and Court House, when an order came from General Porter to move my command back to the rear to support Martindale, who had been attacked from the rear.

As soon as possible I made my dispositions to return, ordering the 12th and 17th New York to return by the road, and taking the 83d Pennsylvania and Stockton's 16th Michigan back by the railroad, with a view to flank the enemy and support General Martindale in whatever position I might find him. I could only judge of the location by the report of musketry, the dense woods hiding from sight any indications or points of position. As we approached the woods near the railroad the cheers of the enemy, with their unceasing volleys of musketry, led me to believe that they were gaining an advantage. I called upon my men to forward at double-quick and cheer. They responded with a will, cheering lustily. Our cheers were evidently heard by the enemy, for they slackened their fire apparently, and as we subsequently learned, withdrew, whether to avoid being flanked or driven back from the front I am unable to say.

We pushed into the woods and came up on their flank, capturing many prisoners, in fact, encumbered ourselves with them, and found that we were in front of the 9th Massachusetts, our line perpendicular to theirs. We pushed on and came out on the road where Griffin's Battery was just preparing to open fire (point marked H on the sketch). I was unable to get my horse across the ditch and fence on the roadside; crossed on foot, borrowed a horse from some one, and pushed the 83d forward to press the enemy. Asked Lieutenant Kingsbury to push forward a portion of his battery, which was done, to the position marked K, supported by the 83d Regiment.

Shortly afterward General Morell came up to the front in person. From him I obtained permission to push in the 5th New York Zouaves, with a view to press and rout the enemy as completely as possible, and to bring up more troops. Everything was going on handsomely in front. My only desire now

was to push forward troops enough to utterly rout the enemy and capture all the prisoners possible. I went back to get up more men—the enemy's fire slackened, the sun went down, and the day was ours.

By General Porter's orders we camped on the battlefield. I inclose the reports of Colonel Lansing, 17th New York Volunteers; Colonel McLane, 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers; Colonel Stryker, 44th New York Volunteers. I have mislaid Colonel Stockton's, 16th Michigan, but will send it as soon as found.

I had neglected to mention that the 44th were detached by General Morell on the march at the crossroads, three miles from the scene of the engagement, and I saw nothing of them until after the fight. They were under General Martindale while in action.

I would call attention to Colonel McLane's report as showing the position of affairs at the close of the fight and the turning point of the second engagement.

Where all the regiments did so well it is improper to discriminate. The splendid bearing, under their baptismal fire, of the 83d Pennsylvania and 17th New York was worthy of the highest praise. The 83d was in both fights, and behaved like veterans in the last, as in the first.

The instances of individual gallantry were numerous. Major Von Vegesack, of my staff, was inside the enemy's line of skirmishers while making a reconnaissance to get information for me; was fired at six times, and narrowly escaped with his life. To him, as to Captain Hoyt, Lieutenant Livingstone, and Acting Lieutenant E. M. Fisher, I was particularly indebted for valuable and efficient aid in the field of battle. Quartermaster C. B. Norton was with me during the warmest portion of the engagement, and was of great service to me, behaving with gallantry. Lieutenant Seymour, of General Morell's staff, also aided me at one time in an important matter.

We turned over to the guard, from all the regiments, about 225 prisoners. Captured 160 stand of arms, which were forwarded to Colonel Kingsbury, of the Ordnance Department; one 12-pounder howitzer, now in possession of the 17th New

York Regiment; one Union Defense Committee Wagon, now in possession of my Brigade Quartermaster (this wagon was probably taken from our forces at the battle of Bull Run); a hospital wagon with stores, which was turned over to Capt. Charles B. Norton.

I desire to call attention to the praiseworthy behavior of Lieutenant Burleigh, of the 17th New York, who, with some of his men, sent out in the first fight as skirmishers, did not return by the route to join their regiment, but joined the 83d and fought well.

The list of killed, wounded, and missing in my Brigade is attached hereto in schedule, marked A. I regret to add that Lieut. Henry W. Perkins, aide-de-camp on my staff, was taken prisoner. He was left behind on account of having been sick with fever for ten days; but anxious to be present at the battle, rode up in an ambulance, and was resting in the hospital at the time it was attacked. He was taken by the enemy, though too weak to sit on a horse.

I am, very respectfully, yours, etc.,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Brig.-Gen., Commanding Third Brigade, Porter's Division.

CAPT. R. T. AUCHMUTY, *Assistant Adjt.-Gen.*

P. S.—I desire to call attention to the names of the officers mentioned in the reports of the regimental commanders, particularly those of the 44th New York Volunteers.

There were nineteen of the enemy's dead buried by my command. We could not bury those we killed in action, owing to the lack of tools. The few we did bury we had to borrow tools.

Another graphic account of the engagement, written by an army correspondent of the "Commercial Advertiser," appeared in that New York paper, accompanied by the following editorial paragraph:

"We perceive that in the recent brilliant and successful action at Hanover Court House, General Butterfield, of this city, was at the head of his Brigade, and in the thickest of the danger. General Butterfield is a resident in one of the upper

wards, and was long favorably known as the Colonel of one of our best city regiments. He was among the first in the field, and noted for his activity, discipline and readiness to meet the enemy. When serving under the reluctant Patterson, he volunteered to proceed toward Manassas with his single Brigade; and now that a good opportunity presented itself for action, he has shown himself ready. He is the son of Mr. John Butterfield, of the American Express and Overland Mail Companies, and was himself superintendent of the former for several years. In this school he mastered the art and the difficulties of transportation, managing combinations of men, and acquiring business-like celerity and promptness, which, in his later field of occupation, he has turned to the best account."

BUTTERFIELD'S BRIGADE, PORTER'S DIVISION,
FIFTH PROVISIONAL ARMY CORPS,
CAMP NEAR HANOVER CT. HOUSE, VA., May 29.

Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Williamsburg, Hanover and Fair Oaks illustrate in this war, what is a remarkable fact in the campaigns of both classic and modern times, that the most drenching storms and the deepest mud have not been able to deter energetic commanders and vigorous troops from making long marches or fighting hard battles.

The old division of Gen. Fitz-John Porter, now commanded by its ranking general, Brigadier-General Morell, received, on the night of the 26th inst., orders to move on the following morning equipped for fight. Five o'clock was the hour appointed for starting. At three the officers of the different guards roused the men to find the rain falling rapidly, their tents overflowing and pools of muddy water where their kitchen fires had been the night before. The storm kept increasing, and many an officer and man hoped that before daylight a countermand would come. The kindest persuasion could not induce a fire to burn—"fall in" was heard, for so near the enemy we no longer use the bugle for the "General Assembly" and "Color"—and our stout fellows, cut short of their morning cup of coffee, seized their arms, and the long, dark, regimental

lines began to appear over the camp grounds at the first dawn of day. An hour passed, and still no order and no countermand. Yet another—and an orderly came galloping to our tent. We were sure the march for that day had been given up. "You will start with your command at once—the head of the column is moving. T. J. Hoyt, A. A. G." Out we went, nobody knew whither. 'Twas enough we were going somewhere.

Headed by the General and his Staff, the Brigade filed into its place and the dreary march commenced. Men were dainty at first where they planted their feet, but in half an hour puddles to the knee and mud that was shallower were sounded alike with indifference. At each small stream as we passed through the low, swampy wood, you could hear the question and reply along the ranks, "This the Chickahominy, boys?" "Yes, here's New Bridge!" "Big river, this!" "Let's jump it!" but after a ten-mile march it became evident we were not going to Richmond at least by New Bridge.

The morning wore away and at noon the storm had departed with it. We were now some 12 miles from camp in a direction about northwesterly. The order of advance at a crossroads here was changed a little. The 17th New York had led our Brigade, followed by Griffin's Battery, then the 44th New York, 83d Pennsylvania, 12th New York and 16th Michigan. Here the 44th New York was detached, with two pieces of Martin's 5th Massachusetts Battery, to guard against any attempt of the enemy to interfere with our rear. The regiments closed up, took the right-hand road, and forward we went for some three miles more. Sharp volleys of musketry were now heard, and then the heavy thunder of the larger guns. Evidently the enemy had been found. The 25th New York, Colonel Johnson, was in advance of the division. The rebels had chosen an open space of large extent flanked with woods, several hundred yards to the right and left of an orchard and dwelling house (Dr. Kinney's), near the center, where they had planted two guns, supported by a regiment of infantry. Colonel Johnson's attack upon this position was brave and impetuous, but the superior numbers of the enemy in the field and in the woods on

his right compelled him to withdraw with severe loss. The artillery had opened briskly and the head of this brigade—of which I wish particularly to speak, because I know whereof I affirm—made its appearance.

Stripping off their wet blankets and tents, forward went the 17th New York and 83d Pennsylvania in line of battle, led by their gallant General, and followed in column of division by the 12th New York and 16th Michigan. This movement was for the enemy's flank as well as front; to gain this, therefore, the woods to his right were taken and skirmishers thrown ahead. A slight reconnaissance revealed his position. The word came from General Butterfield to advance, and forward out of those woods came the 17th New York and 83d Pennsylvania, in line, as compact and steady as in the many dress parades they have made side by side. The skirmishers opened their fire and down bore the regiments upon the enemy, with the old Stars and Stripes flying high. No rebels could withstand this. The supports broke and fled, the gunners emulated their haste, and a 12-pound howitzer, of Captain Eatham's Battery, abandoned in their flight, now attests the discipline and courage of the Third Brigade.

The prisoners whom we took at this point were of the 28th North Carolina Regiment, clad in the homespun "Confederate Gray," and of an intelligence and manner far inferior to the same class of society at the North. There was none of the savage and brutal appearance about them, attributed to rebels of the Gulf States.

The enemy had fled and disappeared in the woods; a momentary halt, and three rousing cheers from the regiments, as General Butterfield rode along the line, and thanked us for this spirited conduct, and forward we went again. The enemy's plan, as disclosed to us soon, and afterward corroborated by a captured officer, was to lead the main body of our troops onward after the 28th North Carolina, if it escaped, while the rest of their forces lying concealed in the woods should, after our advance, come upon our rear, place us between two fires, and make us an easy prey. As the sequel showed, their bag was

well made, but the material was hardly strong enough for such troops as Fitz-John Porter's.

Closely pressing the enemy and capturing some thirty prisoners, among them a captain and half his company, the 83d Pennsylvania hurried up the road in the direction of Hanover Court House. There General Butterfield received intelligence from General Porter that the enemy was in our rear, and to return at once. Now commenced the marching such as no troops under the sun could have endured, except those who had been subjected to their five months' severe drill on the banks of the Potomac.

Meantime, the 44th New York, when the enemy made his appearance a second time for the purpose, had been ordered up with a section of Martin's Battery, and soon found itself subjected to a crossfire from a much superior force. Clearly the enemy thought his work easy.

A fragment of the 25th New York, the 2d Maine and the 44th New York, lying in the open road, were exposed to the galling fire of an enemy concealed and protected by a close fence in the woods, not two hundred yards distant, and yet here they lay, receiving and returning volley after volley, until many had expended their sixty rounds of cartridges, and were obliged to borrow of the dead. So near were the 2d Maine and the enemy at one time, that the men on both sides actually thrust their guns through the same fence, which here made nearly a right angle, and fired on each other. The conduct of the 44th was gallant in the extreme. Four times was their flag struck by a bullet to the ground, and raised again by an intrepid hand. When the name of one of these brave fellows was asked by the Lieutenant-Colonel, then in command through the absence of the Colonel, in consultation with General Martindale, he gave it, and remarked, "As long as I live, sir, you shall never see that flag in the dust!" In the fiercest of the fight, when it seemed necessary to make a charge to keep the enemy off, a captain replied to the question of the Lieutenant-Colonel, "How many men can you muster to follow you in a charge?" "Every man, sir, will follow, save the dead!" By

a strange coincidence the flag of the 44th was pierced with just forty-four bullets. The horse of the Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, the Major wounded, and the arm of the Adjutant shattered while his blade was waving. For more than an hour consecrated by bravery like this, that mere handful of men held the enemy in check. At length the sound of distant cheers was heard. It was the Third Brigade hastening to their relief.

In line of battle, 16th Michigan on the left and 83d Pennsylvania on the right, they were pressing through the ploughed fields, straight for the heaviest fire. Up rode General Butterfield, whose uncovered head at this moment struck you as more than ordinarily like Napoleon's. "Ah! here comes the little General," says one. "Now for the double quick." "Yes, my boys, now you see the use of double-quick." "Oh, yes; oh, yes." "Well, then, three rousing cheers to encourage our brave fellows yonder." The effect was electric. Those men who had already marched eighteen miles through drenching rain and bottomless roads, and chased the enemy two miles more, took up the double-quick, caught the General's cheer, and sent it increased manifold through the ranks of the enemy, to gladden the hearts of our friends. As a prisoner stated to us afterward, these cheers told the enemy his game was lost. His fire slackened perceptibly, and on went the regiments into the woods. The marks of a terrible battle were all around us. Dead and dying were at the foot of every tree; the trees themselves splintered and torn by the bullets were as mangled as the bodies beneath them. The sulphurous smoke made the air strangely blue. Here we captured from the enemy, falling back, more prisoners than we dared detach men to guard. One poor fellow jumped from the ground, evidently to deliver himself up, but unfortunately brought his piece too near horizontal line—one of our skirmishers dropped on his knees and fired. The rebel whirled completely round, pierced through both sides. Two others came forward displaying a dirty handkerchief—once white—bearing between them a small, pale-faced fellow—a mere boy—badly wounded, and asked us to spare their lives.

"We've been forced into this; we're conscripts," they cried.

Their piteous begging showed how fully their unprincipled leaders had deceived them with the idea that they were to be murdered at once. They, like the others, were sent to the rear. Here we found from the prisoners that two regiments of the enemy were just to the right of us, in line of battle at right angles to our own. Here we flung out our right skirmisher with his company—a burly captain, whose weight before the war was always a good three hundred, but now reduced by hard marching and harder eating to the size of common men—up the railroad track, to feel the enemy there. He soon found them and received their introductory volley, returning the salutation. He turned to see where his supports were, and discovered General Butterfield close behind him. "They are here in large force," said he to the General. "Pitch into them all you know how," was the prompt response. "Aye, aye, sir," and away went the captain at the double-quick. The boldness of the flank attack surprised the enemy, and he fell back. Pressing through the woods, the 83d Pennsylvania came out just in front of the enemy, as two sections of Griffin's Battery were unlimbering. Here again General Butterfield appeared, and calling for a horse, shouted, "Where is Stockton? Give me a horse, and Stockton, too, and the day is ours!" and at once ordered the 83d Pennsylvania forward through the battery to engage the enemy, now in the open field. The enemy was wavering, but this demonstration decided him at once; his face was turned and we followed. Just as the 83d was crossing the railroad—excavated some ten feet in the field here—and mounting the opposite bank, the enemy opened upon them a terrible fire. Nothing but the protection offered by the bank, and the position of the men, as they lay and sat firing, saved them in this fifteen minutes from severe loss.

Here an incident occurred not to be soon forgotten. A sergeant, who had but just rejoined his regiment after a two months' sickness, had managed, after great exertion, to keep in his place through the trying march, but now was almost exhausted. An officer stopped to encourage him. "A few minutes more, Sergeant, and we shall be on them." "Yes, I'll be

with you," said he, pulling out a miniature of his wife and two children; "that is what I have to fight for." The next instant a ball, shattering his leg, had borne him to the ground.

Advancing now in compact line, and firing as they went, the 83d Pennsylvania and 9th Massachusetts drove the enemy some five hundred yards through the open field. No retreat could have been more handsomely made than was his. He retreated a short distance, came to the right about, and with colors steady delivered his volley, and again retreated. His pursuers were gaining on him, however, and others following fast after their steps, when near the edge of the woods his line gave way, and he fled in confusion. The enemy began his retreat in the morning under the fire of this Brigade, and our bullets in the evening closed the success of the day. Darkness had now come, and gathering up the honored dead and the sufferers who yet lived, we sent them to the hospital and returned to bivouac on the field.

The next morning Butterfield's Brigade turned in to the guard over two hundred and fifty prisoners, two hundred stand of small arms, wagons, tents, cannon, etc.—among the prisoners a major, six or eight captains, a batch of lieutenants—and were ready for another fight, with one regiment on the march toward the South Anna, to accomplish what I had forgotten to state was the object of our expedition, namely, the cutting the enemy's lines of communication with the forces in front of Banks and McDowell.

There were many noteworthy incidents of the day that have not made part of my description. A ball struck at the foot of General Porter's horse. "Did you see that?" asked an aid. "I see that Butterfield is driving them handsomely," was the quiet reply. An Irishman, of the 17th New York, came up to the General, tugging under a load of three guns on one shoulder, his own at a trail in the other hand, driving three prisoners in gray before him. "Sure, Gineral, and I have three of them; what'll I do wid 'em?"

General McClellan came up the next morning and was most enthusiastically received by the men. He grasped General Por-

ter by the hand most cordially, and congratulated him. Turning to General Butterfield, who was near, he put one hand on his shoulder and said some words that we on the outside could not hear. That they were well-merited compliments for brave and gallant deeds, the faces of both showed most plainly. Our Brigade was satisfied and confident that, under fire, as well as elsewhere, we have the right man in the right place.

From Gen. Fitz-John Porter's report of the battle, the accompanying extracts are taken, commending the conduct of General Butterfield and his Brigade:

"A portion of Butterfield's Brigade, under his immediate direction, hearing the sound of musketry, had taken the shortest route from the advanced point it had reached, and also moved toward the rear of the enemy."

"I have further to express the highest satisfaction at the admirable manner in which the troops were handled in action by their division and brigade commanders—General Morell, commanding division, and his Brigadiers, Generals Martin and Butterfield, and Colonel McQuade."

"General Butterfield soon coming up formed his regiments and moved them in two lines, under the protection of the woods and wheat-fields immediately in front of the enemy, where he placed them until he could ascertain the position of the enemy; this done, he moved rapidly to the front, covered by skirmishers, driving the enemy before him and capturing one piece of artillery and many prisoners."

A few months after the battle of Hanover Court House, the field officers of Butterfield's Brigade presented their former commander with a pair of gold spurs, as a token of their esteem and regard. The material of the spurs is solid silver, heavily gilt. On the band is a richly chased laurel wreath, which runs along to the juncture of the neck, where it is caught in a dragon's head, elaborately carved. The junction of the neck and band is made to represent eagle wings. The rowel is set in the dragon's mouth. The straps are handsomely stitched,

the buckles being of solid silver. The inside of the spur is beautifully burnished, and has an engraved inscription, reading as follows:

"TO GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD: Presented by the Field Officers of the Third Light Brigade, Porter's Division, Army of the Potomac, for our admiration of your brilliant generalship on the field at Hanover Court House, May 27, 1862."

On the occasion of the presentation address, made by Col. Strong Vincent, subsequently killed at Gettysburg, the gallant young soldier in reply spoke as follows:

"COLONEL AND GENTLEMEN:

"The honor you would confer upon me I am almost afraid to receive. When I look around me and see the brave men who have made an imperishable record of gallantry and courage, before Yorktown, on the fields of Hanover, Chickahominy, Turkey Bend, Malvern and Grafton, I fear that you award me too much credit. It is to you, gentlemen, your unceasing energies and exertion for the discipline and welfare of your men, to your readiness to second every endeavor to improve the command, to your unvarying devotion to duty. To your men, their implicit obedience, even when the orders of superiors seemed to carry them into the jaws of death, it is to this true spirit of the soldier, founded upon, inspirited by and devoted to, a holy, glorious and noble cause; it is to all these that you owe the lasting honor which your Brigade has gained for itself.

"I should be more than selfish and ungrateful did I receive this token of regard for your commander, as an evidence that I have accomplished these results.

"I can but think of the heroes buried at Hanover, where the skill and bravery of the Brigade, united with the same skill and spirit in the First and Second Brigades of your Division, accomplished such a success for our arms—and of the heroes who fell at Gaines' Mill—ten thousand times covered with honor, that they stood bravely the long contest against superior numbers, surrounded by the enemy, never yielding, defying the

summons to surrender, never retiring until ordered to withdraw.

"At Malvern Hill the gallant response to the bugle signal for 'the charge' by the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and Forty-fourth New York; the stolid bravery and courage of the Twelfth New York and Sixteenth Michigan, crowned with victory; the splendid advance of the Brigade, led by the Seventeenth and Forty-fourth New York, into the jaws of death at Yorktown, on the 30th of August, under the orders from your superiors to push forward the attack with vigor—only equaled by the similar scene in the First Brigade, side by side with you, with the Eighteenth Massachusetts leading. There shrapnel, grape and canister mowed down whole platoons, only to find brave and eager hearts rush forward, fill up the gaps and press on—where out of seventy, forty-three of your officers were killed and wounded, and almost a like proportion of men; where, in the brief space of thirty-five minutes twenty-two standard-bearers fell and your glorious colors, tattered and torn by the bullets of the foe, never dropped, never faltered, until the impregnable position of the enemy compelled the order for your withdrawal, where they were brought out blood-stained, but not dishonored—the gallant First Brigade, side by side with you, gaining equal honors.

"You have alluded to those who are not with us; some weakened and enfeebled by wounds and scars, others by disease, and others—a list of heroes: McLane, Naghel, Carr, Fisher of the Sixteenth Michigan, and Fisher, of the Twelfth New York, Blauvelt, Wilson, Demarest, Reid, Rantom, Chittick, Berly, Whittick, Miller, and other officers, every one of whom deserve a monument to their indomitable courage, spirit and devotion. Can I recount these proofs of your honor and fame, and have any other thought than your kindly remembrance, that we were one in the day of battle as in every-day duty? You have endured the marches and the inevitable hardships attending an active campaign, with an absence of complaint that reflects honor and credit upon you.

"I part from you to assume another command in obedience

to orders, from a sense of duty, mingled with sincere regret that I am not again to share the honors you are sure to win, with your comrades of the First and Second Brigades.

"If I have been severe with you, I trust you have long since realized that it was for your benefit and that of your men, and the good of the cause for which all have so freely offered their lives. I trust that you may go on, as heretofore, good soldiers, uncomplaining, respectful and obedient to your superiors, with vigorous discipline, and you cannot fail.

"I accept your beautiful present, a bright and pleasing memento of our contests and duties. God grant that I may never dishonor your kindness, and that you may continue to win new honor and credit to yourselves and your country's flag until this war shall end, and you shall find again the peace and quiet of happy homes and friends, to proudly wear the honors you have so bravely won, and enjoy the fruits of successful labors for the preservation of our Union."

CHAPTER III.

The Medal of Honor—Wounded at Gaines' Mill—Reminiscences of Butterfield—Commands a Division—Second Manassas—Made Major-General—Commands Fifth Corps—Battle of Fredericksburg—Official Orders—Letter to Secretary Chase.

THE "Medal of Honor" was awarded Daniel Butterfield, Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers, September 26, 1892, on account of special gallantry in action, at the battle of Gaines' Mill, "where he seized the colors of the 83d Pennsylvania Infantry Volunteers, at a critical moment and under a galling fire of the enemy, led the command."

The Battle of Gaines' Mill was the second in the series known as the "Seven Days' Battles," in the Peninsular Campaign, June and July, 1862, under Gen. George B. McClellan, commanding the Army of the Potomac. At this time the military strength of the Confederate States had been brought into the field and concentrated at Richmond. The Federal forces on the bank of the Chickahominy, reduced by miasmatic fevers, and losses incident to the siege of Yorktown and subsequent battles, were outnumbered by the Confederate Army.

Eight Divisions of the Army of the Potomac occupied intrenchments on the right bank of the Chickahominy, fronting Richmond, with the Confederates massed in their front. Encamped on the left bank of the river, connected by numerous bridges, was Gen. Fitz-John Porter's Fifth Corps, forming the right wing of McClellan's Army. The success of the daring raid by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who, with his force of Confederate cavalry, rode completely around the rear of the Union Army, attacking outposts and destroying supplies; the failure of General McDowell to reinforce, with his 40,000 men, then at Fredericksburg, together with the depleted condition of his forces, alarmed McClellan for the safety of his army. Antici-



Congressional Medal of Honor.



Gold Spurs presented to General Butterfield.

pating the possible necessity of a change of base from the Pamunkey, transports with supplies had been sent up the James River, under convoy of gunboats, as early as the 18th of June.

As a further movement toward a change of base, General Hooker, on June 25th, was ordered to take up an advanced position on the road leading directly to Richmond. This movement, it was expected, would renew the battle of Fair Oaks, and by the advantage of the bridges, concentrate the whole army, or, if the battle was not renewed, it would be one step in advance toward Richmond. Late in the afternoon of the same day, information reached McClellan that "Stonewall" Jackson—returned from the Shenandoah Valley—was in force near Hanover Court House, indicating that the Confederate Army had been concentrated, and the object of General Jackson, in this position, was to attack the Federal communications on the right. General Hooker was therefore recalled, and the advance upon Richmond from the defenses of the Chickahominy, abandoned, while preparations were hastened for a transfer of the army to the bank of the James.

At two o'clock, on the afternoon of June 26th, the Confederate forces under Generals Longstreet, A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill, attacked General McCall's Division, of Porter's Corps, intrenched along the Beaver Dam Creek. After persistent and bloody assaults, lasting until nine o'clock p. m., in which the entire Fifth Corps became involved, the enemy was driven back with heavy loss. Jackson's advance from Hanover, at the same time, uncovered the bridges. It became, therefore, imperative for General Porter to withdraw from Beaver Dam Creek to a more advantageous position covering the bridges connecting the two wings of McClellan's army, there to wait the combined assaults of Lee and Jackson, on the morrow. At three o'clock, on the morning of June 27th, Porter, in accordance with McClellan's orders, began slowly to fall back toward his camp near Gaines' House, to the eastward of which, along the banks of a ravine formed by Powhite Creek, he drew up his troops, consisting of 26,000 men and 60 guns, in line of battle. General George W. Morell's First Division held the left of the

battle line, which extended about one mile and a half, its left, the Third Brigade, commanded by General Butterfield, resting on the slope that descended to the stream. Martindale came next, and then Griffin, who touched the left of Syke's Division, which extended to the rear of Cold Harbor. Each Brigade had two regiments in reserve. McCall's Division formed the second line in rear, with Meade's Brigade on the left, near the Chickahominy, and Reynolds on the right. Seymour's Brigade was held in reserve in the rear of McCall. The artillery was strongly posted on the elevations and in the spaces between division and brigade fronts, commanding the Cold Harbor and New Cold Harbor roads, over which the enemy had to pass. General Stoneman, in command of a flying column of cavalry, reinforced by the 17th Regiment, New York Infantry, of Butterfield's Brigade, was sent to guard Porter's flank and the supplies at White House Landing.

The Confederates, under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, from Mechanicsville; D. H. Hill and Jackson, from Old Cold Harbor, about 80,000 men, followed in the footsteps of the Union Army, and at two o'clock p. m. formed battle lines of three brigades each, behind the crest of the hills. These lines, which were parallel with Porter's position, extended from the valley of the Chickahominy, through New Cold Harbor, around Morell's front. A. P. Hill, in front of New Cold Harbor, connecting with Ewell, of Jackson's Corps; D. H. Hill, with his five brigades extending beyond Porter's right, threatening Sykes in front, flank and rear. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were to attack the left and center under Morell. The ground on which the battle was fought, was undulating, broken by ravines and hollows, open fields alternating with heavy timber. General Porter's account of the battle is, in part, as follows:

"The position selected was east of Powhite's Creek. The line of battle was semi-circular, the extremities being in the Valley of the Chickahominy, while the intermediate portion occupied the high grounds along the bank of a creek curved around McGehee's to Elder Swamp. Part of the front was covered by the ravine of the creek. The east bank was lined

with trees and underbrush, which afforded concealment and protection to our troops and artillery. The bed of the stream was nearly dry, and its west bank gave excellent protection to the first line of infantry posted under it, to receive the enemy descending the cleared fields sloping to it. The swampy grounds along the sources of the creek were open to our view in front for hundreds of yards, and was swept by the fire of infantry and artillery. . . .

"Soon after two o'clock p. m., A. P. Hill's force advanced from under cover of the woods, in lines well formed and extending, as the contest progressed, from in front of Martin's Battery to Morell's left. Dashing across the intervening plains, floundering in the swamps and struggling against the tangled brushwood, brigade after brigade seemed almost to melt away before the concentrated fire of our artillery and infantry. Yet others pressed on, followed by supports, as dashing and as brave as their predecessors, despite their heavy losses and the disheartening effect of having to clamber over many of their disabled and dead, and to meet their surviving comrades rushing back in great disorder from the deadly contest. For nearly two hours the battle raged, extending more or less along our whole line to our extreme right. The fierce firing of artillery and infantry, the crash of the shot, the bursting of shells and the whizzing of bullets—heard above the roar of artillery—and the volleys of musketry, all combined, was something fearful. . . . The enemy were repulsed in every direction; an ominous silence reigned. It caused the inference that the enemy were being gathered and massed for a desperate and overwhelming attack. To meet it, our front line was concentrated, reinforced and arranged to breast the avalanche, should it come. I again asked for reinforcements. French's and Meagher's Brigades, of Sumner's Corps, were sent forward by the commanding general, but did not arrive until nearly dark. . . .

"The silence which followed the repulse lasted but a short time. The renewed attacks raged with great fierceness and fury along the most of the front until after five o'clock. Large and numerous bodies of infantry, from the direction of Old

Cold Harbor, under cover of artillery, directed their attacks upon Sykes' Division and Martin's Battery. Others, from the west side of Powhite Creek, were hurled in rapid succession against Martindale and Butterfield. These furious attacks were successfully repelled, but were immediately renewed by fresh troops. . . . At four o'clock, when Slocum arrived, all of our reserves were exhausted. His brigades were necessarily separated and sent where most needed. . . . About 6.30, preceded by a silence of half an hour, the attack was renewed all along the line with the same apparent determination to sweep us, by the force of numbers, from the field, if not from existence. This attack, like its predecessors, was successfully repulsed throughout its length. . . . As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us and the woods were filled with smoke, limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and reformed regiments and threw them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. The attacks, though coming like a series of apparently irresistible avalanches, had thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack, we successfully resisted, driving back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance, near the center of Morell's line, where, by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle, our line was penetrated and broken."

It was at this last furious onset of Longstreet's Corps the incident occurred, that gained for General Butterfield his "Medal of Honor," and is thus described in the "Third Brigade Records":

"Through all this terrible day Butterfield's Brigade has stood like a rock, receiving and repelling the assaults of Hill's and Longstreet's Corps. Formed on the extreme left, in two lines, the 44th New York and 83d Pennsylvania, in first; the 16th Michigan and 12th New York, in second line, they had met





From a painting by Prince de Joinville.

Gen. F. J. Porter.
Comte de Paris

Duc de Chartres.
Gen. Morrell

Prince de Joinville.

The Battle of Gaines' Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

*To Gen. Dan Butterfield
with Prince de Joinville's*

every advance with the steadiness and firmness of veterans. The first line fired kneeling, the second standing and firing over them. Their ranks torn by the enemy's artillery, the ground strewn with their dead, no one faltered, no step turned backward in that sturdy Brigade. They were fighting under the guidance of a commander whose soldierly qualities made them what they were, a Brigade with but few equals and no superiors, a commander whose gallant conduct on the field of battle was a model for every soldier, inspiring perfect confidence in his masterly leadership, a confidence that he gave back in full return. Knowing the desperate trial was soon to come, General Butterfield passed along the lines, urging and inspiring his men. Seizing the Eighty-third's colors, waving them above his head, his clear voice rang out, 'Your ammunition is never expended while you have your bayonets, my boys, and use them to the socket!' Then to the Sixteenth's right, grasping a guidon and thrusting it into the earth, said, 'Sixteenth, this position must be held if it costs the life of every man in the regiment!' The expected storm burst forth. Longstreet and Hill, unable to break the line in front, had called for assistance. In response, Whiting, with Hood's and Law's Brigades, of Jackson's Corps, were ordered from the right to add their weight to the great mass to be hurled against Porter's left. . . . Our rifle-pits were tipped with fire; sheets of flame flashed from the crest, the roll of musketry blending with the explosions of artillery. Rifle and musketry shot, shell and shrapnel strewed the ground. On came the avalanche, men falling by hundreds, whole ranks down in a moment. The impact of the mass from behind was so great that the lines in front must keep on. There was no check, no hesitation, and they drove like a huge mass of iron, straight upon our fire and line, bursting through Martindale's left, hurling his Brigade, through sheer force of numbers, backward, down the slope, shattered and broken. Our supports on the right were gone, and there were none on the left. . . . Butterfield's Brigade had, during that bloody day, received at different times the attacks and fire of many brigades of the enemy, comprising Hill's, Longstreet's and Jackson's

Corps. The fearful list of 6,837 Federal, and 8,751 Confederates, killed and wounded and missing, proves how well Porter's Corps sustained those assaults. The losses in the four regiments of Butterfield's Brigade, engaged in the battle of Gaines' Mill, were, 12th New York, 131; 44th New York, 55; 83d Pennsylvania, 196; 16th Michigan, 220—a total of 602.

"Of this Brigade's invincible courage, unshaken to the last, Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox, of the Confederate Army, states in his report of the Battle of Gaines' Mill: 'As we crossed its line of battle, the number of its dead, in regular lines, showed distinctly where its lines of regiments had stood.'"

We return to Butterfield's memorandum of military service during the Civil War, supplied by him to the War Department:

The 17th New York and 18th Massachusetts, of the First Brigade, detached after the battle of Hanover Court House to report to General Stoneman. Moved off to our right to watch the enemy's movements; became cut off by subsequent operations. Marched to the White House. Rejoined Brigade by way of Yorktown, Fortress Monroe and James River, at Harrison's Landing, July 2d. With the balance of the Brigade was in reserve at the battle of Mechanicsville, on the 26th of June—not engaged. On the 27th of June, at 3 a. m., received orders to assist in the covering and removal of 4½-inch guns from near Dr. Gaines' house, and took position between Dr. Gaines' house and Watts' house, near Gaines' Mill. Selected a position; was removed from it under the instructions of General Barnard, Chief Engineer General McClellan's Staff. Then took a position which was on the left of General Porter's line at the battle of Gaines' Mill. Was ordered to hold it simply. Repelled three attacks of the enemy, made in force, double and treble my own. Maintained my line that day by aid of the entrenchments and cover hastily thrown up, until the Brigade of General Martindale, on my right, was broken, and the enemy by this means was on my right, left and front, and sent out a flag of truce demanding a surrender, which was declined. I withdrew my command, losing heavily. The Brigade, being

separated by the assaults of the enemy, a portion crossed the Chickahominy into the camp of Gen. W. F. Smith, the balance, with myself, forming near the hospital on the hill in rear of the battleground, remaining there until midnight, when we were ordered to cross the Chickahominy and camp near Dr. Trent's farm.

On the 28th of June we marched beyond Savage Station. On the 29th we moved out and formed in line of battle.

In the morning of the 30th marched to James River, and in afternoon of same day back to Turkey Bend in support of reserve artillery in position there, where we lost two or three men. On the morning of the 1st of July was assigned a position in reserve at the battle of Malvern. Toward evening, Brigade in the second line, in front of mine, not moving to the support of General Griffin's line, I moved my Brigade over it and became heavily engaged. During this engagement General Caldwell's Brigade was ordered to report to me. I sent him to the assistance of General Couch, on my right, who was sorely pressed at the time. The night of 1st of July my troops picketed and held the battlefield of Malvern Hill until midnight, when they were ordered to withdraw and move to Harrison's Landing.

HEADQUARTERS, BUTTERFIELD'S BRIGADE, MORELL'S DIVISION,
FIFTH PROVISIONAL ARMY CORPS,

HARRISON'S LANDING, VA., July 2, 1862.

CAPTAIN—I respectfully report the following general account of the movements and actions of the Brigade which I have the honor to command since the 26th of June:

On the afternoon of the 26th of June, between 3 and 4 o'clock gade on the road toward Old Church, by Cold Harbor, and take p. m., I was ordered by General Morell to proceed with my Bri-a strong position and hold the enemy in check there. A subsequent order directed me not to go very far, but to assume a strong position, if one could be found. I arrived at Cold Harbor and found Brigadier-General Cooke, U. S. Army, in command of a force of cavalry. In pursuance of directions of

General Porter, received there, I halted my Brigade and assumed command of the whole force, and made dispositions to resist an attack, placing skirmishers in front, disposing the infantry in two lines, cavalry in reserve, and directed patrols to be sent out two or three miles in advance and on all the roads approaching the position.

I had but fairly made these dispositions when I was ordered to return and report to General Morell, near the camp of General Porter, on the Mechanicsville Road. On leaving my position I directed General Cooke to remain at Cold Harbor until receiving my orders from General Porter, and notified General Porter thereof. While on the march to the position ordered by General Morell I received orders to halt in the vicinity of General Morell's old camp, near Gaines' house, and await orders. After remaining until nearly dark at this point, while General Morell was with the balance of the division engaged with the enemy near Mechanicsville, General Porter ordered me to move up in the rear of the regular infantry, near his camp, and encamp in line of battle, which was done.

At 3 a. m. on the 27th I received orders from General Porter to detail a regiment to remove by hand the heavy guns in battery near Hogan's house to a point on the hill near Watts' and Adams' houses, east of Dr. Gaines' house, on the Gaines' Mill Creek, to guard them with my Brigade, and take up a position on the hills east of Dr. Gaines' house across the ravine, and to hold that position during the passage of Generals McCall's and Martindale's troops to the rear. In compliance with these orders I posted my Brigade on the hill, with the battery assigned to me, the battery commanding Gaines' house, the approaches to the hill and valley in that direction, the Brigade supporting it.

Subsequently, at about 5 a. m., General Porter, in company with General Barnard, directed me to take up a new position in the rear of the one last mentioned, in the ravine in front of Watts' house, with the left resting on the valley of the Chickahominy; to leave the battery on the hill where it had been stationed until the passage of all of our troops and the flying artillery guarding the rear; then to bring the battery back, de-

stroying all bridges. This was all successfully and properly accomplished, and much credit is due to Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, 44th New York Volunteers, field officer of the day, who had charge of the destruction of the bridges.

The following was the disposition of my Brigade: Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers on the creek, with its right connecting with General Martindale's left (1st Michigan Regiment); 44th New York to the left and on the same line of 83d; 12th New York on the crest of the hill, in rear of and supporting the 83d; 16th Michigan back of crest of hill, in rear of and supporting the 44th; Allen's 5th Massachusetts Battery to the right and rear of my position, so situated as to be used at any point of the line I might wish; skirmishers from the 83d and 44th regiments, together with the sharpshooters of the 16th Michigan, were thrown well forward on the brow of the hill, commanding our entire lines. These skirmishers throughout the day performed their duties in a manner to merit my entire satisfaction, successfully holding the enemy in check and only retreating when attacked by two or three regiments of the enemy. For the names of the gallant officers who commanded the line of skirmishers so bravely and so well I refer to the regimental reports of the 83d and 44th Regiments.

The first attack of the enemy in force on my Brigade took place at about 2.30 o'clock p. m., having been preceded by a like attack on the right and center of the general line. So soon as it began I ordered a section of Allen's battery to take a position opposite and fire through an interval in the woods commanding the hill in front of my center. Their fire proved very destructive to the assaulting column. Finding that my front line would successfully hold the enemy in check, I ordered the 12th New York and 16th Michigan to the right in support of General Martindale's left; but, as the result proved, their services were not needed there and they returned.

The second attack of the enemy, preceded as in the first one by an attack on the right and center, took place at about 5.30 o'clock p. m., and was more severe, but so far as the result is concerned met with a like reception and repulse. I brought

forward my two reserves and had the whole of my force engaged. Constant information was brought me from the skirmishers of any change in the enemy's position. I was thus enabled to anticipate every assault. The 7th Regiment Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was once sent to my assistance, but was not used, and subsequently, at the request of Colonel McQuade, sent to his support, and while on the way stopped by General Martindale to assist him.

At the third and last assault, which took place shortly after 6 p. m., and which seemed simultaneous throughout the whole line, all four of my regiments were engaged, occupying the positions as first noted. Finding the pressure terribly severe upon General Martindale's line, I moved a portion of my command by the flank to his support, changing the front of the 83d Pennsylvania partially to assist in resisting the attack on General Martindale's front, and moving the Twelfth by a flank, with the hope and endeavor to hold in check the enemy, who, by their vastly superior strength and their overpowering reinforcements of fresh troops, had succeeded in breaking a portion of General Martindale's line without disgrace to any portion of his command; for no men could ever have fought better, braver, or more determinedly. In moving the 12th Regiment by the right flank a portion of the regiment gave way, the balance remaining firm, with the greater portion of my Brigade, until surrounded and outflanked. At this time fell the gallant Colonel McLane, fighting at the head of his regiment; also Major Naghel.

The various movements of the different portions of my command in detail are set forth in the reports of the regimental commanders inclosed herewith.

Finding it useless to attempt longer to hold the ground, every effort was made to form a new line in the rear and gradually withdraw the Brigade under cover of the batteries on our right. Twice did the greater portion of the command form and deliver a fire with a bravery and gallantry worthy of better success, while the enemy pursued hotly in overpowering numbers. Finding from the position and condition of my command, their

ammunition being exhausted, I ordered Major Vegesack to withdraw the left in as good order as possible, and place it in a condition of safety. The enemy had cut my line while I was endeavoring to rally those that had broken from my right and from the left of General Martindale. So emboldened were the enemy by their success in getting on all sides of my command, that a regiment sent a flag of truce to the 83d, demanding their surrender. This was indignantly refused, and the regiment expended its last round of ammunition in fighting its way out. A large portion of these succeeded in forming in good order on the hill in rear of the batteries, and with other fragments of commands, aided by the Prince de Joinville, Captain Hoyt and Major Webb, of the regular artillery, and Colonel Roberts, 2d Maine, two good lines of troops were formed with some degree of precision. The firing of the artillery closed the scene and saved us all from destruction.

Too much credit cannot be given to the artillery practice of General Smith's command across the Chickahominy upon the overpowering masses of the enemy thrown upon our left. The fire of General Smith's artillery upon the masses was deadly and precise, and was of material assistance to us, silencing a battery planted by the enemy in the orchard near Gaines' house about noon.

I know not how properly to acknowledge the services of my own personal staff. They were everywhere present in time of need, behaving with the greatest gallantry. Lieutenant Fisher received a mortal wound while carrying an order to the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers. The conduct of Captain Hoyt and Major Vegesack throughout the day for their courage, gallantry and coolness in the trying scenes at the close of the fight was most admirable. I cannot too highly speak of their personal bravery. Major Welch, of the 16th Michigan, and Major Barnum, of the 12th New York Volunteers rendered me invaluable assistance throughout the entire fight, exposing themselves to danger carrying orders and bringing information with unsurpassed coolness and bravery. Lieutenant Livingston also did good service, making strong endeavors to rally

the troops when broken and driven by the enemy. I shall take another time and pay a fitting tribute to the services and memory of Colonel McLane and Major Naghel and Lieutenant Fisher, and all the officers who gave their lives for their country on this hard-contested field.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, 44th New York Volunteers, behaved with the greatest gallantry and bravery, and I would recommend his promotion to the command of his regiment, made vacant by the resignation of his colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, of the 12th New York Volunteers, with a large proportion of his regiment, added credit and honor to their name and reputation. Colonel Stockton, of the 16th Michigan (too sick really for duty, and now missing), with Lieutenant-Colonel Ruehle and Major Webb, behaved well and deserve credit. All my officers and men, with a very few exceptions, behaved in the most admirable manner. I should like to speak more at length of many of the officers and men of my command, but I must leave these details to the reports of the regimental commanders. Enfeebled by the extreme heat and a return of the weakness and illness from which I have been suffering for some time, I am admonished that I must rest and remain quiet, that I may be ready again to answer any call. I must trust to a future report of the action of July 1st to make a general *résumé* of the whole, and endeavor to do justice to all. I will send in regimental reports as fast as received. Much interesting detail and valuable information of the progress of the action will be gathered from them. I am not able now to write more.

Respectfully,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, *Brigadier-General*.

CAPTAIN R. T. AUCHMUTY,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BRIG., FIRST DIV., FIFTH ARMY CORPS,

CAMP HARRISON'S LANDING, VA., July 11, 1862.

CAPTAIN—In continuation of the part of my report of the movements of my command from the 26th of June to the 2d

of July, I would state that the left of the Brigade (separated from the right, as indicated in my last report) was conducted across the Chickahominy on the night of the 27th to the camp of General Smith by Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, of the 44th New York Volunteers, senior officer in command, by orders from me, sent through Major Vegesack, of my Staff. At Gen. W. F. Smith's camp they received every attention and kindness from that officer, which I desire sincerely to acknowledge. Such portions of the right as I had been able to keep in good order rested for the night on the hill at the hospital, near Woodbury's Bridge, on the battlefield. Subsequently the whole command was moved by order of General Porter at about daylight across the Chickahominy to the Trent farm, the old headquarters of General McClellan.

On Saturday, by order of General Morell, two of my regiments were sent out on outpost duty in front of the position then held by the corps. Subsequently the whole command were recalled and marched to Savage Station, and from there to White Oak Swamp, nothing worthy of note occurring on the march. The Brigade encamped in the vicinity of the corps, without tents, blankets, or rations, and marched at an early hour next day (Sunday, 29th), and took position on the Charles City Road to repel any attack from that direction. At 8 p. m. it moved out, with the rest of the division, some six miles and back, arriving at the vicinity of the former camp at daybreak. The line of march was taken up toward James River at six a. m. Monday, 30th, arriving and going into camp in the vicinity and rear of Malvern Hill at ten a. m.

On Monday afternoon we received orders to move to a position on Malvern Hill in front of the Malvern house, supporting some batteries of General Sykes' Division or General Griffin's Brigade, as circumstances might render expedient. The enemy opened fire with a battery from the woods on the left of that position, which, though for a time sending many shells among us, caused no loss. General Griffin sent to me for a regiment to support him late in the afternoon, and the 83d Pennsylvania was sent to him, and remained with him over-

night, returning next morning. The balance of the Brigade slept on their arms that night. In the morning, at about 8 o'clock, we took a position in the edge of the woods on the right of the Quaker Road, behind the private road crossing it, with orders to support General Martindale, and if he captured any prisoners to take charge of them.

About noon, apprehending an attack from the enemy in large force upon the position held by General Griffin, near Mr. ——'s house and the junction of the road and private road, my Brigade was formed, by General Morell's order, in close column in two lines in the rear of General Martindale's, and lay for a long time, suffering a severe artillery fire by the enemy, which killed and wounded several of my command. Shortly after this disposition the enemy opened a severe fire of shell, canister, grape and round shot from different batteries on his right and left, which, for the most part, converged in the vicinity of this open space. The Brigade for a long time and with great patience endured this artillery fire. Many of its soldiers were wounded, yet that spirit of calmness and firmness, arising from discipline, but worthy of older and more experienced troops, prevailed throughout the entire ranks. This patient endurance of such a severe converging fire of the enemy's artillery confidently assured me on what determination I might rely when the fortunes of the day should call the Brigade from passive to active duty.

I at once endeavored to thoroughly acquaint myself with the nature of the ground in front, and, if possible, the threatening disposition which the enemy was continually making of his own forces. For this purpose I rode to the front frequently and personally gained the knowledge required, and often communicated the same to the general commanding the corps by orderlies furnished me for that purpose. I was greatly assisted in this duty by the invaluable services of Major Barnum and Captain Hoyt.

It soon became evident that General Couch's left would require support. I visited General Couch and consulted with him. His opinion corresponding with mine, I informed him

that I would assist him in case of necessity. I also advised the general commanding the corps to that effect. On receipt of this dispatch General Porter ordered Colonel Caldwell's Brigade to report to me for such disposition as I might deem necessary. I ordered this brigade to remain in reserve on General Couch's left and rear and report to him for orders. The enemy now attacked our line with renewed vigor, and advanced with the design of capturing our batteries on the crest of the hill. General Couch sent, by an orderly, to me for further support. I immediately ordered the 83d Pennsylvania and 16th Michigan to the point of junction of the Fifth Corps with General Couch's left. The result of this disposition of these two regiments is fully set forth in the official reports of the regimental commanders, to which I would call the attention of the commanding general.

It soon became evident that the enemy was throwing large forces on our front and left with a resolution to flank us, and thus decide the fortunes of the day. The struggle became, along the front and left, desperate on both sides. Sensible of the importance of the moment, advising the general commanding the corps of my actions in the premises, the brigade stationed in front of mine not moving, I determined to, and did, order the 44th New York to advance in line of battle, cross the field in front, and relieve a portion of General Griffin's command, whose ammunition seemed to be exhausted, and to charge the enemy with the 83d Regiment. At the same time I directed the 12th New York Volunteers to advance to the left and check the approach of the enemy and relieve the 4th Michigan. The gallantry with which these two regiments, joined by the 83d on their right, obeyed this order under the galling fire of the enemy, is faithfully set forth in the respective reports of their commanding officers. The 44th New York and 83d Pennsylvania were under the immediate eye of the general commanding the corps, who witnessed their heroic conduct.

The ammunition of my command was exhausted, and we were relieved by the Irish Brigade and some troops of General Sykes. The 16th Michigan picketed the battlefield after vic-

tory had crowned the efforts of our arms. At the close of the fight and its decision in our favor, with the permission of the general commanding the corps I placed Lieut.-Colonel Richardson, of the 12th New York Volunteers, senior officer present, in command of the Brigade, who marched it, by direction of General Morell, to Harrison's Landing, where it arrived at about 8 o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July. I followed it a short time after, and assumed command on my arrival there. The 17th New York Volunteers, Colonel Lansing, which had been detached on the 26th for temporary service with General Stoneman, now rejoined the command.

The events of the 2d of July were without interest, other than the heroism and devotion shown by the men, and their promptness to resist an expected attack, after the seven days of duty reported herein, some of the time without food, in the midst of mud and rain which it is impossible to describe.

I would especially commend to the most favorable notice the conduct of the following-named officers of my Brigade: Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, commanding the 12th New York Volunteers; Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, commanding 44th New York Volunteers; Colonel Ruehle, commanding 16th Michigan Volunteers, and Major Welch, of the same regiment; Captain Campbell, commanding 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers; Captain Conner, Company F, 44th New York Volunteers; Captain Fowler, of the 12th New York Volunteers, and Lieutenant Oliver, of the same regiment. I especially desire to recommend Sergeant W. J. Whittich, of the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, who had displayed great coolness and bravery before my troops became engaged, and who, in the midst of the action, while a South Carolina regiment had piled up their dead to shelter them from the fire that our troops were pouring into them, rushed forward in advance of the charge, seized the enemy's colors, and brought it to me. Other names, covering instances of most meritorious conduct, will be found in the reports of the regimental commanders. I would also call attention to the invaluable services rendered me during the day by my assistant Adjutant-General, Capt. Thomas J. Hoyt, and by

Major Barnum, of the 12th New York Volunteers, who, during the greater portion of the day acted as my aide, and at the close led his regiment into the fight and to the charge, and was severely wounded while thus engaged. His conduct was most praiseworthy. Privates Robert Mannle and Charles Guyer, 17th New York Volunteers, musicians, accompanied me during the engagement as buglers. Their devotion and courage deserve special commendation.

It is with a mingled feeling of sorrow and pride that I close this report. The plains of Hanover, the banks of the Chickahominy, the heights of Malvern are wet with the blood of the gallant dead of this Brigade. The list of casualties is inclosed herewith. They need no comment from me.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, *Brigadier-General*.

CAPTAIN R. T. AUCHMUTY,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The accompanying extracts are taken from the reports of several officers, commanding regiments in Butterfield's Brigade, which participated in the seven days' severe conflicts on the Chickahominy, between the armies of Generals McClellan and Lee. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, writes:

"A terrific fire was now kept up between the contending artillerists. The shot and shell ploughed up and tore the earth and trees in all directions. Many of our men were becoming wounded and carried to the rear, when our Brigadier-General Butterfield came galloping furiously along and called out for the 83d, and in a few, but very appropriate words, appealed to their valor, ending his speech with: 'Eighty-third, you'll be called on presently; when you advance, let your *war cry* be *Revenge for McLane*.'"

Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, in command of the 12th New York Regiment, writes:

"Throughout both days, and particularly when the heaviest cannonading was going on, the activity and spirit of our Gen-

eral gave life and confidence to the officers and men of my command, and wherever he rode, out or in, watching the progress of the fight, his presence was hailed by the men with enthusiasm."

The commanding officer of the 83d Pennsylvania Infantry, already quoted, writes, in his report:

"At this moment Brigadier-General Butterfield, amidst a galling fire from *his* lines of support in rear and that of the enemy in front, came coolly down the knoll, and sword in hand seized our colors, waved them repeatedly aloft, and by all mortal means encouraged the valor of our regiment. His presence at once stimulated with new vigor our now thinned ranks, when he (the General) loudly shouted out: 'Your ammunition is never expended while you have your bayonets; and use them to the socket, my boys!'"

Describing the seven days' conflict on the Chickahominy, before Richmond, General Oliver, in his reminiscences of Butterfield, writes:

"From Yorktown he marched the Brigade to Gaines' Mill, on the Chickahominy, and fought the battle of Hanover Court House in May. On the 27th of June he fought his Brigade in the battle of Gaines' Mill, where he occupied the extreme left of Porter's Corps. He skilfully placed his Brigade on a slope, the 83d and 44th below, and the 12th and 16th Michigan above. By this formation the enemy received the fire of two regiments at a time, which they were unable to withstand in their charges, and were repulsed each time, with terrible loss. In this battle he constantly moved along the line of fire, animating and encouraging his troops. In the morning, when our lines were formed, General Butterfield advised General Martindale, who commanded the Brigade on our right, to strengthen his line with a battery or two, considering his line weak, but General Martindale said he could hold his position against any force that might come against him. After successfully repelling

every charge made upon Butterfield's Brigade all day, the enemy finally broke through Martindale's Brigade, at our right, at the point General Butterfield had suggested to General Martindale to strengthen with artillery. Butterfield's Brigade was then compelled to retire, and for the moment was in confusion. The 83d below us was almost surrounded and lost heavily; it was called upon to surrender, but refused. General Butterfield rallied the troops along a fence behind a battery of 20-pound Parrots and a regular battery of artillery.

"From Gaines' Mill the Brigade marched to Savage Station, White Oak Swamp and Malvern. At Malvern General Butterfield marched his Brigade into action with colors flying and bands playing. In this battle he inflicted great loss on the enemy, who impetuously charged his front. It was reported at the time that Kearny, Hooker and Butterfield strongly urged that the enemy be pursued to Richmond, and the victory of Malvern followed up."

"At Harrison's Landing," continues the General's Memorandum of Military Service, "I received a furlough of twenty days in consequence of an attack of typhoid fever, contracted in the Chickahominy. Returning to my command I crossed to the south side of James River, at Coggin's Point, with instructions to intrench and hold the position, designated by Captain Duane, Chief of Engineers, Army of the Potomac. Elder's Battery, U. S. Artillery, and a detachment of Pennsylvania cavalry, under Major Covode, were temporarily added to my command for this duty.

"Information received at Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, led to the belief that the forces of the enemy had collected about Coggin's Point and Court House. Was ordered to move out, attack and disperse this force. Marched out accordingly with the Brigade and Battery, and found the force of the enemy to consist of only a few cavalry, who fled at our approach. Nearly one thousand contrabands came into my lines while on this duty. I remained there one week. I then returned to camp at Harrison's Landing.

"The orders under which we marched from the camp on the 29th of August were verbal orders, received at 3 o'clock a. m. From this I understood that the Fifth Corps was ordered back to Centerville. Under these orders, being so directed, I led the movement with the Third Brigade, First Division of that Corps. On my approach to the road leading to the old Bull Run battleground, I learned, accidentally, that our army was being placed in a position for a general engagement; that the battle was likely to take place; that some of General Sykes' Division, preceding me, had gone in that direction. I therefore turned from the direct road to Centerville and marched on to that field upon my own responsibility. The Division Commander remained at the rear of the Division with General Griffin's Brigade, which was covering their withdrawal. On my arrival on the field, I found that the First Brigade, commanded by Colonel Roberts, had followed me; that General Morell, commanding the Division, with General Griffin's Brigade—probably under the same understanding that I had as to the destination of the command—had proceeded direct to Centerville with General Griffin's Brigade. I assumed command of the Division, now consisting of the two Brigades, and was directed by Major-General Porter to take a position on the Gainesville Turnpike.

"During the day I received an order, of which the following is a copy:

HEADQUARTERS, NEAR GROVETON,

August 30, 1862, 12 o'clock, M.

Special Order No. —

The following forces will be immediately thrown forward and in pursuit of the enemy, and press him vigorously during the whole day. Major-General McDowell is assigned to the command of the pursuit. Major-General Porter's Corps will push forward on the Warrenton Turnpike, followed by the Divisions of Brigadier-Generals King and Reynolds.

The Division of Brigadier-General Ricketts will pursue the Haymarket Road, followed by the Corps of Major-General Heintzelman; the necessary cavalry will be assigned to these

columns by Major-General McDowell, to whom regular and frequent reports will be made. The General Headquarters will be somewhere on the Warrenton Turnpike.

By command of Major-General Pope.

GEORGE D. RUGGLES,

Colonel and Chief of Staff.

"With an order from Major-General Porter to make an attack in front of the position I held, in attacking, to advance my right to carry a position about half to three-fourths of a mile in front of my left, which was crowned with artillery. Between my lines and this battery was a railroad cut or embankment, which was held by the enemy. General Porter stated to me that I would have a support on my right in this movement by General Hatch. I advanced a strong line of skirmishers, swinging forward the right in accordance with the instructions governing my attack. Three times this line moved forward gallantly on the right, and as often returned, finding themselves, in every instance, after a short defence, enfiladed by the fire of the enemy on my right. No succor had yet arrived. There were no troops to move on my right. My skirmishers reported the enemy in strong force, in the woods in front of the position to which I had advanced. I made a personal examination, and arrived at the conclusion that it would be but a waste of life for me to attack the enemy with the force I then had. That the enemy, instead of retreating, as the orders contemplated, were in full force and waiting an attack. I communicated these views to Major-General Porter. In reply, I received an order that the attack must be made. The troops of General Hatch came up on my right, apparently in some confusion—some of them in rear of my lines. I considered my orders of so positive a nature that I could not delay on this account. I formed the Division, and made the attack boldly and vigorously. The attacking columns were led by the 18th Massachusetts, Colonel Roberts' Brigade, and the 17th New York, of the 3d—my old Brigade. The enemy's skirmishers were repeatedly driven in. His first line

was broken; a number of sharpshooters that had been placed in the trees were captured and killed. But my force was entirely inadequate to the task that was assigned it. My troops held their ground in the face of a galling fire, until they were ordered to withdraw.

"Of about 2,500 men for duty in these two Brigades, over 1,250 were killed, wounded and missing. Twenty-five color-bearers were shot down while gallantly discharging their duty, but not a color was lost! The brave soldiers sprang immediately to the posts of those who had fallen, and the ammunition being exhausted the Division marched off the field in admirable order, considering the fierceness of the engagement and the heaviness of the loss.

"Every officer and man of that Division engaged on that day deserves the highest credit.

"The regiments were the 2d Maine, Colonel Roberts, who commanded the Brigade; the 18th Massachusetts, commanded by Captain ———; the 25th New York, Col. C. A. Johnson; the 22d Massachusetts, Colonel Tilton; the 13th New York, Colonel Marshall; the 1st Michigan, Colonel Roberts; the 17th New York, Major Grower; the 16th Michigan, Major Welch; the 83d Pennsylvania, Colonel Campbell; the 44th New York, Colonel Rice; the 12th New York, Colonel Weeks; Colonel Berdan's Sharpshooters; Battery 'D,' 5th Artillery, Lieutenant Haslitt; Battery 'C,' Massachusetts Artillery, and Battery 'C,' Rhode Island Artillery.

"I mention these regiments and batteries by name for the reason that in the official report of the campaign in Virginia, under Major-General Pope, no recognition of the services performed on that day has ever been made. The difficulties that arose between Generals Pope and Porter in that campaign unfortunately resulted in the officers and men of the Division I commanded being deprived of the just recognition due, and expected, by all soldiers for such services. This must be my apology for alluding to this subject at such length in my personal report.

"In the same connection I would respectfully call attention to

the reports of Colonel (now Major-General) G. K. Warren, commanding a Brigade; Major-Gen. George Sykes, commanding Division, on that day. The extracts are appended to this Report and marked 'A' and 'B,' respectively.

"Toward the evening of the 30th of August, Major-General Morell arrived on the ground as the two Brigades were marching off the immediate scene of conflict, and relieved me of the command. I then resumed command of my Brigade.

"On the 1st or 2d of September the Brigade marched from Centerville to Fairfax Court House, and thence, after a halt, by way of Vienna, to the vicinity of Drainesville; from thence to Hall's Hill, to the camping grounds we had left in March, 1862. From Hall's Hill we moved to the vicinity of Fairfax Seminary, near Alexandria, where I was again taken with fever.

"During this illness, while unable to leave the house of General Kearny, I was tendered the command of General Kearny's old Division, by Major-General McClellan, and of a Division of Pennsylvania troops, by Major-General Porter. My illness compelled me to lose both these commands. Subsequently, say about the 6th of September, I received a furlough of thirty days, which was extended. I returned to Washington early in October, and was detained as a witness for a few days before a court of inquiry in the case of Brigadier-General Martindale—President, General Harney. Reported to the Army of the Potomac on the 25th day of October, and I was assigned to command of the First Division, Fifth Army Corps, assuming command November 1, 1862, near Harper's Ferry, on the south side of the Potomac."

The minutes of the meeting of the Third Brigade Association, formed in Washington, D. C., in September, 1892, records these among other notable facts: "In our gathering of to-day we have some pride in the fact that we belong to a brigade that fired the first gun at Yorktown and the very last at Appomattox. Through its lines came the flag of truce, signifying the surrender of the army of northern Virginia, and to this brigade was accorded the honor of receiving the guns and colors

of the soldiers who followed Lee to Appomattox." General Butterfield was the first commander of this hard-fighting brigade, and he led it through the Peninsular campaign, from Yorktown to Richmond, and from Hanover Court House to Malvern Hill, and until July 31, 1862—a period embracing some of the bloodiest conflicts of the war. The story of the brigade is one of valor unsurpassed, and General Butterfield, as president of the association, gave eloquent and tender expression to his sentiments in his address on the occasion referred to. Some extracts from his speech are given here:

"Around the old Third Brigade cluster some of the most glorious memories of the war. Every soldier who served in its ranks cherishes a hearty love and pride for it and its history. Hundreds of those who joined its ranks long after I had been promoted to other commands and fields of duty have, since the war, touched my heart in a tender spot when they spoke of the brigade, and coupled my name with it and its record, as though I had always been with it and of it. Well, I am still. Since serving with the brigade, one hundred times at least in travels during the past thirty years in many different States of the Union, and sometimes abroad, have the familiar notes of the Brigade call I gave you been softly whistled at me from a railway station or a roadside by some one of our comrades, sometimes in doubt whether they really saw their old commander and whether to speak to him. The call never failed in its purpose; to this day I recognize and answer it as you did of old. There are many stirring incidents in the Brigade's history which I hope you will work out and show to all the men and their descendants. One of its regiments was ordered to lead the first advance across the Long Bridge into Virginia, and two companies of the same men and regiment were among those who received the arms and colors of Lee's soldiers at Appomattox. The Brigade captured the first guns in battle captured by the Army of the Potomac, at Hanover Court House, and received the last shot fired from the enemy's guns at Appomattox. The ability of the Brigade to move, by its superior training and efficiency, enabled it to reach and hold

Round Top at Gettysburg. Who shall measure what that means? I confess, with proud satisfaction, that I glory in having organized, drilled and trained for war and commanded in war, until promoted from it, a Brigade that never once failed in the full discharge of its duty, was never behind time, was always ready, and always held its own; never had a discreditable nor dishonorable act nor stain of the slightest kind upon its colors, nor that of any of its regiments."

Among the orders issued by the new commander of the First Division, the one which follows was found among his papers:

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA., Nov. 15, 1862.

Circular.

FORM 1.

FORM 2.

FORM 3.

1st. First Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)	1st. Second Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)	1st. Third Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)
2d. Second Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)	2d. Third Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)	2d. 1st U. S. S. S. BATTERY. (10 Minutes.)
3d. Third Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)	3d. 1st U. S. S. S. BATTERY. (10 Minutes.)	3d. First Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)
4th. 1st U. S. S. S. BATTERY.	4th. First Brigade. BATTERY.	4th. Second Brigade. BATTERY.
5th. Ambulances.	5th. Ambulances.	5th. Ambulances.

FORM 4.

FORM 5.

FORM 6.

1st. 1st U. S. S. S. BATTERY. (10 Minutes.)	1st. First Brigade. (20 Minutes.)	1st. All the Batteries. (20 Minutes.)
2d. First Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)	2d. 1st U. S. S. S. (5 Minutes.)	2nd. Third Brigade. (20 Minutes.)
3d. Second Brigade. BATTERY. (25 Minutes.)	3d. All the Batteries. (20 Minutes.)	3d. Second Brigade. (20 Minutes.)
4th. Third Brigade. BATTERIES.	4th. Second Brigade. (20 Minutes.)	4th. First Brigade. (20 Minutes.)
5th. Ambulances.	5th. Third Brigade.	5th. 1st U. S. S. S.
	6th. Ambulances.	

I.—Hereafter, unless otherwise specially ordered, this Division will march in the order indicated in one of the above six forms. The form and hour of march being indicated, the different intervals of time stated in the form will elapse between the starting of each command.

II.—The Chief of Artillery of the Division will assign the Batteries for the march. The Batteries will be ready at the time, according to the form, for the Brigade they follow, and start and report to it.

III.—The forms for march will be preserved ready at hand, to prevent any misunderstanding as to orders.

Brigade Commanders will be held responsible for the observance of the rules laid down, and for having their commands formed, ready to start according to the hour indicated by the form and the hour of starting. They will also fix the hours for the "General Assembly" and the "Color"; these calls will always be sounded.

IV.—Brigades behind their time and delaying the march will be given an extra portion of guard duty from the roster (see General Order No. 54, from Division Headquarters, November 4th), relieving the other Brigades for such number of days as may be directed.

V.—All Officers will remain constantly at their posts during the march. Captains will march at the rear of their Companies when at "route step."

VI.—Commanding Officers of Regiments, assisted by their Adjutants, will move from one part to another, as their presence may be required, for the preservation of order and the prevention of straggling, changing the formation from column to flank, and *vice versa*, when necessary.

The Officer commanding the leading Brigade, unless otherwise ordered, will sound the "halt" half an hour after the column has started, and once every hour afterward, giving a rest of five minutes each time. The Brigades will double up in fields, or on the roadside, at all their halts.

VII.—*Special instructions will be given for the trains. When not otherwise ordered, they will march in the order of the column at the rear of the whole.* The Division, Ordnance and Supply trains follow those of the Brigades.

VIII.—One Headquarter Wagon, and one only, for each Brigade Commander, and one for the Batteries, will be allowed to march with the troops. All other must move with the trains.

IX.—Ambulances marching with the Regiments will not be used for carrying baggage, or articles of any description, except those ordered or permitted to ride in them by Surgeons. Transport Carts will not carry private baggage of any Officer, and will not be used for any other purposes than those to be indicated by the Medical Director of the Division in an order to Brigade and Regimental Surgeons through their proper Commanders.

X.—Regimental Brigade and Division Rear Guards will be detailed by the respective Commanders, with orders to push forward all stragglers, and permit no one to fall to the rear, or out to the right or left of the column. The different Rear Guards will also prevent all straggling to the front.

XI.—The only exception to the above will be in favor of those having a Surgeon's certificate or ticket. The Company rolls will be called before and after all marches, and each Regiment will post a guard immediately upon its arrival in camp.

XII.—Men found without a pass from the Commanding Officer of their Regiment, visiting barns, outhouses or private dwellings, foraging, going from one Brigade to another, or wandering anywhere out of the column or camp, will be arrested and punished.

Brigade Provost Guards will also be used for the same purpose.

A copy of this Circular will be furnished each Regimental Commander.

By command of BRIGADIER-GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

H. W. PERKINS, Lt. and A. A. A. G.

An army correspondent writes as follows, from :

"IN CAMP, NEAR WARRENTON JUNC., VA., NOV. 17, 1862.

"And again, after eight days, occupying the same campground, we are on the move. In those eight days important events have occurred. The old commander-in-chief of the army has been removed; a new commander has been placed at its head; there have been changes in commanders of corps and divisions, and there have been disaffection among officers and men, and talks of mutiny. Many prophesied the ruin of the army, general resignations and wholesale rebellion. How is it now? All those pratings and forebodings have proved idle tales. General Burnside has the unbounded confidence and love of the army, General Hooker is esteemed as much as a general can be by all in his command, and General Butterfield, the new commander of the Fifth Army Corps, is everywhere praised."

To this prominent position the young General was promoted November 16th. In his Memorandum of Military Service, Butterfield writes :

"On the 16th of November, 1862, by seniority in pursuance of General Order No. 184, organizing the Army of the Potomac into Grand Divisions, I assumed command of the Fifth Army Corps. On the following day we marched to Hartwood Church, then to Potomac Creek, covering the rear of the army, and arriving there November 22d. On the 13th of December commanded the Corps in the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, covering the withdrawal of Burnside's Army from Fredericksburg on the morning of the 16th, and resuming our old camp at Potomac Creek. On December 30th, I received a furlough of twenty days on account of illness, which was extended for ten days. Before its expiration I reported for duty to General Burnside, commanding the Army of the Potomac, and was by him assigned to temporary duty at his headquarters during the last movements made by him while in command of that army."

Of his part in the most disastrous battle that occurred in the

history of the Army of the Potomac, General Butterfield made the following official report:

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH ARMY CORPS,

December 16, 1862.

COLONEL—The Fifth Army Corps, under my command, broke camp on the morning of December 11, and marched to the left bank of the Rappahannock. The Divisions moved in three separate lines, the Second Division (General Sykes) on the right by the Stafford Road; the First Division (General Griffin) on the left, and to the left of the road passing from camp to the Phillips house, and the Third Division (General Humphreys) in the center, on a route to the right of that taken by General Griffin.

In compliance with instructions previously received, the approaches to a position at the river had been selected and assigned to the Divisions as above. The artillery moved in the rear of the Divisions, with the exception of two batteries—Hazlett's Battery (D), 5th U. S. Artillery, and Waterman's Battery (C), Rhode Island Artillery—which had been detached by order of the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac. The commands were provided with three days' cooked rations, in haversacks, and forage for the animals with batteries. The command bivouacked on the nights of the 11th and 12th near the river bank, waiting completion of the bridges and crossing of the troops preceding.

About 2 p. m. on the 13th, we were ordered to cross the river. The Divisions crossed on the pontoon bridges laid opposite Fredericksburg, immediately, in the following order: Sykes' on the right, Griffin's on the left, and Humphreys' in the center. Upon our arrival in Fredericksburg the streets were somewhat obstructed.

At about 3 p. m. Griffin's Division was ordered to the rear of Fredericksburg, in front of the enemy's works, to support General Sturgis' command. A few moments after, in compliance with orders received, he relieved General Sturgis. General Humphreys moved up to the junction of Hanover Street and

the Orange Turnpike, General Sykes close in his rear. General Humphreys' Division was formed on the left of the Culpeper Road by brigade front; General Sykes on the right of the Culpeper Road.

I was ordered to attack and break the enemy's line and carry the heights in our front. The crowded state of the streets of Fredericksburg prevented the crossing of all the artillery. Such portions of it as had crossed the river, including Hazard's Battery, which was formed in the street, on the left of Hanover Street, were placed in position on the right and left of the point of attack, and ordered to open a concentrated fire upon the enemy's lines during the formation of the infantry, as heretofore stated.

The enemy was posted on his first line securely behind a stone wall, near the foot of a crest, which was covered with batteries. The position of those batteries enabled the enemy to direct a severe crossfire of artillery upon the heads of the columns. The enemy's position was one of exceeding strength, and his troops were well protected. During all the movements and formations the columns were subjected to a heavy fire. While endeavoring to force their way with powder and ball, no apparent advantage was gained. Orders were given to carry the heights with the bayonets. General Sykes was ordered to form a column of attack on the right of Humphreys. The attack of Humphreys' and Griffin's Divisions was made with a spirit and efficiency scarcely, if ever, equaled in the records of this war; but the attack was made against a position so advantageous and strong to the enemy that it failed.

General Humphreys' Division having been repulsed, fell back. General Sykes was immediately ordered to change his dispositions, to cover his own ground and that upon which Humphreys had attacked. General Humphreys was ordered to form in the rear of him. General Griffin fell back, but shortly after advanced to the extreme front, which he had gained, and held his position. The reports of the division commanders set forth in detail the order and character of their respective movements. Sykes' Division was directed to hold the line in the

rear of the ditch (marked B on the map accompanying this report). General Griffin continued the line on the left, connecting with the Ninth Army Corps; Allabach's Brigade, of General Humphreys', in the rear of Major Andrews' Brigade, at a point marked F on the map, and Andrews' and Stockton's brigades, at a point marked C on the map.

Late at night I received orders from the Major-General commanding to have these troops take an advanced position, where some portions of General Couch's Corps were lying down in front of the ditch, which position was accordingly taken. The Brigades of Colonel Buchanan and Major Andrews, in General Sykes' Division, and Colonel Stockton's, in General Griffin's, held this line within close range of the enemy's position behind the stone wall (marked D on the map), for twenty-four hours following, on the 14th. A more severe test of the discipline and efficiency of these commands could not have been made.

At noon on the 15th, that portion of Fredericksburg bounded by Hanover Street on the left, and the Rappahannock River on the right, was assigned to me, to be put in a state of defense and held. Gen. Whipple's Division was ordered to me for this duty.

The different portions of the line of defense were apportioned according to the strength of the various Divisions: General Whipple on the right, from the river to the junction of the canal and Fall Hill Road; General Griffin on his left, to Fauquier Street; General Humphreys on General Griffin's left, to Amelia Street, and General Sykes on General Humphreys' left, to Hanover Street, his left connecting with the command of General Couch, who had been intrusted with the remaining portions of the defenses of the town. General Warren was charged with the construction of the barricades and earthworks. Captain Weed, Chief of Artillery of the Corps, was charged with the distribution and disposition of the artillery.

As soon as darkness permitted, the work was carried on as rapidly as the limited number of implements at hand and to be obtained would allow. No work could be done before dark.

The Divisions were assigned to various portions of the town,

in accordance with the orders given them to move to the proper relief or support without confusion.

At about 10 o'clock at night, the main body, assigned to the portion of the town on the left of Hanover Street, was withdrawn, and the defense of the entire town was assigned to me. I was directed to relieve the pickets on the left of Hanover Street.

The darkness and the wearied condition of both officers and men of the command, incident to exposure and the duties performed since breaking camp, made this a severe task upon them. Generals Griffin and Humphreys were withdrawn from the right and assigned to the line from Hanover Street to the left. General Sykes and General Whipple covered the line from which the other two divisions were withdrawn. The alacrity with which these orders were obeyed was most praiseworthy.

At 3.30 a. m. orders came to withdraw the command from Fredericksburg and recross the river, covering the withdrawal of the bridges. Captain Weed was directed to move all the artillery immediately; the provost-guard ordered to patrol the town; wake up all stragglers; search all alleyways and byways, and make every possible exertion to get all absentees to their commands. Precise and detailed orders in writing were given for the withdrawal of the forces. Under direction of General Sykes, one of his Brigades covered the whole. The order was carried out in the most admirable manner. No confusion occurred; no haste or disorder.

Contrary to my understanding, and without notice, the engineers in charge took up two of the pontoon bridges before all the troops directed to cross them had done so. This action necessitated a change in the order of withdrawal, which was made properly and without confusion. It was a most fortunate circumstance that this unwarrantable blunder caused no confusion. The bridges were immediately ordered to be relaid, and the crossing continued successfully.

Colonel Buchanan's Brigade, of Sykes' Division, crossed last, at about 8 a. m., in most excellent order. Several boatloads

of stragglers were brought over after the taking up of the bridges, which was completed at 9 a. m. My command was two hours longer in retiring from the position in front of the enemy to the left bank of the river than it was in crossing from the left bank on the 13th and engaging with the enemy. I can give no better commentary than this upon the spirit which animated all in the performance of their duty.

The accompanying sketch will illustrate fully the positions of attack, the lines of defense, the enemy's line, etc., alluded to in my report. The reports of the Division Commanders furnish in detail the movements executed by them.

I regret to state that, by the neglect of duty of a subordinate officer, on picket duty, of General Humphreys' Division, and the failure to comply with precise orders given, Captain Lentz's Company, of the 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers, were left unrelieved on picket. The gallant behavior of Captain Lentz and his men, his successful withdrawal of all but a small portion of them, is set forth modestly in his report, hereto annexed and marked C. This officer deserves an acknowledgment and reward for his conduct.

The list of casualties in the Corps (annexed and marked B) aggregated 2,440.

The report of General Whipple's operations while under my command will reach you through General Stoneman, his Corps commander. I can only bear testimony to the cheerfulness and energy with which he and his command devoted themselves to the arduous duties imposed upon them. It remains for me to allude to the conduct of the Fifth Army Corps during these movements.

I hardly know how to express my appreciation of the soldierly qualities, the gallantry and energy displayed by my Division commanders, Generals Sykes, Humphreys and Griffin, their subordinates, and commands. General Sykes only too lightly estimates the fine behavior of his men in his official report. I would respectfully call attention to it. General Humphreys personally led his Division in the most gallant manner. His attack was spirited, and worthy of veterans. Made as it was by

raw troops, the value of the example set by the Division commander can hardly be estimated. General Griffin's command was sent to relieve General Sturgis', of General Wilcox's Corps. This, with my presence, and the other two Divisions, during the attack; my lack of knowledge of the position of the enemy previous to the actual commencement of my attack, separated me a portion of the time during the afternoon of the 13th from its movements. Its gallant behavior is attested in the reports of casualties, the detailed reports of the operations, and the position to which it advanced under such disadvantages. I recommend that Generals Sykes, Humphreys and Griffin should receive proper recognition for their services during these operations.

My detailed report seems hardly necessary, when I recall the fact that almost every movement was made under the special eye and direction of Major-General Hooker, who personally knew and witnessed the behavior of my command, and who directed most of the movements executed by the Corps during the engagement. His presence gave spirit and encouragement to the troops in this most difficult task. During the absence of a portion of my own Staff, by a mistaken impression of where the command was to attack, no orders have been received previous to the arrival of the Divisions on the field, I received the most valuable assistance from Major-General Hooker's Staff. Their gallant services will never be forgotten.

General Warren is entitled to honorable mention and reward for his energetic and efficient services in the duties intrusted to him, heretofore alluded to in this report.

Captain S. H. Weed, Chief of Artillery of the Corps, for his energy, bravery, and skill exhibited throughout the entire operations, deserves the favorable notice and reward due a gallant soldier.

To my own Staff I owe recognition and mention of their services. Lieutenant-Colonel Locke and Major Kirkland, of General Porter's Staff, were present with me during the whole of the operations of the 13th, and behaved with great gallantry. Major Kirkland had his horse shot under him. Captain Tucker,

18th Massachusetts Volunteers, acting aide-de-camp, was severely wounded in the arm while in the discharge of his duties, and deserves special mention for his services. To the others of my Staff, Surgeon R. O. Craig, Medical Director of the Fifth Army Corps; Lieutenant-Colonel Bartram, Captains Sterling and Ryder, Lieutenant Perkins, and Mr. Kemys, volunteer aide-de-camp, I owe recognition for their valuable services.

I am, very respectfully, yours, etc.,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DICKINSON,

Ass't Adjutant-General, Center Grand Division.

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH ARMY CORPS,

December 24, 1862.

By the orders of the Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac Major-General Meade is placed in command of the Fifth Army Corps.

Duty does not less than inclination prompt the sincere and heartfelt acknowledgment of the devotion to duty, the cheerful obedience to orders, and the kindly spirit which has been evinced by the division and subordinate commanders of this Corps during the time it has been under the command of the undersigned. Words fail to express my proper appreciation of the unparalleled bravery and soldierly qualities exhibited by its officers and members during the late battle of Fredericksburg, and the operations connected therewith.

On duty with and of the Corps from its organization, I may be permitted, with proper pride, to say that neither remarks from me nor the gallant record of my senior and successor will be necessary to insure to him the reception and support due his rank and position.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

On the same day the General, who was greatly grieved by being superseded in the command of the Fifth Corps, which he had conducted with courage and military ability, addressed

the accompanying note to his friend, Henry Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts:

"An order reaches me to-day assigning Gen. G. G. Meade (as Major-General) to command this Corps. I ought to feel patriotic enough to serve as a private if need be. I always thought I was. But I do not like to be let down without cause, or a fair showing. I have never asked nor solicited anything from any one. I feel constrained to throw myself upon the kindly interest you have always shown for me, and to ask that you will take the trouble to ascertain, *first*, if I have been named as a Major-General; *second*, if Gen. G. G. Meade has been named, and if he ranks me; *third*, if anything can be done to save me this command. General Hooker is anxious I should retain it, and has, I believe, asked the Secretary of War that it should be so. Please consider this letter confidential, acting for me, if you can consistently."

This chapter may well be concluded with the accompanying letter, written by General Butterfield to his friend and frequent correspondent during the Civil War, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in which suggestions are made for much-needed reforms in the management of the armies of the North.

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR FALMOUTH, Nov. 26, 1862.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:

The subordinate position which I have heretofore held in this army has made it seem proper and right to me that I should withhold any expressions of opinion as to the management of our armies in the field. I am constrained by my sense of duty, my earnest and anxious desires for our success, to write you and give you freely views which will in nowise reflect upon my superior officers, but which force themselves upon me with every day and every step we take in the campaign as absolute necessities and essentials to success.

The problem of marching and feeding a large army beyond a given distance from its base of supplies has not been success-

fully solved—it is essential to success that this be done. I believe it can be done. The “impedimenta” of this army is, and has been, *one* of its greatest drawbacks; so long as it exists it will continue so. Its reduction, while it will add to the efficiency of the force by its greater mobility and rapidity, will materially curtail the immense expenditures necessary to keep the army in the field.

How shall it be done? By doing away with one-half, or two-thirds the transportation (wagons) now allowed, and substituting in place thereof animals with pack-saddles for the transportation of everything, except those articles absolutely necessary to be carried in wagons, viz., reserve ammunition for the artillery. The blacksmith’s forges, for repairs, etc., and shoeing the cavalry, artillery and other necessary animals; the cooking utensils for soldiers; the baggage and tents for officers; the medical supplies (principally); the small rations—coffee, rice, sugar, beans and hard bread, are all capable of being so put up in original packages (by contract, of course, from the department when purchased) as to be susceptible of this kind of transportation. Instead of giving so many wagons to a regiment, give more; instead of so many wagons to a brigade division and corps headquarters, give more; give so many animals in proportion to the number of officers and men, with pack-saddles; what they cannot carry upon the allowance (a scale of which is annexed with this letter) let them go without.

These animals grazing, the transportation of forage is saved; being without wagons they can follow the infantry wherever it can move, and generally regardless of the condition of the roads.

The dead weight of wagons and material necessary to their repairs to be hauled, is saved. The compulsory transportation will do what “orders” have failed to do—reduce the traps and paraphernalia now carried by everybody.

Of course this action will avail nothing without a commander who will seek the end of the war by the destruction of the enemy and the overthrow of his power and prestige, and who possesses the ability to handle masses of troops and place them

at the proper moment in the proper place. Upon this subject it is not within my province to speak, as I am forbidden by regulations to praise or censure.

I have made a statement herewith showing the number of troops in my present command; the amount, in weight and bulk, of a day's rations—full and light for them; the amount of extra ammunition required to be carried; the amount of medical supplies to be carried; the amount of forage necessary, and its weight, to feed the animals now used, with the number used. I have also made an estimate of the number of animals required to furnish transportation, as suggested by me; the number requiring forage and amount required therefor. You can, without further data from me, judge of the saving to be effected in expenditure and delay by such a course as I would pursue.

The change is a radical and strong one; 'twill meet with the violent opposition of all who serve themselves more than their country, either by ridicule or trifling objections, or cries of impossibility. Those who fight for the cause and the country will earnestly aid in effecting such a change. Men who cannot undergo privations and sacrifice for the honor and welfare of the service are better out of it. It only needs the effect of example from high sources to carry it out thoroughly.

My views of a campaign I reserve for another letter—what should have been done, and what can yet be done.

Burn these letters if you consider them improper or out of place addressed to you. I have written to you for two reasons: *First*, that your patriotism, devotion and attention to the interests of government are a sure indication of a proper reception to any suggestions that will promote success, either in retrenching expenditures (the only *trenching* that should ever have been done in this war) or overthrowing the enemy.

Second, that proud of your personal friendship and confident in its never-failing qualities, I have felt sure that my suggestions would, even if not approved, be received and weighed in the full consideration of the motive and spirit which prompted them.

I have written hastily and without revision. It is unnecessary in addressing myself to the mind of the first statesman in the country.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

The HON. S. P. CHASE.

CHAPTER IV.

Hooker's Chief of Staff—Army Corps Badges—A Lincoln Story—Camp and Outpost Duty—Battle of Chancellorsville—Battle of Gettysburg—Butterfield Wounded—Letters from General Meade—Article on Gettysburg—Concerning Colored Troops—Battle of Resaca.

"WHEN Gen. Joseph Hooker," says Butterfield's brief military biography, "assumed command of the Army of the Potomac about the 26th of January, 1863, I was assigned to duty by that officer as Chief of his Staff, in which capacity I remained until he was relieved, June 28, 1863. By his successor, Gen. George G. Meade, I was requested to remain in the same capacity. I accordingly served with him until after the battle of Gettysburg, where I was wounded on the 3d of July. Received a furlough of thirty days in consequence of my wound, and left the army on the 6th of July. Furlough was extended by the War Department. Returning to duty on the 22d of August, by special order of the Secretary of War I was assigned to temporary duty with General Hooker, to assist in making up his reports of his command in the Army of the Potomac in the operations on the Rappahannock."

It was well known in the Army of the Potomac, as well as in the other armies of the North, that General Butterfield originated the system of using corps badges, but how he came to choose the various designs was a subject of speculation for almost three decades. In November, 1891, in answer to an inquiring comrade, of Illinois, the General told the why and wherefore of his selection of the various badges, which were introduced in the Army of the Potomac when he was called to act as Chief of Staff to General Hooker. He said:

"The idea and design of marking the troops, ambulances, ar-



General Butterfield, at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863

tillery, guns, caissons, baggage wagons, etc., with a distinctive mark to show their corps and division, and also a headquarters flag to show from a distance the location and whereabouts of corps, division and brigade headquarters, occurred to me early in the war, and I urged it upon General McClellan, and discussed the subject with others. General McClellan did not adopt it. General Kearny put a red patch on his division (the troops only). When I was called to headquarters of the Army of the Potomac as its Chief of Staff, I determined to put my plan and idea into effect at once, and General Hooker, then commanding, approved it.

"The army consisted of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th and 12th corps. The selection of a design for the 1st Corps was simply the first thing thought of—a disc had no particular reason or cause. A patch or lozenge was reserved for the 3d Corps, as Kearny's Division was of that Corps, so that the mark he had put on his men need not be changed, and that incident fixed the color of the mark for the 1st Division—red—the white for the 2d, and blue for the 3d, following naturally as national colors.

"For the 2d Corps the trefoil was chosen, as a sort of shamrock, there being many troops of Irish origin or descent in that Corps, and I wished the marks to become popular with the commands.

"In the 5th Corps, in my old Brigade, was my old Regiment, the 12th New York, which I had commanded as a militia regiment before the war. I had decorated many of its officers and men with bronze and gold Maltese crosses for efficient and thorough discharge of duty prior to this, so I reserved the Maltese cross for them for that reason.

"The badges or marks of the other corps named herein were chosen by me for no reason other than to have some pleasing form or shape, easily and quickly distinguished from the others, and capable of aiding in the 'esprit de corps' and elevation of the morale and discipline of the army I desired to establish, which at that time, generally speaking, was simply abominable, desertions occurring by thousands, and money and clothing being sent for the purpose, which we seized and held at headquarters,

delaying the money and keeping back the civilians' clothing to prevent its use for desertion.

"Through these measures, with others, the morale of the army and its tone was restored and improved to a very high standard, higher, I think, than it ever had before or after.

"With corps marks or badges other than those I have here referred to, I had no part in designation, except in the 14th Corps (Gen. George H. Thomas). The General and myself had served as Brigade commanders in Patterson's column, in '61, and were personally well acquainted. When we took the 11th and 12th Corps from the Army of the Potomac to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland (after Chickamauga), General Thomas first saw and liked the idea of our corps marks and badges. He directed General Whipple, his Adjutant-General, to prepare one for the 14th. General Whipple had many designs of a geometrical form, but General Thomas did not seem to like them, and told him to send for me and consult me. I saw his forms, and told him that had I commanded the 14th corps, which 'stood as firm as an oak' at Chickamauga, as it was then spoken of, I would give them the acorn for a badge in honor of their bravery. General Thomas said: 'That is what we will do; let it be the acorn.' With this exception, beyond the corps I have mentioned, I had nothing to do with the designation of forms and marks, save that the idea and custom arose with me, and was followed by others."

While General Butterfield was Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, an incident occurred which put in evidence so much tact and consideration, that it was much commended at the time. A message came from President Lincoln to the General stating that the bearer had haunted the White House for a hearing about some instrument of destruction he had invented. The President could make nothing of the man or the weapon. General Butterfield was requested to see him and dispose of him and his invention at his discretion. That he claimed to have invented a weapon, deadly in its dealings, and that it would supersede firearms. So the General ordered the man to headquarters. A tall, gaunt figure appeared bearing in

his arms a long case, about eight or nine feet long, and looking like a huge scythe. The General received him courteously, and asked him to explain the design and working of the murderous-looking blade. The inventor then showed how it should be fastened at the front of the saddle of a cavalry horse, and in a charge of cavalry this blade was to spring out, by pressure, and swing round in a circle and swoop off the heads of every soldier it encountered. The General asked if the loss of the horse would be safe, for he saw at once that it was the working of a diseased brain, and perfectly impracticable, but with infinite tact he turned kindly to the man and said: "To-morrow we are to make an attack, and the cavalry will be engaged, and I will give orders to have you fully equipped with horse and saddle, such as you may desire, on which you can adjust your weapon, and make a sally with the cavalry, and if it proves to be as effective as you believe, its success will be assured." The poor man's face fell as he heard the orders for his trial equipment, and bowing, left the tent, and never was seen or heard of afterward.

In the spring of 1862, General Butterfield prepared an exhaustive manual on camp and outpost duty for infantry, submitting the manuscript to his friend and Division Commander, General Porter, who approved of it, and forwarded the manual to General McClellan, who promptly replied as follows, through his Adjutant-General, Seth Williams:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, April 23, 1862.

Respectfully returned to Brig.-Gen. F. J. Porter. The Commanding General has examined the system presented, and highly approves it. He desires the chapters on Provost Guard Duty, and the duty of Regiment and Field Officers of the Day to be prepared and appended as proposed by General Butterfield, when he will be glad to forward the manuscript to the War Department, with the recommendation that the systems be adopted for the governance of the army, in the matters con-

cerned, and will ask the department to have the same printed for the proper circulation.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN.

S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

The manuscript was, during the month of May, submitted to Gen. Philip Kearny, who replied as follows:

CAMP, NEAR FAIR OAKS, June 18, 1862.

DEAR GENERAL—I owe you a thousand apologies for detaining your manuscript on Picket System. But I was so struck with its completeness and simplicity that I could not forego copying it for my own conduct. At the same time I entreat you to lose no time in publishing it at once. It will make you a name—or rather, add to that already acquired—as a wonderful master of the requirements of service. Please subscribe for me \$100 in copies, when or how it may appear.

Very sincerely yours,

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD,

P. KEARNY.

Third Brigade, Porter's Division.

When the little work appeared, early in 1863, from the press of Harper & Brothers, more than ten thousand copies were soon sold. Among other prominent generals who commended "Camp and Outpost Duty," were Generals Hooker, Hunter, Meade, Porter, Schofield and Thomas. McClellan urged the War Department to purchase twenty-five thousand copies, and William T. Sherman wrote to the publishers as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

CAMP, NEAR VICKSBURG, April 10, 1863.

GENTLEMEN—I did propose to add a few pages to General Butterfield's most excellent little handbook, entitled "Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry," and, with the General's consent, to have a number published for my Corps. But on reflection I like the book *as it is* so well, that I will be obliged if you will send me, per Adams & Co.'s Express, \$100 worth of the book, and I will remit on receipt. Send to my address, via Memphis.

I would prefer a cover of thin paper or leather, so that an officer or picket could carry it in his pocket. I would like some (if not involving delay) put up exactly like a pocket diary, with blank leaves, an almanac and pencil. In that form it would be excellent and very saleable."

General Hooker communicated the information to each corps commander of the Army of the Potomac that a sufficient number of copies of "Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry," by General Butterfield, are sent you herewith to distribute, one to each brigade and division in your Corps.

The Major-General commanding directs that in future the infantry outpost duty in this army be performed in accordance with the system laid down in that work, except so far as the same may be in conflict with existing orders from these headquarters.

During the following year General Butterfield collected considerable data with the purpose of preparing a larger work containing much military matter in addition to that included in his "Camp and Outpost Duty," but this design was never carried out. He also contemplated compiling for publication a volume of "General Orders of 1861-64," but, as will be seen by the following communication from the Adjutant-General, the project did not meet with the approval of the War Department, and was therefore abandoned. Later the Government issued a "Subject Index of General Orders of the War Department, 1861-1880," in an octavo volume.

"In reply to your communication of the 3d inst., asking if there was any objection to reprinting War Department General Orders of 1861-63 in a condensed form, I have respectfully to inform you that several similar applications have been declined. There is a strong objection to such publications, except by the Adjutant-General's office."

General Oliver, in his Butterfield reminiscences, writes:

"We again find him at the front, in December, 1862, then in command of the Fifth Corps, engaged in the desperate battle of Fredericksburg.

"The army was compelled to retire, and to General Butterfield was intrusted the difficult task of covering the retreat. It required the most careful management to retire the Corps, with the watchful enemy so close upon him, but it was accomplished in perfect order without the loss of a gun or a man. When General Hooker took command of the army in January, 1863, Butterfield was appointed his Chief of Staff. At the time Hooker assumed command there were more men who had left the army and gone home than there were at the front. So many men were deserting that it was necessary to place pickets in the rear of our lines. General Butterfield ordered lists made out by every corps, giving the names of all absentees; notice was given them to return immediately under penalty of arrest. Furloughs of ten days only at a time were allowed to a limited number of officers and men in each corps, on pain of arrest if they did not report within the time granted.

"The whole army was reorganized. Pickets were closely examined, one officer starting from each end of the line, who furnished accurate reports of the condition of the picket line. Any faulty mode of picketing was reported by General Butterfield to the corps commander in which it occurred. Camps were carefully inspected, especially in regard to sanitation. Frequent reviews were held, and artillery and cavalry horses put in good condition. In fact, during this administration the Army of the Potomac was brought into a splendid state of efficiency. Badges for the divisions of corps, and brigade division and corps flags were instituted, which were of the greatest assistance in a campaign, by instantly locating the corps and divisions."

General Hooker asserted that he had "the finest army on the planet," and that no power, earthly or heavenly, could save Lee and his command from destruction. If his army was what Hooker believed it to be, it was owing to the ability and untiring efforts of his Chief of Staff. After some unimportant movements he sent General Stoneman, with the cavalry, to the Confederates' rear, and then, crossing the Rappahannock at several fords successfully, with the

ultimate intention of turning Lee's left, while General Sedgwick should make a demonstration on Fredericksburg. Instead of instantly attacking the Southern army, Hooker took post at Chancellorsville, where he awaited Lee's attack. This came with unexpected fierceness and unexampled celerity.

Sturdy John Sedgwick's attack upon the Fredericksburg Heights had been successful, but "Stonewall" Jackson's rapid and vigorous flanking movement turned the National right, throwing it back in great confusion upon the center. There was want of concert of action, and thus the well-planned battle terminated in disastrous defeat. In the very heat of the conflict an accident occurred that entailed serious results, perhaps caused the loss of the battle. General Hooker was leaning against a pillar of the piazza of the Chancellorsville house, which was struck by a cannon ball. He was stunned, and for some time senseless, not recovering his judgment sufficiently to continue the command, or even to transfer it to a subordinate. "Stonewall" Jackson was mortally wounded, and for two days the army of the North held its ground, the command devolving upon Gen. Darius N. Couch, who withdrew the forces to the north side of the Rappahannock. Unfortunately, Hooker had ordered his Chief of Staff to remain at Falmouth headquarters to facilitate communication with both wings of the army, otherwise his services at a critical time at Chancellorsville might have been of incalculable advantage in the battle. Butterfield writes to the General on May 3d:

"I deeply regret to hear that you are even slightly wounded. I have put every officer and man here in use during the operations, even to the 20th Maine. As I cannot now, by any possibility, be able to join you, if permitted, can I join General Sedgwick? The enemy will undoubtedly make a desperate effort, as his custom is, toward dusk, if he lasts that long. Our troops are still advancing, cheering lustily. A portion of Sedgwick's force is moving to the right, on Bowling Green Road. Haupt is at Falmouth with his force, ready to spring with the railroad bridge when ordered—affairs seem to justify it now here. Am sending 200 prisoners to the rear—one colonel.

"While I do not know who could replace me here, I am heart-sick at not being permitted to be on the actual field, to share the fate and fortune of this army and my General."

During the Gettysburg campaign, while at Fairfax Station, General Hooker sent Butterfield to Washington with the request that the troops coming in the line of his operations be placed under his command, for he had sent orders to several commanders, notably to one at Edwards Ferry, where he expected Lee would cross, and where he finally did cross, and the officer there in command replied that he was under General Schenck's orders, and therefore could not obey orders coming from any one else. After the Chancellorsville campaign a large number of men had left the army, being two-year men, as their terms of service had expired. Hooker therefore sent General Butterfield to Washington to explain the situation, and to request that the troops around Baltimore and Washington, which could be spared, be formed into a division under the command of Gen. Alexander S. Webb, to be attached to the Army of the Potomac, but his efforts were futile.

Believing his command to be inferior in numbers to Lee's, which was then marching north to invade Pennsylvania, and his demands for reinforcements being refused, General Hooker sent in his resignation, which was accepted, and on June 28th the command of the Army of the Potomac was conferred on Gen. George G. Meade.* By his request, General Butterfield continued to occupy the position of Chief of Staff, rendering efficient service during the battle of Gettysburg until wounded on the third day by a shell in the midst of the terrific Confederate cannonading that preceded Pickett's charge, which compelled him to leave the army. Receiving a furlough of thirty

*On June 24th General Orders No. 65 was printed, but not issued by General Hooker. The first paragraph was as follows: "The ignoble and treacherous practice by the enemy of wearing the uniform of this army, is contrary to the laws and usages of civilized warfare, and it is hereby ordered that all prisoners who may be hereafter taken wearing such uniforms be instantly put to death. Corps and all other commanders will enforce this order." A copy of the original order now before the writer, bears the following endorsement in General Butterfield's handwriting: "General Meade came into command June 28, 1863. This order had not been issued, and was by his order suppressed."





Bronze Tablet on Gettysburg Monument.



Colonel Butterfield, by Gurney, 1859.

days in consequence of his wound, he proceeded to his summer home at West Park, on the Hudson.

On the first day of the battle of Gettysburg the following communication was addressed to Gen. Winfield S. Hancock:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

July 1, 1.10 P. M., 1863.

COMMANDING OFFICER, SECOND CORPS:

The Major-General commanding has just been informed that General Reynolds has been killed, or badly wounded. He directs that you turn over the command of your Corps to General Gibbon; that you proceed to the front, and by virtue of this order, in case of the truth of General Reynolds' death, you assume command of the Corps there assembled, viz., the Eleventh, First and Third, at Emmettsburg. If you think the ground and position there a better one to fight a battle under existing circumstances, you will so advise the General, and he will order all the troops up. You know the General's views, and General Warren, who is fully aware of them, has gone out to see General Reynolds.

LATER, 1.15 P. M.

Reynolds has possession of Gettysburg, and the enemy are reported as falling back from the front of Gettysburg. Hold your column ready to move.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Major-General and Chief of Staff.

While with his family at West Park and recovering from his Gettysburg wound, the General received the accompanying communication from General Meade:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

July 14, 1863.

DEAR GENERAL—I owe you an apology for not having sooner written to you, but I need hardly make it to you, who know so well how difficult it is for me to find time to write.

After you left, in view of the suffering you seemed to ex-

perience from your wound, and the probability of the length of time you might be kept from the army, together with my knowledge of the fact that the position you occupied was not altogether one of choice, I deemed it proper to appoint a successor, which I did, by having General Humphreys made a Major-General.

I hasten to explain to you the reasons for my so doing, and at the same time to express my grateful sense of the value of the services you rendered me during the time intervening between my assuming command and your being wounded. I shall never cease to remember, and to bear testimony to the efficient assistance you so heartily rendered me, and without which I hardly know how I should have gotten through with the new and arduous duties imposed on me. Trusting, my dear General, you will understand the necessity which compelled me to appoint a successor, and that you will believe my assurance that it did not arise from any want of confidence in you, and hoping you may soon be restored to perfect health, I remain,

Most sincerely and truly yours,

GEORGE G. MEADE, *Major-General.*

Two weeks later, Meade writes to the General:

"Your letter of the 20th inst. was not received by me, being up in the mountains chasing Lee (whom I couldn't catch) and out of the way of mails. This will account for my delay in acknowledging it, which I understand is not so important, as your leave has been extended at Washington. No order has been issued relieving you; as your being on leave, it was deemed by Williams only necessary to announce the appointment of Humphreys. I do not know whether on the expiration of your leave you ought to report at the Adjutant-General's or here. This you can ascertain in Washington. If you come here I will do the best I can for you, but it is impossible to say in advance what that will be as changes may take place before you arrive.

"I am sorry to hear that you don't get over the effect of the

concussion as quickly as you desire. At the same time you ought to be very grateful you came off as well as you did, as a little more force to the piece of shell that struck you might have proved fatal, and as it was I feared you had been injured internally. I hope you will soon be all right again."

The piece of spent shell, almost round and about two inches in diameter, which struck Butterfield just below the heart, was sent to him soon after by a number of army comrades, beautifully mounted on an ornamental piece of silver, decorated with cannon and other military emblems. On it may be seen the following inscription: "While Generals Meade, Ingalls and Butterfield were conversing at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, this piece of shell from a Confederate gun knocked down and severely wounded Major-General Butterfield, Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac." This relic of the greatest battle of the Civil War was carefully cherished by the General owing to its interesting associations. To the very end, a period of thirty-eight years, the spot where he was struck by the fragment of shell continued to be sensitive to the touch.

Of Gettysburg, one of the world's greatest battles, which, with Grant's capture of Vicksburg the same week, should have ended the Civil War, Butterfield wrote in the "North American Review," March, 1891, one of eight articles descriptive of the mighty conflict, that appeared in that and the previous number from the pens of the Comte de Paris, and Generals Doubleday, Gregg, Howard, Newton, Sickles and Slocum, who visited the famous field with the French Prince during the previous October. General Butterfield writes:

But three days in advance of the impending and intended battle, one of the most self-contained, conservative, quiet, and at the same time gallant soldiers of the Army of the Potomac was called out of bed before daylight, an utter surprise to himself, and placed in command of the army. So quiet and unobtrusive were the ways of General Meade that he was in some parts of the army almost personally unknown. All knew of his gallant fight at Fredericksburg. He thought to assemble

the army at Frederick and have a review, to see and know, and be known, by those portions of the army with which he was not familiar. Upon receiving an explanation of the entire situation he assented to the continued march of our columns prepared for the next day, and the programme of Hooker's movement after French's column was refused him was carried out unchanged . . . until Reynolds reached Gettysburg and met the enemy.

The absolute self-possession and quiet demeanor of the corps commanders present at this (in war history) unique assemblage so many years after the battle, though marked, was not as strongly marked as the same characteristic of all during the three days' fighting. It strongly and forcibly recalled it.

Typical of this, it brought back Meade sitting quietly on the little grass plot at the roadside of the headquarters house in the midst of the battle, shells bursting constantly every few minutes, and officers' horses disabled, surrounded by a small group of staff officers attached to headquarters, telling as quietly as if at a quiet home in a peaceful glen, an interesting experience and incident of his career as a young officer. Generals Sharpe, the loved Seth Williams, Perkins and others, were of the group. The world might naturally suppose that with the immense responsibility so suddenly placed upon him unsought and unexpected, Meade might have been a trifle nervous or excited. If he was, he never betrayed it. This self-possession and absolute coolness, so marked throughout that battle on the part not only of the principal commanders, but most of the subordinates, was more strong and pronounced, to so express it, than in any of a score of battles of personal recollection and experience.

Slocum was much more quiet and collected on the night of the council of war (after the second day's battle), when, reclining with almost absolute nonchalance, he answered, as his vote on the proposition of a change of our position, "Stay and fight it out," than he was when listening to the words of Howard, Doubleday, Gregg, and the others so many years after. He did not tell us why the proposal to which he had assented,

which he held his command ready, to follow up the of Pickett's assault, was not accepted or approved. There was a strong regret that the good people of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania had not placed the equestrian statue of Meade on that field (Gettysburg), where it belongs, rather than in Mount Park. It was Meade's victory, as it would have been his defeat had it terminated in the enemy's favor. Every one who goes there, and who will go, will always wish to see Meade as commander as he was. Perhaps Pennsylvania will yet do so. What a group it would be to place in the field where the War Department observatory is, opposite the cemetery, equestrian statues, life-size, of Meade, Reynolds, Hancock, Sedgwick, Bullwinkle, Buford, Humphreys, Sykes, Birney and others, as they were in life in that battle, and the gallant commanders yet living who will follow them to a future crown! Whatever we may have thought in years ago, with less reflection and no knowledge of present results, speculation as to what might have occurred is but speculation. We know what the Army of the Potomac did at Malvern Hill after previous defeats, and we realize that our opponents were not to be undervalued for courage or tenacity. They proved it in our fighting days, as did their ancestry, side by side with ours, in the days of '76 at Yorktown, Saratoga and the other fields of the Revolution. That they believed they were right, while we fought because we thought we knew they were wrong, passes unchallenged into history. We cannot blame the prudence and conservative judgment that led Meade not to stake what, in case of failure, might perhaps have caused a fatal result to our Union. His great responsibility did not descend below the commander or to those of us who would have had it otherwise. Some of us believe that it was a good Providence that endowed him with caution, if the consciousness of his grave responsibility did not of itself do it. We believe that his unquestioned bravery in obeying orders carried with it a saving and prudent judgment when he personally commanded; that it was better for the country for all sides that the fighting was not pushed to the conclusion and results we then thought, and still think,

might have been possible, and that we can be profoundly grateful for the results as they stand to-day.

It is not to be wondered at that there are many honestly mistaken as to the real effect and results of their own work in this battle, tactically of accident, strategically of purpose. Many subordinate commanders to this day think their action won the battle—which would have been lost but for the combined work of all. It will never cease to be a regret to every true soldier that the full and just meed of recognition has not been given to all who deserved so much on that field.

It is not worth while to speculate upon a proposition to which there can never be an answer or positive solution. We could not rewrite the history of Europe if Wellington had been defeated at Waterloo, nor the result if we had failed at Gettysburg. Hence it is only speculation and opinion, with no certainty, as to what would have occurred had Lee adhered to the stated forecast of his campaign that it should be "strategically offensive" and "tactically defensive," leaving us to be the attacking party. We must always be grateful that Lee changed this. So, theories or speculations as to the result had Hooker retained command are idle, as well as what would have occurred had Slocum been permitted to enter upon the pursuit after Pickett's repulse, backed by a division of the Sixth Corps, as he was ready to do.

Nor need we speculate on the results if Sickles's position on the second day had not prevented Longstreet's junction with the force sent to our rear for that purpose, or any withdrawal from our position, or on what result would have occurred if the magnetic, forceful and impetuous Stonewall Jackson had been there commanding the force co-operating with Longstreet. We may on both sides cherish theories of results, but they are vain and idle. There are dangers before us now from virtually the same causes that brought on the war of the rebellion—avarice, greed and selfishness—that we may rather speculate upon with the hope to counteract.

We may and we should be profoundly thankful that results are as they now exist; more than grateful to the splendid, brave

old army of the Potomac, down to the last soldier on its fighting rolls, before, and at, and after the days at Gettysburg. It never proved more thoroughly or strongly its great discipline, organization, patriotism, and endurance than in those eventful days. Its memory and its lustre will never grow dim with us, and will always reflect with added brilliancy the glories of the armies of the West, of the Tennessee, the Cumberland (its glorious western counterpart), and the Ohio. This light and lustre in all the armies came from the same source—the soldier in the ranks. He was always of good material, and ever showed it when trained and led by competent officers—sometimes without such leadership.

How appropriate here the words of our greatest soldier, Grant! How true!

"My sympathies are with every movement which aims to acknowledge our indebtedness to the private soldier—the countless, nameless, often disregarded heroes of the musket and bayonet, to whose true patriotism, patient endurance and fiery courage on the day of danger we who are generals owe victory, and the country will yet owe its salvation."—*Grant's Speech in 1863.*

Gettysburg, so often called the "soldiers' battle," appreciatively bears monuments from their States on the lines where they fought. We ought to place their monuments to mark the lines of our opponents, now, we trust, forever our fellow citizens. The display of their great courage emphasizes that of our own brave men.

In the Comte de Paris' article, the accompanying paragraph appears:

"But why evoke the dead while in broad daylight I could behold a more extraordinary sight, in an historical point of view, than the *Midnight Review*? To the call of General Butterfield, Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, in that decisive battle, had answered nearly all the surviving chiefs who were the principal actors in this great drama. Instead of the phantom legions marching in an unearthly silence, I had around

me the living leaders, whose names will always be associated with the history of the battle of Gettysburg. It was, indeed, a high compliment which they paid a true friend of their country, who, after having served with them in the same army, had undertaken to write an impartial account of the great struggle. This compliment I once more gratefully acknowledge."

Of the eight contributors of the Gettysburg articles, only Gregg, Howard and Sickles are now among the living.

The following letter was written by General Butterfield to one of his most intimate friends, Henry J. Scudder, a prominent member of the New York bar. The communication is unfortunately incomplete, the last page having been lost.

WEST PARK, ULSTER CO., N. Y., July 20, 1863.

MY DEAR SCUDDER:

Your very inquisitive favor received. An old friend and a true one, like yourself, has a right, sometimes, to ask a good many questions. I don't know that I ought to refuse a reply to some of them, although you are well aware it is contrary to my usual habit in such matters.

I shall take you up as you ask. First, for General Hooker. I don't know what kind of a sot he is reported to be. I have been with him almost daily since October last up to the date of his being relieved, and I have failed to discover any signs of drunkenness in him. Had I found it to be the case, I should certainly have asked to be relieved from his staff. I found him ever vigilant, faithful and true to his country and his army—a truer patriot than Hooker never breathed. You ask me why I accepted a position on his staff. I don't know that I can better answer you than to relate the substance of the conversation that passed between us when he assumed command of the army. I happened to be at headquarters the day the order came. After General Burnside left he turned to me and said: "Butterfield, what do you want to do? I have much confidence in you, and would like to know your wishes." I replied: "General, I have no wish but to be in the post where my services will accomplish most. Do with me as you please. The

wish of the General commanding this army, whoever he may be, while I serve in it, shall be my law." "But have you no preference? I would like to have you for Chief of my Staff." "General, I do not feel as if I ought to express my preferences. The Commanding General has difficulties enough to encounter without having to suit himself to the preferences of those around him; do with me as you will. I trust you will find me ready and anxious for any honorable duty. I have no personal ambition; my only desire is for the success of our cause. My choice would be to command troops. But don't consider my wishes. Do what you think is for the best interests of this army and the country."

The General replied that he would think about it during the day, and send me orders that night. At night he sent me a note saying that he was called to Washington; that he desired to announce me as his "Chief of Staff," and asked me to enter upon the duties at once, during his absence. I complied without delay. You have the whole history and can judge for yourself. Much the same occurred with General Meade and myself. I enclose you copy of a letter from General Meade, which will sufficiently answer your inquiry as to my being relieved. For the services I may have rendered General Hooker I am perfectly content to abide by the official reports of Generals Hooker and Meade, whenever they are made public.

You ask why Hooker did not pitch into Lee when he commenced his movement into Pennsylvania, and also if it is true that the authorities at Washington refused permission to cross and attack Lee early in June, and how far General Hooker was bound by his instructions from Washington; why he was relieved, and what the Army of the Potomac was doing all the month of June. These questions can all be answered best by a statement of the facts as they come to my memory now, without any official papers—data or mem.—to refer to. Late in May or early in June considerable stir and movement in the enemy's camps indicated that something was on foot. It took some little time and a great deal of trouble to discover the meaning of this—I had great anxiety for fear he was falling back on

Richmond. This would, I think, have been far more troublesome to us in the end than his advance into Pennsylvania. However, it was soon discovered to be a reorganization of the rebel army, consequent upon Jackson's death, and its division into three corps under Longstreet, A. P. Hill and Ewell, the troops moving to join their corps, and the divisions of Pickett and Hood moving up from the Blackwater, where they had been in front of General Dix's forces. Lee moved his headquarters to Culpeper, and concentrated in that vicinity the troops of Ewell and Longstreet, leaving A. P. Hill with his corps—30,000 or so—in our front. . . .

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 20, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

My purpose in writing you so soon after my previous letter is to ask your acceptance of a "capote," similar to those worn by the Russian Imperial troops, and which is very comfortable in bad weather. It is said to be impervious to water and is worn *outside* the military cap and serves at the same time as a muffler for the neck. When not in use it is suspended at the back, the ends lying over the shoulders, and presents rather a military appearance. I send a second along with it to be forwarded to Mr. Seward, and I have written a note to the Secretary suggesting its adoption in our service. Will you be so good as to send the package containing it to Washington, with any remarks you feel inclined to make?

I am thoroughly at work in my official position [Mr. Bergh was Secretary of the Legation] and like it amazingly. In short it is, of all other occupations, the one best adapted to my ambition and tastes. I believe I could make my mark in it if allowed to remain long enough, and in the position of minister. I trust that after my term of service here the Government will assign me to Belgium or Italy.

I hope you are quite recovered from your Gettysburg wound, and will live long to serve our country and wear the accompanying "capote."

For heaven's sake force through the present draft. Better let the South go than to resign the North to assassins and thieves!

I am, dear General, yours faithfully,

HENRY BERGH.

General Butterfield returned to Washington August 22d, and by special order of Secretary Stanton was assigned to temporary duty with General Hooker to assist him in Washington in the preparation of his reports of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac on the Rappahannock. He remained with Hooker until the latter was assigned to the command of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, with orders to proceed to the aid of General W. S. Rosecrans, whose army, after being defeated at Chickamauga, was besieged at Chattanooga, where he accompanied him as Chief of Staff. At Napoleon's rate of march—twenty-five miles per day—it would have required forty days to send reinforcements from the Army of the Potomac to Chattanooga. Butterfield transported the two corps by railroad, via Cincinnati and Louisville, in little more than that number of hours. As it was of the utmost importance that the reinforcements should reach Chattanooga with the least possible loss of time the President issued the following order:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Sep. 24, 1863.

Ordered, by the President of the United States, that Major-General Hooker be, and he is hereby authorized, to take military possession of all railroads, with their cars, locomotives, plants and equipments, that may be necessary for the execution of the military operation committed to his charge; and all officers, agents and employees of said road are directed to render their aid and assistance therein, and to respect and obey his commands, pursuant to act of Congress in such case made and provided. EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*.

It may be fairly questioned if the armies of the North then contained a general who was Butterfield's equal for the particular work which was then placed in his hands, of arranging

all the details of moving two army corps and all their accompaniments from Washington to Chattanooga. Ten years later General Hooker said to the writer that his chief of staff "possessed unequalled capacity for that kind of business." One of Butterfield's numerous orders, issued two days' later than the President's, which happens to have been preserved, conveys some idea of the thorough character of his work, which was carried out with surprising success, and to the great astonishment of the enemy:

WASHINGTON, Sep. 26, 1863.

MAJ.-GEN. O. O. HOWARD, *Commanding Eleventh Corps*:

GENERAL—Major-General Hooker directs me to say that you will proceed with your command to Nashville, Tenn.; from thence, in the absence of any further instructions, you will proceed toward Chattanooga. Your destination will not be made public, but you are at liberty to give the impression to your command that you are going toward Mobile.

The long journey by rail will require from yourself and every officer of your command the utmost vigilance and energy to prevent any disorganization, and, most especially, desertion. To guard against this, you will institute the strictest responsibility upon every officer of your command, and the general will hold you responsible therefor.

Guards for each car should be regularly mounted, and no soldier permitted during the journey to leave sight of the train. The failure of any officer to take his command through will be considered sufficient reason to recommend his dismissal. The lack of constant energy and vigilance will be inexcusable. While the troops are en route the care and cleanliness of their arms and equipments must not be neglected. The artillery horses will be apt to suffer unless the attention of the officers of batteries is given to their care and comfort, seeing that they are regularly watered and fed.

The following named officers, Assistant Quartermasters of Volunteers, on special duty on General Hooker's Staff, are stationed at points along the route to facilitate and expedite the dispatch of the trains and troops, viz.: Col. Thomas A. Scott,

Louisville to Nashville; Capt. J. B. Ford, at Wheeling; Capts. Lewis M. Cole, William P. Smith, J. Perry Willard, Alexander Duffy—the points at which these officers are stationed will, if you deem it necessary, be given you by J. W. Garrett, Esq., President Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Baltimore. These officers have been instructed to put your command through in advance of any other business, and special orders from the Secretary of War provide for their taking any trains, cars, rolling stock, or railroads for that purpose.

You will allow no officer or commander to interfere with the progress of your column. Your route will be, via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Wheeling, Columbus, Dayton, Indianapolis and Louisville. You must not permit any officer of any grade to leave his command, or be absent from his proper duty on the route.

Headquarters, 248 F Street, Washington, until Monday a. m., 28th, thence by the most expeditious route via Cincinnati, Louisville and Nashville.

Please see telegram of September 24th for further details of instructions.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, *Maj.-Gen., Chief of Staff.*

Early in October the Confederates, under General Wheeler, having broken the lines of communication between Stevenson and Chattanooga on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, Butterfield was ordered by Hooker, then at Stevenson, to assume command of an expedition to drive off the enemy and re-establish the line. This was successfully done, and he returned to his duty as Chief of Staff, and was with General Hooker during the movements and battles at Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Pea Vine and Ringgold. After all these affairs were things of the past, Hooker wrote to the Secretary of War in behalf of his Chief of Staff, who was eager to command troops:

"I should be very sorry if Major-General Butterfield's presence on duty with me should deprive him of such a command as his rank and position entitle him to, and as he is anxious to have.

I have just been informed that it is the intention of the present Congress to confer brevets for meritorious services in battle. With this in view, I respectfully recommend that the brevet rank of Brigadier-General in the regular service be given to Major-General Butterfield, Colonel 5th Infantry, for meritorious services in the several battles commencing November 24th, and ending November 27th, 1863."

From the lofty scene of Hooker's celebrated conflict on Lookout Mountain, popularly known at the time as the "battle above the clouds," Butterfield thoughtfully obtained a number of healthy young trees, and forwarded them to the Commissioners of Central Park, where they were carefully planted, and after forty years have become an ornament to New York's matchless and well-wooded park. About the same time the General made another gift for the benefit of a Soldiers' Fair, which was acknowledged by Richard Wallach, Mayor of Washington, D. C., who writes:

"The canes cut from Lookout Mountain, as well as your kind letter of advice, have been received, and will be most highly appreciated. For this considerate kindness and the mode you have taken to express the interest you feel in our Fair, accept my own, as well as the thanks of those connected with me in the undertaking."

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, March 12, 1864.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I thank you for affording me an opportunity of reading your most interesting paper on the proper mode of dealing with our colored troops. I return it to you as requested. I have no criticism to make upon it, nor do I see that any can be made. I wish it might be brought to the eye of every commander of colored troops in the service.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,
Lookout Valley, Tenn.



General Butterfield descending from Lookout Mountain, Nov. 24, 1863.

MEMORANDA WITH REGARD TO COLORED TROOPS.

While exertions are made, and with success, to raise regiments of colored troops, we find no general organization of a corps, that will give them the character and standing of white troops. In most instances they are scattered by regiments to perform the fatigue or garrison duty of armies in the field. Is this wise, as a matter of policy, disregarding all sympathies or antipathies toward these troops?

We are introducing a new element of great magnitude in the composition of our armies—one not at all unlikely, in case of future wars, to prove a great source of strength, as far as numbers are concerned. Is it wise, then, to ignore, in this element, its training and action in masses, on the march, in active campaign and in battle? Why should not the experiment be made of a column of these troops put in training at least? I believe that thirty thousand (30,000) colored troops, with proper condition, by necessary drill and discipline, will accomplish in ten days, marches, an average greater distance of five miles per day, with an average reduction of the transportation required, of fifteen per cent., by an equal number of white troops. I believe that I can accomplish this. How great an element of success such celerity of movement, with reduction of impedimenta, will prove, every soldier can appreciate.

The proper creation and fostering of this element of fighting strength in our country is worthy of the most careful consideration, both in a military and political point of view. Freedom is being extended to these people, many of whom are, in a great measure, unprepared by previous education and habits to take advantage of its benefits. Freed from the lash, and the fear of punishment, the surroundings of these people may cause indolence or crime to develop itself in such a manner as to cause many regrets for the political transformation of the race. The ordinary methods for the development of the untutored minds in civilized countries, would fail to meet the requirements of the sudden change in their condition. What better school, then, than that of the soldier for the men,

where the exercises and restraints of military rule and discipline will prevent the formation of vicious habits, and correct them, if already formed.

Not only a fearful responsibility, but a glorious work, is with the commanders of these troops. While performing all the duties required in a military point of view, it is absolutely necessary that a General-Commander of a large organization of colored troops should, if made, be possessed of enlarged views as to their political condition, their future uses in the State, and the necessities arising therefrom. A great power is placed in his hands for good, for evil, or, if a negative man, Providence and the future alone will shape the results. Without care, energy, comprehensiveness and ability, we must look forward to the probability of new troubles and difficulties arising from the discharge or expiration of service of these men—difficulties which may enter into the politics of the State, and, fed by the regrets of lost luxuries and ease, the bitterness and disappointments engendered by civil war, will aid in the creation of a political element that may override the stoutest efforts of the philanthropist or the progressive man. We may yet be thrown back a decade by such events as are here foreshadowed. How great, then, the necessity for prompt and prudent action in this matter.

Aside from the *esprit du corps*, which, with skill in arms, a commander will naturally inculcate, his efforts must not cease here. He must establish and effect a system of instruction in the plain elements of education, that will fix a basis at least for future development. His constant care and exertion will be required to improve their sanitary and physical condition. What a vast responsibility rests upon those who have allowed this class to die by scores, upon the Mississippi, during the last year, simply from a lack of personal attention and inquiry into their previous condition, mode of living, and the proper course to pursue with them.

The utility of these troops, the necessity for the increase of their numbers, that white labor may remain at the North, and slave labor be taken from our enemies, as well as for other

reasons, are so generally admitted by every reasoning man, that any allusion to these points seems unnecessary. The commander whose vigilance should not be sufficient to keep his ranks full, where the material is so abundant within the scope of his operations, would fail to meet what is required of him.

The colored soldiers will draw periodically a certain amount of compensation from the Government. It will not matter what that may be, they will be left penniless at the expiration of their service, from harpies, sutlers and thieves, who will surround them, unless the commander shall organize and carry out a system of savings and investment for them, that will enable the soldier, should he so elect, at the expiration of his term of service, or at the close of the war, as the case may be, to purchase and stock, with the aid of his warrant, a freehold—become a cultivator of the soil for his own account—in other words, an independent man—a free citizen. Legislation will be required from time to time to aid in effecting these objects, and much labor, benevolence, firmness, energy and patriotism, from the commander, whose purpose, determination and objects becoming apparent, he will be fully seconded by his officers.

In a military point of view these organizations should be cultivated and improved to that extent, that they will be, with regard to the requirements of physical labor, entirely self-sustaining. The introduction of the various trades necessary to a complete organization of the corps should be made at once—by instruction where needed. A system of extending this instruction beyond the requirements of the regiment or corps will add much to the development of faculties in the black man, who has so long been kept down, that we ought, at least, to throw this chance in his way for light and improvement. These men should be taught self-government as fast as their mental development will permit.

I could go on *ad libitum* in the expression of views. I have given sufficient to shadow forth my ideas on the subject. I have thrown them together hastily, and forward them in accordance with the wish expressed, when we met at the Century Club. They are perhaps crude, but they require no logi-

cal or rhetorical dressing out to reach the mind of a philanthropist as keenly alive to the necessities arising from pending questions as John Day.

You will not forget the admonition with regard to those officers who seek positions with colored troops, either for a commission, or to save being mustered out of service. Don't trust the man who boasts of his sympathy for this race, if he has any political aspirations, nor unless he knows and appreciates thoroughly what he talks about.

I have portrayed in feeble outline what might be done. It is a task of no trifling magnitude, and one from which I could almost shrink in contemplating the labor and devotion required—the trouble, difficulties and crosses to be encountered—did I not feel that the consciousness of having succeeded in such a task would be a far greater recompense to me than a hundred victories. Yet these may follow in the train.


The soldierly pride of these men must be aroused; their dress should be more brilliant; their *esprit du corps* strong. These efforts are never lost upon whites, even of our own race. Why should we ignore them with blacks? Napoleon's success with his Zouaves, Spahis, Chasseurs, etc., organized from the natives of Algeria, has its force as an example.

Accept this as it is written, without criticism upon any other point than its earnestness, the necessities involved, and its outline for meeting them.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, *Major-General*.

The word "State" used above is in its collective sense, as representing the country.

In February, 1864, General Sherman went to New Orleans to consult with General Banks concerning the proposed Red River Expedition, a combined army and navy movement. General Grant deeming it a matter of importance, sent General Butterfield to Sherman with dispatches, and also to express his views at length concerning the campaign, that terminated so disastrously. From Baton Rouge Butterfield sent a dispatch to General Sherman, a copy of which is now before the writer :



"Am on my way to you with dispatches from General Grant, which I presume you would like to see before concluding your arrangements." The business with Banks was settled by Sherman loaning him two divisions, of about ten thousand men, of the Army of the Tennessee, under command of Gen. Andrew J. Smith. These veterans were returned by General Banks too late to accompany Sherman on the Atlanta campaign, as intended and agreed between the two commanders.

Early in April, 1864, Butterfield was gratified by the assignment to command the Third Division of the Twentieth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, in the command of General Hooker. The earliest printed communication that he prepared after his new assignment, which immediately followed the organization of the Twentieth Corps, is the accompanying one :

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD DIV., TWENTIETH ARMY CORPS,
May 9, 1864.

COLONEL—The order from Major-General Hooker directing me to renew the reconnaissance this morning was received about 7 a. m. I immediately moved Brigade to Buzzard Roost, reoccupied the ridge across Mill Creek with a line of skirmishers. They met with much stronger resistance than yesterday. The moment any of them appeared above the ridge they were fired at by the enemy's sharpshooters. After constructing bridges across Mill Creek, I commenced the movement indicated in the instructions received. While a regiment was moving to hold the ridge on which General Hooker and myself were, the enemy opened with a battery of 12-pounders (from the crest of Rocky Face Ridge on the right) upon the ridge we held and wounded some of the men, and I withdrew them across the creek. The movement was progressing finely around the right of the ridge and on the slope of Rocky Face Ridge without much opposition, when I received orders from General Thomas to return my Brigade to the Division. Upon its being relieved by General Carlin's Brigade, I complied with this order. En route to camp I received Colonel Asmussen's dispatch, indicating that I would march by the settlement road at

short notice. I therefore left Colonel Wood's Brigade near the Presbyterian Church, in order to facilitate the movement. Since that time I have been informed by Colonel Asmusser that I would march by the road nearer Chickamauga Creek, and consequently have brought in Colonel Wood's Brigade to the vicinity of Chickamauga Creek. The orders with regard to rations, ammunition, etc., have all been complied with. The wagons emptied have been sent to Tunnel Hill for supplies. I gave to General Thomas full verbal information of the results of the reconnaissance.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, *Major-General, Commanding.*
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PERKINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

During Sherman's Atlanta campaign Hooker received orders to attack Johnston's right front at Resaca, and break his line, and to Butterfield was assigned the duty of making the charge. The Confederate line was defeated, his Division charging over a battery and capturing the first colors and guns lost by Johnston in that famous campaign.

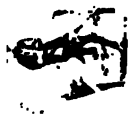
HEADQUARTERS, THIRD DIVISION, 20TH CORPS,
RESACA, May 16, 1864.

General Orders, No. 4.

The Major-General commanding feels it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to congratulate the Division upon its achievements yesterday. The gallant assault and charge of the First Brigade, capturing four guns in the enemy's fort; the support of this assault by a portion of the Second Brigade; the splendid advance of the Third Brigade on the left, with the glorious repulse it gave twice its force, proves the Division worthy a high name and fame. Let every one endeavor by attention to duty, obedience to orders, devotion and courage, to make our record in future, as in the past, such that the army and the country will ever be proud of us.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

JOHN SPEED, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*



"At Cassville, May 19th, Butterfield was attacked by the enemy," writes General Oliver, "his small force, Wood's Brigade and one Battery, numbering not over 1,500. He had received orders from Hooker to cut the railroad at Two Run Creek, but when he arrived there he found the enemy in position and had to retreat. He had left me with two brigades, one about two miles from me, guarding an ammunition train; with the other I was to attract the enemy's attention. I put out a regiment, Colonel Dustin's, as skirmishers; I was not to bring on an engagement. When General Butterfield was being followed by the enemy, he ordered me to join him with Smith's Battery. I did so, instructing the skirmishers to keep up a show of force and to gradually retire and follow us.

"The Brigade brought up by me, and that headed by the General, came together at the foot of a high hill, and we formed line of battle, and fired rapidly at the advancing enemy. The Confederates were checked, but the General was entirely isolated from the rest of the army until three in the afternoon. It was afterward learned that the Brigade I was put in charge of had advanced on a road leading directly on the right and rear of the enemy's breastworks, and reports were sent to General Johnston that Hooker's Corps was on his right and rear. As the whole of General Hooker's Corps had been there only the night before, it was easy to imagine that they supposed the advance of the Brigade I had in command at the time was only the forerunner of Hooker's whole corps. General Butterfield told me that the advance of this Brigade caused Johnston to retreat from Cassville in such haste, without firing a shot. He afterward learned that he was in front of Johnston's whole army from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, with only three brigades, and most of the time with only two.

"In the Atlanta campaign Butterfield had skirmishes and battles almost daily, such as around Dallas, May 25th to June 4th; Pumpkin Vine Creek, New Hope Church, Pine Knob, June 19th; Kolb's Farm, June 22d; Marietta and Kenesaw. I was present when Generals Thomas and Hooker rode up to General Butterfield's headquarters, near Marietta, and Hooker

asked him whether he was in earnest, and I then learned for the first time that Butterfield had written General Hooker asking permission to take his division [about 6,000 men] through Georgia to the sea.

"The discipline and *esprit du corps* which General Butterfield always inspired in troops, was most effectually shown in the small number of missing in his old Third Division, after the heavy fighting and difficult marching over hill and dale, mostly through thick underbrush and woods. While Butterfield left the Division before it reached Atlanta, yet the discipline he had installed in its ranks remained to the close, and when it reached Atlanta, where the Mayor surrendered to it on the 2d of September, 1864, it had lost out of a force of 6,610, with which it started, 2,659 officers and men in killed and wounded. Of this number only 22 men were missing."

Before resigning his command Butterfield received from General Whipple, A. A. G., at headquarters, Department of the Cumberland, a communication stating that the endorsement made upon his application for a corps, by General Thomas, was as follows :

"Respectfully forwarded and recommended. I know little of General Butterfield's career before joining this army, but from what I have myself seen of the manner in which he handles his troops, and his good conduct in battle, as well as from the commendatory reports of the Major-General commanding his Corps, I take pleasure in making this recommendation."

Butterfield also before his departure for the North, June 29, 1864, having thirty days' leave of absence on the surgeon's certificate of disability, subsequently extended for another month, he addressed the following private and personal communication to his imprudently outspoken friend and chief, Joseph Hooker :

CAMP ON SANDTOWN ROAD,
NEAR ACWORTH, GA., June 12, 1864.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

Permit me in this letter to dissolve our official relations and address you as your friend solely. Place what I say to the

score of honest and sincere friendship. If you don't like it destroy the letter, and don't think the less of me for it.

You should not speak in the presence of others as you did in my presence and that of Colonel Wood to-day, regarding General Sherman and his operations. You can ill afford to have your proud record as a soldier tarnished with the statement that notwithstanding your vigorous and earnest compliance with all orders, your hard fighting under any and all circumstances, that the weight of your opinions and criticisms, openly expressed to your subordinates, tended to impair confidence in your commanders. I am not defending the operations or campaign of General Sherman. That subject I do not propose to discuss. I am talking as a friend to you. What I have stated above is substantially charged against you with regard to both McClellan and Burnside. Don't give these accusations further weight by remarks concerning Sherman. You can but little appreciate how deeply remarks from a soldier like yourself impress your subordinates. They repeat them, and they go down, impairing confidence in the ability of General Sherman to bring his campaign to a successful issue, and thus, in a measure, weakening the army. I know how hard it is for you to conceal your honest opinions. Your frankness and candor will out with it. These opinions travel as "Hooker's opinions." Your own Staff are impregnated with them, and you will be accused in future by any officer serving under you who may fall under your censure, with verbal insubordination. It was such remarks that brought Burnside's Fulmination No. 8. Understand me, I do not say that your remarks are not justifiable, so far as truthful expression of honest opinion goes, but as carrying weight and repetition among men of lesser capacity, they tend to injure you; they are impolitic; you never were, nor never will be a politic man—of that I am well aware—but you must be guarded. It will be charged by evil-disposed persons that you are ambitious to fill Sherman's place—not in your hearing or mine—but it is the way of the world, and will be said. You cannot afford to have this said.

You or I are not responsible for what occurs outside of our own immediate commands. Then don't let us worry about it, or criticise it in presence of others. Don't misinterpret me, for you know the sincerity of my friendship for you. I pray you, for your own sake, be guided by it, and believe me as ever,

Truly your friend,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

CHAPTER V.

Letter from Sherman—Preventing New York Riots—Several Lincoln Anecdotes—Charles Sumner—Princess Salm-Salm—Presentation of Flags—In Command of Troops—Appointed Superintendent Recruiting—Receives a Sword of Honor and Several Badges.

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR MARIETTA, July 2, 1864.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I passed all around your camp daily, but somehow missed you, and had no idea of your going home till I got your note last evening. I regret exceedingly that you are forced to leave, as we cannot well spare you, and vacancies are hard to fill at such a time. The paper you refer to, with Hooker's recommendation and Thomas' endorsement, never came to me, nor should it, as it was based on the campaign before I had any command, but of a corps. As to promotion, all I can promise is that this war will last long enough for you to win a dozen more grades, if that many are left. Whether I will have an opportunity to write up this campaign is yet to be seen. If unsuccessful, why the less said the better. If successful, the result will be all that the world will want to know. Still, if honors and fame are within my gift, it will afford me great pleasure to bestow them. You should at once make a clear, distinct report of all your acts, from the beginning till the last moment of your stay here. Send it to Hooker, and it will thus reach me and the War Department.

I shall aim to draw Johnston out of his trenches, and fight him on anything like fair terms. If he won't come out I will threaten the Chattahoochie and force him to cross. When he is over I must make arrangements to secure the railroad, and, if possible, enlarge its capacity. You can comprehend the diffi-

culties, but those who have not been here cannot. When you go to the city see William Scott and his family, in Twenty-third Street, just out of Fourth Avenue. They are first cousins of mine. Tell Schuchardt and Gebhard, and the officers of the Metropolitan Bank, that I am alive and as active as ever.

Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

A month passed at his summer home on the banks of the Hudson restored the General's health and he was then assigned to court-martial duty and other special duties. Early in the autumn he was actively aiding General B. F. Butler in taking all necessary precautions to prevent the anticipated riots in New York City at the time of the Presidential election, the candidates being Lincoln and McClellan. So thorough were the measures, and so numerous were the ships of war and veteran soldiers from Virginia assembled around the city, that the copperheads and conspirators were completely cowed, the election passing off as quietly as in ordinary times of peace. One of many communications written during the first week of November will convey some idea of General Butterfield's activity in assisting General Butler in maintaining order in the metropolis at that anxious time:

HEADQUARTERS, 37 BLEECKER ST.,
NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1864.

COL. E. W. SERRELL,

Headquarters Major-General Butler:

I would respectfully submit for the approval of Major-General Butler a copy of the instructions proposed for the officers placed on duty at the various telegraph stations throughout the city. Will you please have the same returned as soon as possible with the approval or such alterations as General Butler may direct? As there are some sixty-eight stations, I shall have to print it, and can get it done by 3 p. m. if returned at once. Colonel Barney's Adjutant informed me he had three clerks. I have directed him to report those to your headquarters and offer

their services. Shall I direct Mr. Sanford, Superintendent of the American Telegraph Company, to have his offices open all night Tuesday and Wednesday?

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Major-General Volunteers.

About the time of Lincoln's second inauguration and the delivery of his second address, one of the gems of the English language, the General related at a dinner party in New York several delightful incidents connected with the Chief Magistrate, then just entering upon his second term of office, that may now be introduced here. Said Butterfield: "Mr. Lincoln, with most of the members of his Cabinet, responding in a measure to the feeling throughout the country that had been expressed, determined not to give up Mason and Slidell, who had been taken from the 'Trent' by Captain Wilkes. After a lengthy discussion in the Cabinet, Mr. Seward alone opposing the others, it being considered decided that the position should be taken by our Government, Mr. Lincoln requested Mr. Seward to write the letter announcing to England that Mason and Slidell would not be surrendered. Mr. Seward replied:

" 'Why, Mr. President, I cannot write such a letter. It is not my view. I don't think I could fairly argue and state the position. I would much prefer, as it is your feeling and your wish, that you would write the letter yourself.'

" 'Very well—very well, Seward. You write such a letter as we should send according to your views. I will write mine and we will compare them.'

"They parted, Mr. Seward prepared the famous 'Trent' letter, which is placed on record as among the most able American State papers in existence, surrendering Mason and Slidell, and waited upon Mr. Lincoln with the document in his hand.

"They sat down in the President's library with chairs drawn to the fireside. Mr. Lincoln broke the silence:

" 'Well, Seward, have you your paper ready? I have mine,' putting his hand in his pocket and drawing it out.

"Mr. Seward replied: 'Mine is here. Will you read yours first, Mr. President?'

" 'No, Seward, you read yours first.' And it was slowly read by the great diplomat and minister.

"The President listened with absorbed attention, and when he finished, Mr. Lincoln simply returned his own paper to his pocket (which, of course, contained the contrary views) and said:

" 'Seward, your paper is unanswerable—let it go.' This was true greatness in a great crisis."

Many years later, writing to Frederick W. Seward on the subject of the above incident, Butterfield received the following letter from his Union College class-mate:

MONTROSE, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.,

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Jan. 8, 1889.

On going to town this week I found your letter and went to your house to see you, but did not find you at home. In the recent volume of "Appletons' Cyclopedia of American Biography" there is an article on my father in which I have stated as succinctly as I could his position in the "Trent" release. Briefly, he argued that we, in seizing Mason and Slidell, had exercised that "right of search" which Great Britain had always claimed, but which we had always denied and fought against in the war of 1812. To retain the prisoners would be to adopt the British doctrine. To voluntarily release them would be in accordance with the American doctrine, but would bind Great Britain to nothing. It was necessary to wait until Great Britain made a demand for them, thereby planting herself on the American ground. Then their surrender, in compliance with that demand, would commit both governments to the American principle irrevocably for the future.

You are right about President Lincoln's drafting an argument for retaining them, which he afterward threw aside. But it seems not to have been destroyed. Nicolay and Hay found it among his papers and published it in one of their chapters in "The Century."

Butterfield's second Lincoln incident was substantially as follows: The announcement had been made by letter from General Hooker to the President that he was about to commence operations in the spring of 1863, but no explanation of the exact character of the Chancellorsville movement had been intimated. The letters from Mr. Lincoln to Hooker rather seemed to intimate a desire on his part to know what General Hooker was about to do, but no express direction or command that he should communicate it. A letter came about this time which caused Hooker to say that he supposed he should communicate to the President, as Commander-in-Chief, an idea of what his campaign was to be. But he feared to do so, lest knowledge of his movement should leak out, not so much through Mr. Lincoln as through the confidential statements that his advisors and those who surrounded him would be very likely to make to their friends, and thus knowledge of it would reach the enemy.

"How shall we manage it," he asked, "to have the President know the plan of campaign and not have any one else know it? If I write, the correspondence might take the usual course, and the clerks or somebody else will see it, and without any intention of doing any harm. A matter of such importance, it is hard to keep some of the Cabinet from talking about. It will, I fear, reach the enemy's lines. What shall I do?"

To the suggestion that he should go in person, have a private interview with Mr. Lincoln, and tell him, General Hooker replied: "No; if I go to the President he may want to bring others in to hear. The newspapers will attribute my visit to Washington to some other purpose. The country will not be satisfied at the Commander leaving the army at such a time to go to Washington. No; you go to Washington and tell Mr. Lincoln my instructions are that you shall not divulge or say anything about the plans or movements of the campaign to any person, but only to him alone; that it won't leak out here, and that no one else knows anything about it but yourself and I; that if it leaks out it will not do so here. Go up to-night. I will telegraph the President you are coming there in the

morning, and tell him what we are about to do." A dispatch was sent Mr. Lincoln announcing my arrival in Washington the next morning to tell him of the campaign proposed.

Suggesting to General Hooker that it would be very embarrassing to make such a verbal statement to the President with regard to the privacy of the interview, and that a letter should be prepared by him to the President stating that the instructions and orders were for him only, would save much embarrassment in the premises. General Hooker accepted the suggestion, and such a letter was prepared to President Lincoln, which stated briefly that General Hooker's Chief of Staff was to visit Washington, communicate the proposed plan of operation to him alone, and not in the presence of any other person.

Arriving at Washington about 9 o'clock the next morning with this letter, proceeding immediately to the White House, it was evident that the visit was expected. Being directed at once to the door of the President's room where he was in the habit of receiving his Cabinet and Senators, as well as all official visitors, the doorkeeper was asked if the President was in.

"Yes, and waiting for you, General." "Is there anybody with him?" "Yes, most all the Cabinet and a good many Senators." The letter from General Hooker to the President which contained the instructions to tell him alone was sent to the President.

The messenger returned with directions for my immediate presentation to the President. Entering the room, there was a notable gathering. Secretaries Seward, Chase, Stanton, Wells, Blair, Senators Fessenden, Nye, Wade, and Sumner, with others of note, were among those nearly filling the room.

The eyes of every person turned toward me with eagerness, which told at once that they were aware of the purpose of my visit. None more clearly expressed intense anxiety than the President himself. The situation was full of embarrassment. Bowing respectfully to the President and other gentlemen, and expressing only by looks, not by words, a desire to be relieved from the situation, the President opened the conversation, saying, "General, we are glad to see you. We are

very anxious to hear what you have to tell us." "Please excuse me, Mr. President," was the reply; "you will see by the letter brought that instructions and orders forbid telling you what you wish to hear in the presence of any other person. You have your Cabinet and a number of Senators. Permit me to withdraw and remain in Mr. Hay's room until you are at leisure." The President looked, opened the letter again he had in his hand, and read aloud a brief portion, which portion covered the instructions of privacy. "That is so, General; don't go. I am very anxious to hear you." This was an evident invitation to the others that they must retire.

Would that the skill of the painter's pencil might delineate the scene at this moment, and the expression on the faces of the various distinguished gentlemen there as it clearly dawned upon them that the President intended that they should retire.

Mr. Seward's face was genial and smiling as he left the room. A look seemed to say, "General, you have the advantage of us all, this morning." Mr. Chase, grand, handsome man as he was, showed no sign of displeasure, but rather of enjoyment at the turn of affairs, and gave me a pleasant word and a pleasant smile. Stanton's face was black as a thunder-cloud; anger and displeasure and disappointment were plainly expressed as if by words or violent language; his manner cold and austere, with no response to a respectful salutation as he passed out, and so in turn, and very quickly, every person passed out of the room save Senator Sumner.

The President, at the end of the room, seated in a large arm-chair by a desk, near a window overlooking the Potomac. On the opposite side of a long table in the room stood Senator Sumner, always a grave, dignified man, looking across the table with an expression that seemed to say, "Now, sir, you can go on; there is nobody here but myself and the President." He passed his fingers through his locks in a manner that was peculiar to himself; not a word was said. Breaking the silence with the remark, "Mr. President, the Senator has precedence; undoubtedly he has something of importance to say to you. Permit me to withdraw to Mr. Hay's room, and send for me

later." Mr. Lincoln, in a strong, earnest manner, replied: "General, I am very anxious to hear what you have to tell me; do not go. Mr. Senator, what can I do for you?" Senator Sumner looked at me with an expression which unmistakably said, as plainly as words could have said it, "I don't want you to hear." It was a situation of great embarrassment for me. The Senator took from his hat, on the table before him, a bundle of papers folded in the usual legal form, very much as a lawyer, as he enters court with documents and briefs, would lay down when preparing to address the court. Taking these papers he commenced pulling them out, one after another, and with each one made some request of the President.

One would be for a postmaster's appointment at some place; another for a leave of absence or furlough. No sooner was any request made than came the reply from Mr. Lincoln, "Granted, Mr. Senator; please say to the Secretary that I so request."

Request after request came, none of them of any great importance, but all of them dispatched and the business finished in an incredibly short space of time, and again the Senator turned, with a look at me, that told something was coming that he did not wish me to hear. Again turning to the President, putting his hands up through his hair in that peculiar manner that those who have seen him in the Senate can well recall. Dropping down his massive jaw, he commenced. I do not endeavor to give his exact language, but my best recollection of it is: "Mr. President, you are aware, without doubt, that I enjoy the confidence of a very large number of leaders, and represent the men of our party in all parts of the country?" "Certainly, Mr. Senator," replied the President. "I don't know that you are aware that daily I receive numerous letters from all parts of the country, expressing opinions and views of intelligent men of the Republican party?" "Such must be the case, Mr. Sumner."

"I have had many letters upon a subject which has awakened a great deal of feeling in our party throughout the country. You have issued an order which has relieved General Saxton from the command, in front of Charleston, and placed General

Gilmore in command. The fact that General Saxton has issued an order freeing the colored people (slaves) who enter our lines, is known, and these letters that come to me communicate the general expression of feeling, and the view taken that your action has been as a reprimand or disapproval of this order and the course pursued by General Saxton, with regard to the colored people. There has been very great feeling shown in my letters. I have many of them to show you, if you desire to see them. This action is doing injury to the party, and it is the cause of my visit this morning to convey these facts to you."

"Well, Mr. Senator, I am sorry that there is any such feeling or view taken. It is entirely unwarranted. I will tell you the whole story. It is simply this: General Gilmore, whom I had never seen or heard of, was over in New York. He went to Mr. Greeley and some of our friends there, and gave them the idea of his proposed plan of operations, and what he thought he could accomplish in front of Charleston, reducing the fortifications with long-range guns. He is an officer of engineers, a trained soldier. Our friends there were very much impressed with what he had to say, and wrote asking permission to bring him to Washington and have us hear him. We telegraphed at once to bring him over. Mr. Greeley came over with General Gilmore, and to Mr. Stanton and Mr. Chase, with myself and others, he detailed his plans and ideas, and we all were very much impressed with them. It seemed to us a wise thing to do, and it was decided to give the order to place General Gilmore in command. No one ever thought of any orders given by General Saxton. There was no intended disapprobation of them. The subject was not thought of, or talked of, in connection with putting General Gilmore in command. You are at liberty to say to all of our people, and to the newspaper men and the press generally. Let the explanation go out in semi-official manner. I will fully confirm it. There is no feeling with regard to the course General Saxton has pursued, and such a thing was not thought of."

"But," said the Senator, "Mr. President, General Saxton is

very highly thought of by our people in consequence of his actions, and I am very much interested in him. He has a natural feeling of pride, that pertains to officers of the army, that the ranking officer should command. General Saxton is of higher rank than General Gilmore. He is perfectly willing that General Gilmore should carry out all plans and operations, and not to interfere with them at all. But with the pride and spirit of the old army officers he simply desires, and his friends desire with him, that the ranking officer should command. It will not interfere with General Gilmore in carrying out the operations."

"You say, Mr. Senator, that they are both Brigadier-Generals?"

"Yes; and General Saxton is the ranking officer."

"Will it be entirely satisfactory to you, Mr. Senator, and all our friends, and General Saxton, if the ranking officer is in command."

"Perfectly so, Mr. President."

"Very well," said Mr. Lincoln; "I will arrange it. I will have General Gilmore made a Major-General."

I could not repress a smile. It was hard to keep from laughing at the quick response and the prompt action of the President in taking the Senator upon his proposition and thus meeting it. The expression of the Senator I shall never forget. It was of discomfiture and dissatisfaction most marked.

"Is there anything further?" said the President.

"Nothing, sir," said Mr. Sumner, with great dignity.

"Good morning, Senator," said the President, and Mr. Sumner retired. No longer able to repress the emotion the interview had caused, I laughed and remarked: "Mr. President, is that the way Major-Generals are made?"

His face assumed an expression of gravity, amounting almost to severity, saved but from that by a twinkle of humor in his eye, as he replied: "General, we have to manage all sorts of ways to get along with this terrible war position. I am very anxious to hear what you have to tell me. Sit down." I sat down, and gave him a full account of the proposed campaign

of Chancellorsville, which failed in its complete success and execution by reasons that I will not now discuss.

Here I might tell an incident of Mr. Lincoln that is somewhat appropriate, but not truthfully entirely so. An immense amount of correspondence had been sent to him, in which were many accusations and counter-accusations, letters and explanations concerning the failure to get the pontoons to Fredericksburg in time for Burnside. Many thought Mr. Lincoln would remove or court-martial somebody. He indorsed the papers, "In my opinion Mr. Lee caused this trouble."

The concluding incident, as related by General Butterfield, occurred when the President, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son, "Tad," made a visit to Hooker's headquarters, before the commencement of the Chancellorsville campaign, and remained several days, being lodged in army tents, and taking pot luck under canvas. Mr. Lincoln visited the camps of all the army corps, and among others the Third Corps. To enable the men to have a good look at him, and to enable him to see the real affection felt for him by the soldiers, no formation of troops was made, but the company officers and men assembled, with their side arms, in uniform on the color lines of their camps, and every regiment and battery was at liberty to welcome the President with such emblems, tokens and cheers as they desired.

The camps covered an undulating plain near Falmouth, with here and there a grove of trees, and these, as well as the turf, was already greened in the early Southern spring. The soldiers had thrown arches of evergreens over the roadway at intervals, decorated with flags and flowers. Bands were playing, and the President passed through the camps. The men cheered to the echo again and again. Thousands of them crowded around his horse, hoping to touch his hand or hear his voice or look into his eyes—those deep, fathomless eyes, half closed, as if to hide their sadness. The field and staff officers of the corps, together with the division brigade, regimental and battery commanders, were all mounted and in full uniform, assembled on the road to the camp to serve as an

escort to the President, as brilliant a cortege as ever attended a monarch. The artillery was the signal for the huzzahs of thousands of men as the Presidential party approached. It was a triumphal march. The soldiers showed their affection for Lincoln, and gave expression to it in many ways. They were allowed their own way that day.

The sound of those manly cheers of the soldiers and the touch of so many hands and the fire of so many brave eyes awakened fresh life in his pale and anxious face. It was something to feel, even for a moment, the burden of that heavy heart had been lightened. He seemed to feel like another man. A collation was served at headquarters. The officers were presented to him, and then the ladies came forward.

On this occasion Mrs. Lincoln did not accompany the President, as the fatigue of several such journeys over bad roads had been too much for her. Several ladies belonging to the families of the officers, who were visiting their husbands before the campaign opened, were at the Third Corps headquarters. Among them was the Princess Salm-Salm, the wife of a German Prince, Colonel Salm-Salm, commander of a regiment in the Eleventh Corps.

The Princess Salm-Salm, a very beautiful woman, led the way, and as she approached to be presented to the President, she said to Sickles, "General, he is a dear, good man, we want to kiss him; would it do any harm?" "Not a bit of harm. I am only sorry not to be in his place," was the gallant reply. A glance from the Princess toward the ladies following in her train was all that was necessary. They quickly surrounded Mr. Lincoln, embracing and kissing him with eagerness and fervor, although it was not easy for them to reach up six feet four. If a squadron of cavalry had surrounded the President and charged right down upon him, he could not have been more helpless, or more confused, yet he smiled and laughed, and seemed warmly touched by this public expression of hearty, sincere admiration and sympathy.

Our brilliant escort—some two hundred mounted officers—accompanied the President back to our headquarters. Long

after we had left the camp we heard the cheers of the soldiers, to which Lincoln listened in rapt attention, saying, as they died away, "*Morituri te salutem*"—"We who are to die salute thee."

The next day everybody at headquarters knew that General Sickles was quite out of favor with Mrs. Lincoln. Now, if it be true that village gossip runs an express train, it may be said that camp gossip goes by telegraph. Caudle lectures and family jars in a tent are not confined to the people concerned. They are heard by the guards, and by the occupants of the neighboring tent. So it was known that Lincoln had been subjected to an unhappy quarter of an hour for allowing the Princess Salm-Salm, and other ladies, to kiss him. No matter how strongly he protested his innocence, his good wife could not be quieted. "But, mother, hear me," the President pleaded. "Don't mother me," rejoined the indignant spouse; "and as for General Sickles, he will hear what I think of him and his lady guests. It was well for him that I was not there at the time."

When General Hooker suggested myself, said Butterfield, as a representative of the army to accompany the President and his wife back to Washington, he quickly changed his views when it was suggested that it would be a good joke to give Sickles an opportunity to set the matter right with Mrs. Lincoln by designating him. It was so ordered, and Sickles was directed to repair to Acquia Creek, on the lower Potomac, for duty. So far as the President was concerned the General got on well enough, but Mrs. Lincoln would have nothing to say to him—not a word, not a look.

The President had, of course, noticed her freezing coldness whenever Sickles was present, and did all he could to relieve the embarrassment. At length, when supper was announced, and all were at the table, the President at once began to talk in the most cheerful mood, relating anecdote after anecdote in his own inimitable way, but making no impression on his wife. She was marble. At length Mr. Lincoln turned to General Sickles, and said: "I never knew until last night that you were a very pious man." Quite taken back by this unmerited

statement, Sickles replied that he feared he had been misinformed. "Not at all," said the President, with simulated gravity. "Mother says you are the greatest Psalmist in the army. She says you are more than a Psalmist, you are a Salm-Salmist."

This was too much for Mrs. Lincoln's gravity. The good lady joined in the hearty laughter all round the table, and forgave General Sickles.

Soon after the close of the Civil War, General Butterfield was honored by being selected to present the standards of the returned regiments of New York State troops to Governor Fenton, in front of the Capitol, at Albany, on which interesting occasion, in the presence of a vast assemblage of citizens, officials and distinguished guests, including General Grant, he delivered the following address:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, SENATORS, MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY AND CITIZENS—I am requested to present you these flags in behalf of your soldiers, who have borne them with courage and honor in the changing fortunes of battle. Many of these regiments are not represented here—save by these—and the joy that fills our hearts at the success of our arms, for of that success they are part. The record of their deeds would fill volumes. Time will not permit that I should recount them here. The brave heads that yielded life while bearing these banners in defense of liberty, the majesty of the law, the safety, honor and welfare of the country, are buried on every field of our recent conflict. From the Susquehanna to the Potomac, from the Potomac to the James, from the James to the Roanoke, from the Shenandoah to the Cumberland, from the Cumberland to the Tennessee, through the Mississippi Valley, East and West, over the plains of Texas, from the Tennessee to the Chattahoochie, from the Chattahoochie to the Savannah, and from the Savannah back to the Roanoke. The mighty rivers that flow to the Gulf and Atlantic have been crimsoned with patriot blood. The plains, the valleys and the mountainsides hold the honored dead who fought our battles. Their names and fame

are recorded for all time on the archives of your Government; their memories are enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people.

"Those standards are returned battle-scarred, hallowed by the blood of your patriot sons—precious boon, a priceless legacy, for they shall tell your children's children of manhood and patriotism rising in their might to sustain the right. These are glorious insignia of the highest devotion and sacrifice of man for man, of man for country. I need not ask you, since by the aid of Almighty God the valor of our arms has achieved such signal success, that you will cherish them without revenge, cherish them only as proud mementoes of the triumph of right. The war is at an end. The brave and noble chieftain—who led our armies to victory in the field—prescribed the terms by which the conquered foe might rest, vested with full power. When war, by force of arms, had superseded civil law, your chosen general told the fallen enemy, 'Lay down your arms; obey the law, and war shall end! You are unmolested during good behavior.' Do you ask vengeance? The brave are generous. Vengeance for the best blood of your youth spilled beneath the folds of these historic banners! Then bid the disarmed foe to live amid the scenes of desolation and woe wrought by his treason—to live with the horrible recollection of thousands of brave, loyal men brought to nakedness, hunger, famine, idiocy and death by their cruel imprisonment. Thus to live—only to pray for death's relief from such a life.

"The names of those traitors who, children of our common country—educated, trained and nurtured by it—honored with its sorrow, bound to it by manhood's oath—the names of these shall go down forever, companions in infamy with Benedict Arnold. They are punished.

"Rather than the implied faith and honor of the nation should be broken, better that all should escape. The offended majesty of the civil law may deal justly with those traitors, who, honored with place and power at the hands of an innocent, confiding people, used gifts for years to plant the germ of treason, in the vain attempt to overthrow this Government, that slavery, despotism and sin might thrive upon its ruin. Sad-

dened hearts and lonely hearthstones in our land, mourning our martyred chief and fallen heroes—victims alike of such treason—ask rather in sorrow, than in anger, that these shall meet with justice—a warning for those who would hereafter force Civil Government from the hands of a free people, to rest upon bayonets, ‘bed rock’ of that civilization where men are no longer free. All wars are waged for principles or interest. Adhering to the principles in defense of which we drew the sword, let us turn to reconciliation and the acts of peace, and reverence these glorious war-worn flags as mementoes of the power and will of the people—the glory of our arms, the saved and sacred honor of our country.

“To you, who tread the paths of politics and State, the faithful soldiers of the Republic, fresh from the field of victory and fame, now restore to you banners and bayonets—emblems of renown and glories won. As you assume the weighty responsibilities shifting from the fields to the forum, look at these that gave us order and rest—look at these and be grateful that our country has passed through such an ordeal, to come forth strong, vigorous and powerful—even as gold purified by fire.

“To those who would urge you to think of commerce destroyed by foreign aid and comfort furnished with the hope to compass destruction, say to them boldly that we are the gainers if such acts establish rules for our future guidance; or better, tell them that a free and powerful nation, conscious of its strength, wars not for pelf and passion, but for principles; that a generous appreciation of the honest hearts, whose sympathies were, and ever are, with the people and nation that strives for freedom, effaces all recollection of the sordid, grasping wretches, that would trade even over the grave of liberty. So some, elated with our success, urge to new wars. Say to them that did the emblems speak only of valor and success in arms as the lessons of war, they would be dearly bought; that above and beyond this they speak of man’s capacity for greatest freedom; they speak of burdens assumed in every city, village and hamlet by all our people. They tell the earnestness, the trials, the energy and devotion of patriotic men in civil power and

life, who never faltered, never yielded, never wavered from duty's path, that self-government might be forever fixed.

"This is no man's triumph, but a people's will, and a nation's fame. Unhallowed ambition gains nothing; honor rests only with those who have placed their country and the right before all else. The full measure of our success ends not with our ocean-bound limits. Freedom, prize of manhood's heart, in every clime, breathes new life, whispers renewed hope, and lives for all time. This triumph gives to future ages a living monument; carved not in brass or stone, but perpetuated in the souls of all to whom are given mind's light. It is thus God gives triumph only to the right. Ever reading this in every living star and line of these glorious flags, let us be contented with the result. In the glorious future that lies before the country, redeemed and strengthened by trial, you will surely give to these banners an honored place in your halls—to those who return them to you, the warm welcome of love and recognition—to those who have fallen in their defense, tears of gratitude and imperishable fame.

" 'Oh, mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tear you fain would shed—

Who seems to die in such a cause, you cannot call them dead;
They live on the lips of men—in picture, bust and song,
And Nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.' "

Commenting on the admirable address, the leading Albany journal said, editorially:

"General Butterfield was the real orator of the day. To a fine presence and faultless voice he added all the minor graces of oratory, gesture, manner and intonation. He consulted no manuscript, and, after the manner of his Chief, was brief, and, after the same example, was pointed and vigorous. The standards of victory, he said, were the members of the triumph of right—not to be stained by revenge! The terms presented by the Commander-in-Chief (Grant) upon the field of victory to the conquered foe, were to be maintained: 'Lay down your

arms, obey the law, and war shall end. You are unmolested during good behavior.' The intimation in regard to our foreign policy, that if England's interpretation of neutral rights and duties, during our struggle, is to be henceforth the rule of international law, 'we will be the gainers,' was well put and full of significance."

Before the close of the year the accompanying flattering and well-earned recommendations for promotion were made by Generals Hooker and George H. Thomas:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
NEW YORK, Aug. 22, 1865.

HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*:

SIR—I have the honor to recommend that the brevet rank of Colonel be conferred on Major-General Butterfield, of the Volunteer Service, for gallant and distinguished services at the battle of "Fredericksburg," December 13, 1862; also the brevet rank of Brigadier-General, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of "Chancellorsville," May 3, 1863; also the brevet rank of Major-General for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of "Wauhatchie," October 28th; "Lookout Mountain," November 25, 1863, and "Resaca," May 12, 1864. The services of Major-General Butterfield herein enumerated were rendered under my own observation, and it affords me great pleasure to bear testimony to their character, in the sincere hope that they may receive the recognition they deserve.

Very respectfully, your obedient

JOSEPH HOOKER, *Major-General Commanding*.

HEADQUARTERS, MIL. DIV. OF TENN.,
NASHVILLE, Dec. 20, 1865.

Respectfully forwarded, approving and earnestly endorsing the conduct of Maj.-Gen. Daniel Butterfield in the battles of Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain and Resaca, as noticed and recommended by Maj.-Gen. Joseph Hooker, in the within letter of recommendation.

GEORGE H. THOMAS,
Major-General, U. S. A., Commanding.

August 24, 1865, Butterfield was mustered out of the service as Major-General of Volunteers, returning to his rank in the Regular Army, and five months later, by order of the Secretary of War, the following announcement was issued by the Adjutant-General:

"By direction of the President, Brevet Brigadier-General Daniel Butterfield, U. S. Army, Colonel 5th U. S. Infantry, is hereby assigned to duty according to his brevet rank, and will report to Major-General Hooker, Commanding Department of the East, for assignment to the command rendered vacant by the resignation of Brevet Major-General Henry A. Barnum, U. S. Volunteers."

Early in 1866 the General, in addition to the control of troops on Governor's, David's and Bedloe's Islands, New York harbor, was appointed Superintendent of the General Recruiting Service of the Army, a position which he filled for several years to the entire satisfaction of the War Department. During the following year Butterfield applied for a brief leave of absence, as seen in the accompanying communication:

HEADQUARTERS, GENERAL RECRUITING SERVICE,
U. S. ARMY, 71 Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 13, 1867.

TO THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL—I have the honor to request permission to make my own headquarters, for one week or ten days, at the residence of my father in Oneida County, leaving my Staff and officers as now. All expense of the transmission of papers, for my action, signature and directions, will be borne by me and done by express, involving one day's delay beyond what would occur, were I here. I make this request in consequence of the prostration of my father's strength and health by paralysis, and his urgent desire for my temporary presence with him. I do not think that any injury to the public service will be caused by such temporary change. Should my request be favorably

considered, I have the honor to request advice by telegraph thereof. I am, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, *Bvt. Maj.-General, U. S. A.,*
General Supt. Recruiting Service.

During and after the close of the war, General Butterfield was the recipient of several highly valued gifts of a military character in addition to those mentioned elsewhere in this work. Of these perhaps the most important was a sword of superb workmanship. The hilt, set with twenty-eight emeralds, has the figure of the Goddess of Fame crowning an armed knight with the laurel wreath of victory. The blade has in relief in firegilt a battle charge, believed to represent Hanover Court House, with the words "Virtute non Verbis." The blade and scabbard carry the names of some of the principal battles in which the General was engaged, and the inscription, from his friends and New York fellow citizens, as follows: "Presented to Maj.-Gen. Daniel Butterfield by Chester A. Arthur, John T. Agnew, Henry T. Arnold, T. C. Churchill, Leonard W. Jerome, George L. Kent, C. H. Lilienthal, Clinton L. Merriam, James C. Palmer, George A. Robbins, George B. Satterlee and Henry Wells."

The Fifth Corps Badge, set in diamonds and presented by the Staff Officers serving with General Butterfield, carries on bars the battles with the Army of the Potomac. The presentation address was by Col. Thomas J. Hoyt, formerly of the Twelfth Regiment.

The Twentieth Corps Badge, with the blue star of that Division set in diamonds, carries on the bars the battles in the Chattanooga and Atlanta campaigns, and on the obverse the inscription of presentation from the officers of the Third Division, Twentieth Corps. The presentation address was by Col. Samuel Ross, of the Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers.

The Army of the Potomac Badge is enameled and set with diamonds, and bears this inscription on the obverse, "Army of the Potomac Reunion, Scranton, Penn., Maj.-Gen. Daniel But-



Sword of Honor.



Diamond Badge, presented in 1895 by General Butterfield to the member of the Twelfth Regiment bringing in the largest number of recruits during one year.



Twelfth Regiment Cross.



Army of the Potomac Badge.



Fifth Corps Badge.



Twentieth Regiment Badge.

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terfield, from his comrades of the Army of the Potomac, in recognition of his services. Maj.-Generals E. D. Keyes, W. B. Franklin, H. W. Slocum, D. E. Sickles, O. O. Howard, F. J. Porter, Brig.-Generals Paul A. Oliver, Henry E. Tremain, Col. E. M. L. Ehlers, Committee." This committee represented a number of their associates, the presentation address being made by General Howard, at Scranton.

CHAPTER VI.

The Grant Fund—Letter from General Grant—Letter from Sheridan—Resigns from the Army—Appointed Sub-Treasurer—Visits Europe—Post-Office Report—Married in London—Accompanies Emperor to Review—Dinner to Comte de Paris—Speeches by Sherman, Slocum, Butterfield and the Comte—Gifts.

DURING the month of January, 1866, it was suggested to General Butterfield, by Alexander T. Stewart, that the rich merchants and other wealthy men of New York should raise a fund of at least one hundred thousand dollars, and present it to General Grant in recognition of the great service rendered by him to the country during the Civil War. After Waterloo, said Mr. Stewart, the British Government presented Wellington with an estate that cost one million and a half dollars and a dukedom, with fifty thousand a year for life, to maintain the estate and title. After Appomattox, Grant received neither annuity, estate nor title from our Republican Government, so I think the omission must, in a measure, be made good by our citizens. If you can spare time to carry out the suggestion you may put me down for five thousand dollars. In the following month, the General having, with the aid of other influential friends, carried out with his characteristic energy the rich merchant's suggestion, sent the following letter to General Grant and, two days later, receiving the accompanying acknowledgment. It may be added that the ostensible purpose of the generous gift was to provide a permanent home in Washington for the General-in-Chief and his family.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15, 1866.

LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT:

GENERAL—In accordance with the request of many citizens of New York, whose names are herewith transmitted, I have

~~Head Quarters, Army of the Potomac~~
Washington, D.C. Feb 11 1866

Dear General,

Your letter of the 15th inst. enclosing me the very handsome testimonial of the Citizens of New York, with names of all the too generous contributors to it, is received. I feel at a loss to know how to express my appreciation of this substantial token of the friendship of the Citizens named in your letter, and for the generosity of the Citizens of New York generally, and especially towards those who they conceive have rendered service in maintaining the integrity of the whole Union. I suffice it to say that I shall always appreciate their generosity towards me and endeavor to pursue a course through life, and to make such use of the means thus unexpectly placed in my possession, as will meet with their approval.

Through you I wish to thank the gentlemen whose names you have enclosed to me individually and collectively.

I have the honor to be

Your obt. serv.
U. S. Grant
Lt. Gen.

Facsimile of letter from General Grant.

the honor to ask your acceptance of the enclosed testimonial of their appreciation of your services.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

Enclosed.

Mortgage and interest.....	\$30,437.50
55,000, 7.30's, int., 1st series.....	54,725.00
Cash	19,837.50
	<hr/>
	\$105,000.00

HEADQUARTERS, ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17, 1866.

DEAR GENERAL—Your letter of the 15th inst., enclosing me the very handsome testimonial of the citizens of New York, with names of all the too generous contributors to it, is received. I feel at a loss to know how to express my appreciation of this substantial token of the friendship of the citizens named in your letter, and for the generosity of the citizens of New York generally, and especially toward those who they conceive have rendered service in maintaining the integrity of the whole Union. Suffice it to say that I shall always appreciate their generosity toward me, and endeavor to pursue a course through life, and to make such use of the means thus unexpectedly placed in my possession, as will meet with their approval.

Through you I wish to thank the gentlemen whose names you have enclosed to me, individually and collectively.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ACCOUNT OF EXPENDITURES—
TESTIMONIAL TO LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT.

Aspinwall, W. H.....	\$1,000	Corning, H. K.....	1,000
Astor, W. B.....	1,000	Culver, C. V.....	1,000
Brown, James.....	1,000	Cutting, F. B.....	1,000
Barney, D. W.....	1,000	Clafin, H. B., & Co.....	1,000
Bonner, Robert.....	1,000	Chittenden, S. B.....	1,000
Clews, Henry.....	1,000	Drew, Daniel.....	1,000

Dinsmore, W. B.....	1,000	Beekman, James W.....	500
Duncan, Sherman & Co.....	1,000	Babcock Bros. & Co.....	500
Davis, Charles Augustus....	1,000	Banker, James H.....	500
Eno, Amos R.	1,000	Baker, H. J., & Bro.....	500
Fearing, Daniel B.....	1,000	Ball, Black & Co.....	500
Forbes, Paul S.....	1,000	Bronson, Frederick.....	500
Green, John C.....	1,000	Cash	500
Griswold, N. L. & G.....	1,000	Cowdin, Elliot C.....	500
Garrison, C. K.....	1,000	Collins, George C.....	500
Grinnell, Mintum & Co.....	1,000	Cary & Co.....	500
Gandy, Shephard.....	1,000	Cutting, R. L.....	500
Harbecks & Co.....	1,000	Connolly, C. M.....	500
Howland & Aspinwall.....	1,000	Dows, David.....	500
Holliday, Benjamin.....	1,000	Dabney, Morgan & Co.....	500
Hunt, Tillinghast & Co.....	1,000	Delmonico, Lorenzo.....	500
Johnston, John T.....	1,000	Detmold, C. E.....	500
Johnston, J. Bowman.....	1,000	Englis, J., & Son.....	500
Lanier, J. F. D.....	1,000	Easton & Co.....	500
Lenox, James.....	1,000	Field, Benjamin H.....	500
Leary, Arthur.	1,000	Grant, O. D. F.....	500
Low, A. A., & Bro	1,000	Greenleaf, Norris & Co.....	500
Lorillard, Peter	1,000	Groesbeck, D., & Co.....	500
Morgan, E. D., & Co.....	1,000	Garland, John R.....	500
Matthews, Edward.....	1,000	Goodridge, Frederick.....	500
N. Y. Stock Ex., by R. L.		Griswold, Almon W.....	500
Cutting, President.....	5,000	Hoyt, Edwin	500
Ogden, William B.....	1,000	Hanna, Samuel.....	500
Opdyke, George, & Co.....	1,000	Howe, I. C., & Co.....	500
Phelps, Dodge & Co.....	1,000	Hurlbut, H. A.....	500
Parish, Daniel.....	1,000	Hoyt Brothers.....	500
Roberts, Marshall O.....	1,000	Haggerty, Ogden.....	500
Stewart, Alexander T.....	5,000	Kennedy, R. Lenox.....	500
Spofford, Tileston & Co.....	1,000	Lane, Frederick A.....	500
Stuart, R. L. & A.....	1,000	Livingston, Fox & Co.....	500
Sampson, Joseph.....	1,000	Lang, W. Bailey, & Co.....	500
Taylor, Moses.....	1,000	Lord, Rufus L.....	500
Tilden, Samuel J.....	1,000	Leamed, Edward.....	500
Wetmore, Samuel.....	1,000	Morton, L. P., & Co.....	500
Wolfe, John D.	1,000	Meyer, Samuel H.....	500
Weston & Gray	1,000	Marshall, C. H., & Co.....	500
Wheeler Samuel G.....	1,000	Mitchell, Samuel L.....	500
Ashley Ossian D.....	500	Mali, Henry W. T.....	500
Allen, Daniel B.....	500	Polhamus, T. & Co.....	500
Anthony & Hall.....	500	Place J. K. & E. B.....	500
American Express Co.....	500	Phelps, John Jay.....	500
Arnold, Constable & Co....	500	Phelps, Isaac N.....	500
Armstrong, M., & Sons.....	500	Quintard, Sawyer & Ward...	500
Andrews, Loring	500	Quintard & Everett.....	500
Brooks, Daniel H.....	500	Robbins, G. S., & Son.....	500

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

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Randolph, Frederick F.....	500	Draper, J. H., & Co.....	250
Russell, Charles H.....	500	Gentil & Phipps.....	250
Roosevelt & Sons.....	500	Halstead, Haines & Co.....	250
Selover, A. A.....	500	Jesup, Morris K.....	250
Shultz, Jackson S.....	500	James, Frederick P.....	250
Sturgis, Jonathan.....	500	Lottimer, William.....	250
Steward, John.....	500	Morgan, Henry T.....	250
Stuart, J. & J.....	500	Packer, Elisha A.....	250
Slade & Colby.....	500	Peckham, W. H.....	250
Skinner, F., & Co.....	500	Skeel & Reynolds.....	250
Stimson, H. C., & Co.....	500	Skiddy, Francis.....	250
Schuchardt, Frederick.....	500	Sherman, Isaac.....	250
Travers, W. R., & Co.....	500	Taylor, Robert L.....	250
Trevor & Colgate.....	500	Wesley, Edward B.....	250
Tiffany & Co.....	500	Talman, George F.....	200
Tuckerman, J. & L.....	500	Ward, G. Cabot.....	200
Thompson, Samuel C.....	500	Bentley, Norman S.....	100
Webb, William H.....	500	King, T. G., Sons.....	100
Winslow, J. F.....	500	Schuyler, Hartley & Graham	100
Ward & Co.....	500	Lockwood & Co.....	100
Worth, White & Kean.....	500	Whiteright, William.....	100
Wood Brothers.....	500	Chapman, Thomas G.....	100
Williams & Guion.....	500		
Draper, Simeon.....	250		
Devlin, Daniel.....	250	Total	\$105,000

General Butterfield was much interested in securing aid for the relief of the famishing citizens of Louisiana and other Southern States. The accompanying letters were found among his papers:

HEADQUARTERS, GENERAL RECRUITING SERVICE,
U. S. ARMY, 71 Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY, April 30, 1867.

ARCHIBALD RUSSELL,

President Southern Famine Relief Commission:

MY DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to transmit herewith a letter from Major-General Sheridan, written in reply to a private telegram from me, stating to him that \$5,000 had been appropriated for the purchase of corn for the destitute, and asking him if that amount would meet, in his judgment, such demands as ought

to be complied with. I have to request that the letter may be placed with your corresponding secretary.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 24, 1867.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

I am in receipt of your telegram of the 23d instant about the five thousand dollars appropriated for the relief of the destitute, by overflow, of this State.

A very large area of the best plantation districts of the State has been submerged, and there has been great loss of stock, and much destitution now exists, and will, I fear, for a long period.

The high water from the Missouri and Upper Mississippi, from the melting snow, has not yet come down, and will not until late in May. It may catch the present rise and continue the overflow until late in the summer. It will be a great charity to look after the victims of this overflow, for they will be completely destitute of the means of subsistence.

Had it not been for this misfortune Louisiana would have been beyond want, or nearly so.

I am, General,

Your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major-General.*

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

Various considerations induced General Butterfield to resign from the army. Chief among these was the death of his father, the care of whose large estate demanded from him more time than he was free to devote to it while in the service of the Government. He therefore, not without much regret, sent in his resignation, April 26, 1869, as Chief of the Recruiting Service, to which he was appointed March 6, 1866, and was soon after appointed by General Grant, then President, as the

head of the United States Sub-Treasury in New York, entering upon the duties of his important office June 23, 1869. For this position he possessed business qualifications and experience admirably fitting him for the place, which he filled successfully until November 9, 1869, when he resigned. On March 14, 1870, his resignation from the United States Army was accepted, and he then retired to private life, having given almost nineteen of his best years to the service of his country.

With every succeeding year we more and more realize the gigantic character of that struggle to the death, in which our armies were engaged more than two-score years ago; and to future generations it will assume its proper proportions as even of more vital importance than the Revolution. It was easier to gain independence than it was to maintain the integrity of the Union. In that preservation General Butterfield had an honored part. His courage was an inspiration to the men he led to battle, and, after the sword was permitted to rest in the scabbard, the same ability, directed in other channels, brought him the renewed respect and affection of his friends just as he long had the esteem and admiration of that great public which knew him only by reputation as a gallant citizen-soldier.

After his retirement to private life, General Butterfield continued to exhibit the same tireless energy and zeal, in the many business enterprises in which he engaged, that characterized his career in the army. He built a railroad in Guatemala, in Central America; he sought, in two visits to Russia, to obtain an important concession for another; he was President of the Albany and Troy Steamboat Company, of the Apartment Hotel Company, of the Butterfield Real Estate Company, and of the National Bank of Cold Spring. He was also owner of the Brooklyn Annex boats, connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a Director of the Mechanics and Traders Bank of New York. Notwithstanding these and many other business claims on his attention during three decades, the General found time to devote to aid his political party and personal friends, and also, as we shall see in this and the following chapter, found leisure to bestow on various public and private functions

in New York and at his country home on the Hudson where General Scott, James K. Paulding, Gouveneur Kemble, and many other great heirs of fame were frequent visitors almost half a century ago. "Cragside" is still well known for its elegant hospitality, and within the past twenty years many distinguished visitors from abroad have been entertained within its portals.

In the summer of 1870 General Butterfield visited Europe, and while there made a voluntary and exhaustive examination of the London and Paris post-office systems, resulting in an elaborate and extended letter, addressed to J. A. J. Creswell, then Postmaster-General in Grant's Cabinet. Its great length prevents its appearance in this volume, but the concluding paragraph of the able report contains a suggestion which is obviously an excellent one. The General, who remained abroad with his family for two years, says in his document, dated February 15, 1873:

"One feature I consider positively essential for thoroughly successful management and administration of a Metropolitan Postal District—that is, the employees must not be liable to removal with every political change. They must feel a certain and positive tenure of their positions so long as their service is faithful and effective, and provision should be made for a system of retiring pensions after a service covering the period of the efficiency in the life of employees."

On June 4th, 1877, the General lost his wife, to whom he was married at her father's house, in New York, by the Rev. Dr. Potts, February 12, 1857. Their only child, Edgar Brown, to whom Mr. Bergh referred in one of his letters in an earlier chapter, died at the age of four years during the summer of 1861. Writing to the bereaved father in August of that year James Emott, of Poughkeepsie, says: "I regret exceedingly to hear of your affliction—one than which there can be few more trying."

During the summer of 1886 the General made a second voyage to the Old World, and while there was married in St. Margaret's Church, London, September 21, 1886, by the Bishop of



Hotel du Parlement
Paris -
Monday Morning
June 17th 1872

General Motterfield's compliments
would be glad to have the pleasure
of General Wilson's company -
at dinner on Wednesday being
next at half past seven -

To meet the Count de Paris -

Invitation to General Wilson.

Bedford, assisted by Canon Farrar, to Mrs. Julia L. James, of New York. A beautiful wedding breakfast at the Bristol followed the ceremony, and cards were issued the succeeding day, containing the accompanying announcement:

Married (by special license from the Archbishop of Canterbury) at St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, on Tuesday, the 21st inst., by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bedford, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., of Westminster—General Daniel Butterfield to Mrs. Julia L. James, of New York and Cold Spring.

Hotel Bristol, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

September 22, 1886.*

Among the many gifts received was a handsome piece of silver sent to the General by the Comte de Paris. It was a massive and costly device for cigars, matches and ashes, all of silver, in the shape of bomb-shells, and bearing an engraved message of congratulation in facsimile of the Comte's handwriting, as follows: "Presented by the Comte de Paris to his friend, General Butterfield, September, 1886, with best wishes for the next twenty-five years." The latter survived but fifteen years, and the former but half that period.

Two later visits were made by General Butterfield to Europe, and on both occasions he went to Russia, with a view to obtaining a concession to build a railroad to Siberia. While in

*On Tuesday morning, the 21st September, the Bishop of Bedford and Archdeacon Farrar, assisted by a full choir, tied up in a workmanlike manner a gallant (and genuine) American general officer and a lady, whom, as he stated at the breakfast afterwards, he had known for more years than we care to remember. The proceedings from first to last were in that excellent good taste which characterizes (real) good American society, and might have been attended with much advantage by the Heir Apparent to the Throne. He would have found himself probably for the first in an undiluted circle of American ladies and gentlemen. There are others, but H. R. H. must look for them, and that rather actively. The Comte de Paris sent a four-page autograph letter to the chief in whose staff he was during the Civil War. A double parti carrée gave General Butterfield a "send off" at the St. Stephen's Club on the Monday. Two speeches lasted exactly five minutes. On Tuesday the Bishop of Bedford, in wishing long life and happiness to the General and his wife, late Mrs. Julia Lorillard Safford James, took up three minutes, and General Butterfield's reply two. The breakfast at the Bristol was perfect, and the flowers a dream of joy. Charlie Fraser, V. C., and Colonel Duncan, C. B., saw the General through on behalf of the British army.—"London Society."

this he was unsuccessful, he was highly honored by the social attentions extended to him and to Mrs. Butterfield, which included a visit to the Empress, by the latter, and to the General an invitation to attend a grand review. When he arrived in St. Petersburg he was received by several officers, accompanied by Baron Salomko, who was very near the throne, and he was the recipient of every honor that military etiquette could suggest. On the second day after his arrival he received an invitation to join the Emperor's Staff at a grand review of the army at Tzarskoe Selo. He said, "I did not bring my uniform." "But I did," answered Mrs. Butterfield, "and all but your sword is in my luggage." So the uniform of the Major-General was brought out and tried on, as he had not worn it for some time, and the General said (facetiously) that it had shrunk, for it refused to button. So the Baron Salomko sent for the Court tailor, and the necessary alterations were completed in time to start for St. Petersburg to join the Imperial cortege. The Emperor drove out to Tzarskoe Selo in an open phaeton, with the Empress, the Queen of Greece, and one of his sons. The carriage was drawn by four superb white horses to where his brother and the Royal Princes were, surrounded by all the foreign ministers, and General Butterfield found a fine mount awaiting him, and as he rode like a centaur the spirited beast knew he had a master. The Emperor jumped from the phaeton and mounted his horse, and rode up to the cortege, saluting all with his magic *bonhomie*. He rode straight up to General Butterfield, and said:

"General, we are glad to see you here; I am fully aware of your military career," and saluting again rode off in front to the reviewing stand, which was a hillock, raised from the immense plain, about forty feet high, on top of which the Emperor, with his staff, were stationed. He was a superb specimen of manly strength and beauty, six feet two inches, and weighed nearly three hundred pounds. His horse was changed three times during the review, as his great weight almost broke the back of the horse. Twenty thousand cavalry passed under the Emperor's view, each regiment—twenty of them—

entirely in one color: the first perfectly white—one thousand white, spotless animals, one thousand jet-black, one entirely a bright sorrel, and so on, and as each filed past the Emperor, they said, raising their caps, "Long live the Father," and he touched his hat, with "Bless you, my children." It was one of the most impressive scenes imaginable.

Back of the half-moon grounds was erected a large marquee, and after the review the Emperor signaled the General, and said: "General, I desire you to join us at luncheon in the marquee, where the Empress and the Queen of Greece await us." After a sumptuous feast the General, with some English officers, were presented to the two Royal ladies, who were most gracious, and asked many questions about our extensive country. Altogether the day was one to be remembered.

Other distinguished persons, from whom General Butterfield received gratifying attentions, were the Orleans Princes, the Comte de Paris and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, and their uncle, the Prince de Joinville, with all of whom the General became acquainted in the Army of the Potomac. For some months before the Comte's visit to the United States in 1890, many letters passed between him and his American friend concerning his brief American tour. Writing to Butterfield in September, he says:

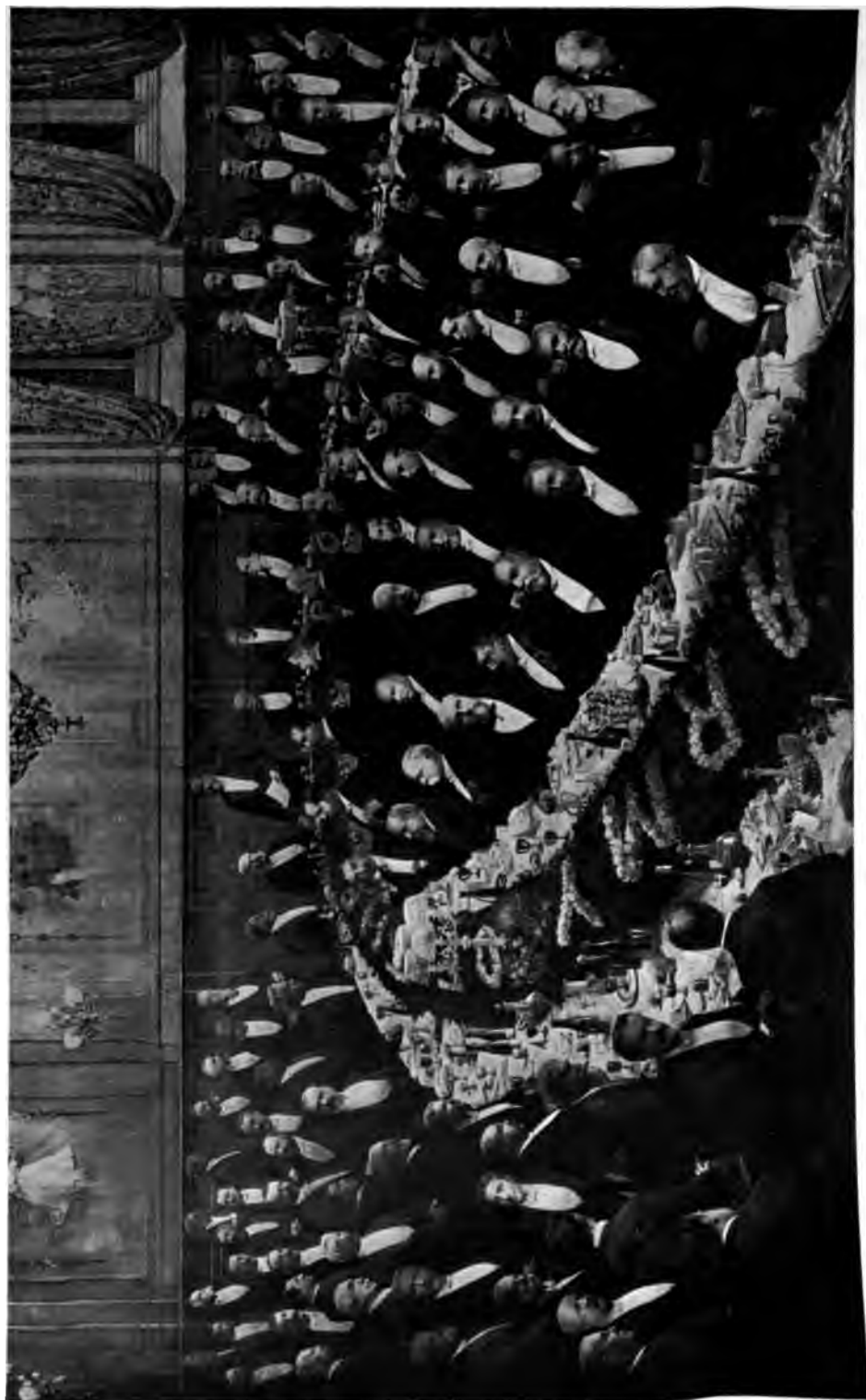
"This is the last letter which I shall write you before I land on the shores of your country. I thank you very much for your letter of the 4th, and for your telegram of yesterday. I am glad to see the names of all the old friends of the Army of the Potomac that I shall have the pleasure of meeting, and especially at the public dinner in New York, which will be such an interesting feature of my visit to the United States."

When he arrived in this city in October the Comte was fifty-two years of age. Tall and strong, with a slight stoop, a frank expression and firm mouth, a fine voice and a pleasant smile. His appearance, altogether, more that of a bourgeois than a candidate for the crown of his grandfather, King Louis Philippe. While cordial and friendly with his comrades of

the Army of the Potomac and other new and old American friends, he never forgot his high birth and the fact that he was the legitimate heir to the throne of his native land. He first came to the United States in September, 1861, when he was accompanied by his brother and their uncle, the Prince de Joinville. The young Frenchmen, desirous of seeing something of actual war, accepted positions as volunteer aids on the Staff of General McClellan, with the rank of captain. The brothers were known in our army as Capt. Louis Philippe d'Orleans and Capt. Robert d'Orleans, serving without pay or emolument. They were present at the siege of Yorktown, and took an active part in the engagements around Richmond, both acquitting themselves with great gallantry during the severe fighting of the Seven Days' battles. After McClellan's retreat in July, 1862, the Comte and his brother resigned their commissions, owing to the increasing coolness between France and the United States, arising from the interference of the former country in the affairs of Mexico. There was a possibility of war, and the young princes did not, of course, desire to be opposed to the flag of their native land. The French volunteers greatly endeared themselves to their Republican brother officers by their gallant service and always most courteous demeanor, much regret being expressed by all ranks over their departure and that of their affable uncle, the Prince de Joinville. Returning to France in May, 1864, the Comte married his cousin, Marie, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Of their six children the eldest is Queen of Portugal, while the second is the Duc d'Orleans, who accompanied the Comte to this country.

In a letter addressed to General Wilson in August, 1890, the Comte wrote:

"I expect to be in New York in the first days of October, as I shall sail with my son, the Duc d'Orleans, on September 24th. The chief object of my journey to America is to see Gettysburg, and other battlefields of the Civil War, and to visit Washington and Niagara Falls. I shall return to England early in November, so that my sojourn in your country will be limited to about one month. It will be very pleasant to meet you again."



General Doubleday.
Duc d'Orléans.
General F. I. Porter.

General Keyes.
General Sickles.
General Spaulding.

General Butterfield.
General Schofield.
General Parke.

General Sherman.
General Franklin.
General I. G. Wilson.

General Howard.
General Newton.
General Fairchild.

The Comte de Paris speaking at the Dinner given in his honor in New York, October 20, 1890, by the officers of the Army of the Potomac.

Among the many public and private entertainments extended to the Comte and his party of eight during their American tour, which included Montreal and Quebec, perhaps the most notable was the banquet in New York, by more than one hundred comrades of the Army of the Potomac, and the breakfast given at Cragside, Cold Spring, by General and Mrs. Butterfield. The dinner occurred on Monday, October 20th, including Generals Sherman and Schofield as guests and nine corps commanders, for whom the total number of places prepared were one hundred and fifteen, including the Comte and his seven, and the present Mayor of New York, who was also a guest. This remarkable gathering, represented in the accompanying illustration at the moment the Comte was eloquently responding to the toast to "Our Comrade, Captain Louis Philippe d'Orleans," was suggestive of one of the famous Waterloo dinners at Apsley House, where the survivors of that decisive battle were annually entertained by their illustrious leader, the "Iron Duke." Admirable after-dinner addresses were made by Generals Sherman, Schofield, Sickles, Slocum, Keyes, Howard, Franklin and Butterfield. The dining-hall was thus described by the New York "Herald":

"The Comte de Paris' recent path of glory through the battlefields of Virginia leads but—to the Plaza Hotel. It was in that superb new hostelry facing the Central Park that old comrades of the Army of the Potomac greeted S. A. R. last night with a welcome that was right royal in spirit, and splendid in hospitality. The great dining-hall in white and gold was furnished with two long tables gracefully curved to afford convenient space for the company of 105 warriors, who had combined as hosts of the evening. Through the centre of each table was laid a mass of American Beauty roses, suggestive of fragrant earthworks thrown up by skilful floral engineers. Through these barriers a procession of sweet white flowers spelled the words, 'Army of the Potomac.' Lingering along at last they reached the head of the table where the Comte sat, and then spread into an elaborate emblem made up of all the badges of the army corps which entered into the battlefields of the Poto-

mac. Immediately behind the Comte's seat was a huge plush shield in gray, emblazoned with three yellow *fleurs de lys*, flanked on either side by the Stars and Stripes of the United States and the tricolor of France. Lander's orchestra played the airs of the day from a graceful music gallery. When the company was seated, composed as it was of men who had tried hard work and done it well, I thought it far ahead of any public dinner ever given in New York."

The first toast of the evening, "The President of the United States," was responded to by General Sherman, who sat on the left of the chairman, General Butterfield, while the Comte occupied the seat on his right. When the cheering ceased, Sherman said:

"I might claim to be a member of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, for I was with you in that first dreadful campaign of Bull Run, and was with you again in time to join with you in the shouts you raised over your last glorious victory." Then the old General pronounced a eulogy upon republican institutions which, considering the character of the guest of the evening, caused some feelings as to what might come next. But he contented himself by saying that the Republic of the United States represented the strongest form of government on earth, and that the President of the United States was much more firmly entrenched than "emperors or kings, potentates or powers." Then he briefly reviewed the characters of some of the Presidents; paid a passing compliment to Washington; dwelt lovingly upon the memory of "Old Hickory," "than whom no man has left a fame higher for manly strength of character and will." Next he paid a warm tribute to Lincoln. At its conclusion, he said: "The cares of office are such that I would not endure them for one hour. If by my mere desire I could become President of the United States for twenty-four hours I would not do it. You who have never been behind the curtains have no idea of what your President has to endure every hour and every day that he is in the White House. That house is full of skeletons. Nothing could induce me to dwell there as President of the United States for

one day. I advise all you ambitious young soldiers to keep away from it."

General Sherman then alluded to President Harrison, and briefly sketched his war record.

"If anything should happen to him," he said, in closing, "a million of swords would leap from their scabbards to defend him, simply because he is the President of these United States. Therefore I say our Presidents are the strongest executive powers on the face of the globe—stronger than if they were armed with the authority of emperors or kings or any potentate whatsoever. Fill up your glasses and drink to the health of our President, General Harrison."

In proposing the toast to the Comte de Paris, General Butterfield, chairman of the hundred hosts,* said:

"The duty of presenting the next regular toast may not be, with strict propriety, devolved upon others, since the delegated and chosen representative of the committee must present it,

*The five-score and four officers of the Army of the Potomac who gave the dinner were:

Anderson, Finley, Lt. Col.	Grubb, E. B., B.B.G.
Averill, W. W., B.M.G.	Gardiner, A. B., Col.
Auchmuty, R. T., Bt. Col.	Grant, Gideon, Maj.
Asch, M. J., Brevet Major.	Greene, F. V., Capt.
Barlow, Francis C., M.G.	Hammond, W. A., B.G.
Barnum, Henry A., M.G.	Howard, O. O., M.G.
Baird, Absalom, B.M.G.	Harrison, W. H., B.B.G.
Benkard, James, Capt.	Hayes, Joseph, B.G.
Best, Charles L., Col.	Higginson, T. W., Col.
Butterfield, Daniel, M.G.	Heckscher, J. G., Lt.
Carr, Joseph B., B.M.G.	Irwin, R. B., Lt. Col.
Cochrane, John, B.G.	Jay, William, Col.
Coster, J. H., Capt.	Keyes, E. D., M.G.
Collis, C. H. T., B.M.G.	King, H. C., Bt. Col.
Candler, W. L., Bt. Col.	Kingsbury, H. P., Capt.
Cannon, L. G. B., Col.	Kip, Lawrence, Col.
Church, W. C., B. Lt. Col.	Kirkland, Joseph, Maj.
Clarkson, Floyd, Col.	Keyser, P. D., Maj.
Clarke, A. J., Col.	Kelly, F., Bt. Capt.
Doubleday, A., M.G.	Locke, F. T., B.B.G.
Eckert, Thos. T., B.B.G.	Langdon, Louis L., Lt. Col.
Erhardt, Joel B., Col.	McMahon, M. T., B.M.G.
Ehlers, E. M. L., Bt. Col.	Martin, A. P., B.B.G.
Franklin, W. B., M.G.	McKeever, C., B.B.G.
Fitzgerald, Louis, B.G.	Milhau, J. J., B.B.G.
Fairchild, Lucius, B.G.	McClellan, Arthur, Col.
Floyd-Jones, Delancey, Col.	Mall, H. W. T., Maj.
Greene, Geo. S., B.M.G.	Mason, W. P., Capt.
Gibbs, Theodore K., Col.	Newton, John, M.G.

even in the presence of many who, combining rank and eloquence, might more gracefully do it. Fortunately for us, there is need of neither eloquence nor poetry. The sentiment is so strong with all of us here assembled, there need be stated only a few simple facts.

"When the war of the rebellion broke out there was offered to our Government the services of Capt. Louis Philippe d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, and Capt. Robert d'Orleans, Duc de Chartres, his brother, in any capacity they might be useful to aid us—and this without pay or emolument. They were appointed to the rank of captain and assigned to duty as aides to the general commanding the Army of the Potomac.

"In the discharge of that duty, there was no battlefield or service of the campaign, in which they participated, where they were not known for promptness and efficiency in the performance of all details of each duty.

"Accompanied by the Prince de Joinville, their uncle, who, though receiving no official commission like these gentlemen, was always at hand to aid in every way, and when the battle came thickest and the fire raged hot they were all at the front in a spirit of sympathy combined with courage and devotion to our service which won the admiration and gratitude of all their comrades in arms.

Nicholson, J. P., B.B.G.
 Norton, Charles B., B.B.G.
 O'Beirne, J. R., B.B.G.
 Oliver, Paul A., B.B.G.
 Oakley, Thos. B., Col.
 Parke, John G., M.G.
 Porter, Fitz-John, M.G.
 Page, J. P., Capt.
 Porter, Josiah, M.G.
 Palmer, I. N., B.M.G.
 Plume, J. W., B.M.G.
 Pratt, C. E., B.M.G.
 Pinto, Francis E., B.B.G.
 Pierson, T. F., B.B.G.
 Pennington, A. C. M., Col.
 Powell, B., Lt. Col.
 Rodenbough, T. F., B.B.G.
 Rawle, W. B., Col.
 Ripley, Edward H., B.B.G.
 Robbins, S. H., Lt.
 Sickles, D. E., M.G.
 Sweitzer, N. B., B.B.G.
 Slocum, H. W., M.G.

Shaler, Alexander, B.M.G.
 Sewell, W. J., B.M.G.
 Stryker, W. S., B.M.G.
 Sharpe, G. H., B.M.G.
 Swayne, Wager, B.M.G.
 Stahl, Julius, B.G.
 Townsend, E. D., B.M.G.
 Tremain, H. E., B.B.G.
 Tremaine, H. E., B.B.G.
 Thompson, W. H., B.M.
 Tompkins, C. H., B.B.G.
 Tyler, M. W., Bt. Col.
 Upham, J. J., Col.
 Viele, Egbert L., B.G.
 Whipple, W. D., B.M.G.
 Webb, Alexander S., B.M.G.
 Walker, Francis A., B.B.G.
 Wilson, Jas. Grant, B.B.G.
 Weber, J. B., B.B.G.
 Weeks, Henry A., Col.
 Wright, Edward H., Col.
 Wadsworth, J. W., Capt.
 Weld, S. M., Lt. Col.

"*Our Guest*, whose coolness under fire, devotion to duty, intrepidity and courage carried with it such noble and manly qualities as to win our hearts as well, and when the time had arrived, as many of us who enjoyed the closer relations of personal friendship had known long in advance that he should leave us, it was a matter of deep regret that other duties called him from us. But he had not forgotten us. No countryman of our own has given such thought and careful study, such earnest, patient work, such impartiality and fairness in that work, as has our guest on his history of our war, which we acknowledge stands at the head of all efforts or work in that direction.

"These duties so gallantly and well performed, his manly and noble character, his simple ways and thorough devotion to all requirements of duty, the only purpose of true manhood, have brought us here together to-night in recognition and tribute thereto. In so doing we add another link to the chain of friendly feeling—and another page to the gratifying record of history of the friendship between France and America, and the records of the Sons of France who have served and aided our flag and our country.

"Comrades, rise and drink to the true man, the thorough soldier—the faithful historian, our comrade and friend—Capt. Louis Philippe d'Orleans, *Our Guest!*"

Addressing his hearers as "My dear friends and fellow comrades," the Comte, in returning thanks for the health which was so cordially drunk, and for the complimentary words with which it was coupled, expressed humble gratitude toward God Almighty for having allowed, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, so many of his late companions in arms to meet. He continued:

"Although successive winters have snowed upon our heads, a mere glance brings back, with all its associations, the long-forgotten remembrance of our youthful career. But for that cheering feature I might compare myself on my return to your shores to old Rip Van Winkle when he descended from the

mountains after his twenty years' sleep. Indeed, these shores witnessed less changes during the twenty years he is reported to have slept than during the quarter of a century which has only given a whitish tinge to our beards.

"Alas! on the other hand, how many whose memory is vivid among us, but who fail now to answer the call of the muster roll. Although I cannot name all those personally known to me who have departed from this world and are now, let us hope, resting in the abodes of eternal justice and eternal peace, let me open our present joyful meeting by a due tribute paid to the memory of the most eminent men among these warriors. First of all, to my illustrious chief, the creator of that great historical body, the Army of the Potomac; to the noblest type of the soldier and of the man of honor, respected alike by friend and foe; to George B. McClellan. Then, beginning by the veteran to end by the boy general, let me name old Sumner, the bull of the woods; McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Sheridan, Reynolds, Hancock, Sedgwick, Warren, Humphreys, Mott, Heintzelman, Birney, French, Sykes, Griffen, Buford, Wadsworth, Hays, Steinwehr, Williams, Reno, Richardson, Hunt, Kearny, Barry, Marcy and the young Custer, who met on the field of battle with a death to which no general can now aspire, for where are the wild and valiant Indian warriors who surrounded him at the foot of the Black Hills?

"And last, but not least, let me name the great chieftain, Ulysses S. Grant, who, although he did not properly belong to the Army of the Potomac, will always be remembered as its leader in its last and desperate grasp, with the not less noble army of Northern Virginia. His lucky star gave him the command at the right time to achieve the final success. With the names of the departed soldiers I must couple that of the most illustrious victim of the war, a name which will always be pronounced with reverence by the historians of this critical period, the honest and patriotic President who died for his country the death of a martyr. Allow me to pay a personal tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, whose kindness I shall always remember, when, in the first year of the war, com-

ing to discuss with McClellan the future operations of the armies, he never entered our headquarters without having a few friendly words with the young aides-de-camp who were at work under the direction of good old General Marcy.

"If I cannot name all those who are no more, still less can I express, as I would like to do, my individual sympathy to each of you gentlemen who have so kindly assembled to-night to welcome an old friend of your country. Nor could I name all the valiant soldiers whom I met in former days in camp or in battle, and whose hands I hope to shake again before I leave this country. But such feelings will find their highest expression in the grateful thanks which I offer to my friend, General Butterfield, and the gentlemen on the committee who organized this sociable meeting.

"Not less grateful am I to the two guests who have consented to sit among us—to the gallant Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, so worthy of the high post which he occupies, and to his illustrious predecessor, whose presence is an honor to us all. Sometimes great wars have been waged without producing great generals. It is not the case of your Civil War. It has opened the shrine of history to the names of men such as Grant, Lee and J. E. Johnston, who possessed most of the highest qualities required to play successfully that bloody game. But when the conditions of war are exceptional there happens sometimes to be a man who, by his military genius and achievement, becomes the highest representative of the whole generation of officers trained at that new school. In the present case, where indeed everything was exceptional, the sudden growth and number of the armies, the enormous extent of the field of operations, the peculiarities of a country thinly populated and newly civilized, the man has been found; it is General Sherman!

"Surrounded as I am this evening I cannot realize that twenty-eight years have elapsed since I first set my foot on this continent. I came then bringing to you my youth, my love of adventure and a then still virgin sword. It was in the hour of your greatest trouble, when it required perhaps some civic

courage to assert in the face of European prejudices a strong faith in the final triumph of your national constitution. I received the best reward I could wish in the numerous tokens of true sympathy which have created a strong bond of friendship between the American people and my family. And let me remind you that the origin of this sympathy can be traced to more ancient events; to the very birth of the nation itself. The name of Bourbon, recurring so often in American geography, shows the popularity which the House of France owes to the help given by my country to the emancipated colonies under the reign of Louis XVI.

"The generation which has preceded us had not forgotten how my grandfather, King Louis Philippe, after having been the guest of Washington at Mount Vernon, was wont to welcome all the Americans who visited France under his reign.

"Whatever sympathy I may have deserved for enlisting under the Stars and Stripes in the first period of the war ought to be shared with my uncle, the Prince de Joinville, the friend of Lincoln, McClellan and Seward; by my brother, the Duc de Chartres, the popular Robert le Tort, of the dark days of 1870, and by my cousin, the Duc de Penthièvre, who, too young to take a part in the war, entered at that very time your naval school, and, later on, made among you his apprenticeship as a sailor. All three being, thank God, still full of life and activity, ought to be here with us. Family duties have detained them in Europe, but they send you, through me, their most hearty good wishes."

After a reference to his recent visit to the battlefields in the South, the Comte spoke with great respect of the devotion of the South to the cause for which it had contended and of the bravery with which it was defended to the last. Then he spoke of the reconciliation that followed the war, and continued:

"Since then you have enjoyed the blessings of restored peace and union. No more striking proof could I find of this happy state of things than the way in which I was received in Richmond by the Confederate officers whom I met in friendly intercourse, and with some of whom I had the pleasure of dis-

cussing, on the very fields of battle, some of the most important historical problems of the war in which we had fought against each other. This great reconciliation has been effected by your Republic, because it is truly a national and therefore a strong government. And although I do not intend, as you know, to tread upon political ground, I cannot help remembering that three hundred years ago my own country, after passing through the ordeal of a civil war as bloody, as dangerous for its very existence as the War of Secession for the United States, saw its wounds healed by the gentle hand and the wise policy of a Power which was strong enough to rally all the French people around its standard, because it was also a truly national government. It was the monarchy of King Henry IV, and as the republican institutions are in this country, so monarchy in France is and remains, notwithstanding a century of revolutions, the traditional and national form of government.

"My American friends, who, whatever may be the party to which they belong, are good republicans in the most comprehensive meaning of the word, must therefore understand that the unanimous feelings of love and devotion for their old constitution, which are the strength and honor of their fatherland, cannot exist in France, where the republic is a new government, and that a numerous body of Frenchmen, faithful to the traditions of a glorious past, should consider it a patriotic duty to prepare, by all the legal means at their disposal, the restoration of the government which their fathers have served."

The Comte did not follow this allusion to French politics further, but expressed his admiration of the marvelous growth of this country, and said of the spirit of American institutions that it is marked by that freedom of association which brings together the individual forces, too often scattered in a democratic society, and preserves tradition on its movable soil. "It is by the practice of this liberty that you will successfully treat the great problem of the relations between capital and labor. The difficulties of this problem, although different, are great on both sides of the Atlantic, and the experience of one nation may be useful to the other. You have a strong faith in the

future of your country ; you are right, for faith in the future is a great element of success. I remember that in the worst days of the Civil War my American friends used to quote the old proverb, 'There is a special providence for children, drunkards and the United States.' Well, gentlemen, this jest is true only because the favors of Providence are justly bestowed on the countries where the name of God is respected, where the principles of Christianity are considered as the essential basis of all human institutions, where faith in the mercy of the Divine Judge is looked upon as absolutely necessary to reconcile every one with the unavoidable consequences of social inequality. Such is the case of the United States. These views have been transmitted among you from one generation to another ; they are the corner-stone of your education. And were they not prompted by the highest Christian feelings, all those young men who came willingly to fight and to die for what, on both sides, they considered as a just cause ?

"Allow me, therefore, gentlemen, to ask you to join me in paying a common tribute of respect and sympathy to the memory of all the officers and soldiers, both of the Federal and of the Confederate armies, who were the victims of the great civil struggle. Let us also celebrate the glorious reconciliation which brought together the survivors to serve with the same devotion their reunited fatherland. No one rejoices more in this happy conclusion than the Frenchman who stood by you in the hour of trial, and who is at the same time head of the old royal family which helped the first footsteps of your young Republic. I conclude, therefore, in proposing you to drink to the greatness, the prosperity and the everlasting friendship of France and of the United States !"

In presenting to the guest of honor a diamond badge of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, General Slocum said :

"M. le Comte de Paris: When it became known that you were to visit our country, the officers who served with you in the Army of the Potomac determined to testify their high regard for you and their appreciation of your services in the

field, and your still greater services as an able and disinterested historian. All your former comrades would gladly have accompanied you over the battlefields that you have visited. All are happy to greet you here to-night. We, who are present, have had prepared an emblem, and I have been honored in being chosen to present it to you. It is the badge of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

"The use of badges to designate the various corps of our army was adopted after you had left the service. We owe the adoption of their use to the suggestion of our Chairman, General Daniel Butterfield. He made the suggestion in the early days of the war, but it was not adopted till he became Chief-of-Staff of the Army of the Potomac. His position then enabled him to carry his plan into effect. Its value in promoting an *esprit du corps*, and in aiding in the discipline of the army, soon became apparent. In a few months every corps in all our armies had its badge.

"Soon after the close of the war the officers of our various armies formed societies. All these societies have held annual meetings, which have been well attended, and have preserved and strengthened the fraternal bonds formed during the war. The Society of the Army of the Potomac now numbers over three thousand members. The emblem of this society is a badge composed of a union of all our corps' badges. The one I have the honor of presenting to you is, in every respect, like that worn by all our members, except that this is adorned with diamonds, which we regard as typical of the purity of your character and of your motives in seeking service in the Union Army.

"I rejoice that you have been permitted to return and witness the fruition of your labors in a re-united, happy and prosperous country. Many officers in this room have received orders on the field, borne to them by you in the heat of battle. They have witnessed your gallantry in action and your readiness to share with them all the hardships of camp life. Although you subjected yourself to all the dangers and hardships common to us, in one respect you were more fortunate than most of us. You

created no jealousies and you were never the subject of criticism. When you left our shores you carried with you the hearts of all your former comrades. We ask you to accept this emblem as a slight token of our high esteem for you as a soldier, and in recognition of what is due you for your great work as the author of what we regard as the best and the most truthful history of our great Civil War."

The badge which General Butterfield called on General Slocum to present was made of gold and set with diamonds, the diamonds being the only exception to the regular Army of the Potomac badge. The inscription on the reverse of the badge was, "Presented to Capt. Louis Philippe d'Orleans, U. S. Volunteers, from his comrades of the Army of the Potomac." After the entertainment each of the Comte's five-score and four hosts received a circular letter, of which the following is a copy:

"CRAGSIDE," COLD SPRING-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.,

October 25, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR—It gives me pleasure to send you herewith copy of a letter this day received. I have been requested by the Comte de Paris to send you his photograph with his autograph attached. As soon as these are completed you will be advised thereof. I am, very respectfully yours,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

NIAGARA, Oct. 22, 1890.

MY DEAR GENERAL BUTTERFIELD:

My first thought, after leaving New York, is to express to you and to ask you to convey to my friends on the committee my sincere thanks for the cordial and splendid reception which you have given me.

My visit to the field of battle at Gettysburg with all the prominent survivors of the Army of the Potomac has been *unique* in its kind. The arrangements for my military tour and for my interesting excursion to Cornwall and Lebanon were perfect.

The banquet of Monday night gave me the long-wished-for opportunity to give a cordial greeting to most of my former

companions in arms. I was deeply moved by their sympathy. Pray convey once more to them my most hearty thanks, and believe me,

Yours truly,

PHILIPPE COMTE DE PARIS.

In addition to a photograph, elegantly framed, one portrait had a flattering inscription in the Comte's handwriting: "Presented to General Daniel Butterfield, late Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, Chairman of the Public Dinner given to me to-night by my fellow comrades, as a testimony for his untiring zeal and attention, October 20, 1890.—PHILIPPE COMTE DE PARIS.

The Comte de Paris having accepted an invitation of General and Mrs. Butterfield to visit "Cragside," with his suite, the General conveyed the party in his own steamer up the Hudson to Cold Spring, where the hospitable mansion was *en fête* to receive the distinguished visitors. Everything that grace, art and nature could accomplish was there. The whole house was decorated with La France roses; many hundreds were brought from New York. The day was one of those heaven-sent, which our early fall brings us, with cloudless skies, the air soft and balmy. On the arrival of the party, who were received by General and Mrs. Butterfield and the West Point officers, breakfast followed soon after. The table was set in a large octagon room, and, strange to say, the wall decorations were the fleur de lis, the insignia of the Orleans House. The breakfast table was in the form of a huge fleur de lis, and the cloth of white satin with fleur de lis embroidered in silver, and the table decorations were La France roses profusely arranged. The Comte and his suite were most profuse in their expressions of admiration. As he looked around the room on entering, he remarked to his hostess, "I see you have my roses and my fleur de lis." The breakfast was a very delightful one, and speeches were made and healths of the visitors drunk. One incident was very significant. The General had brought from his wine cellar some very delicious La Rose claret, which the Comte was very quick to recognize, and inquired about. He said: "I

have drank, since my arrival, some California claret, the Zinfandel, and prefer it to all other red wines, and have ordered some to be sent to Stowe House" (the Comte's residence in England). After breakfast the Comte and his hostess led the way to the north drawing-room, and there were assembled the neighborhood from many miles around Cold Spring. After a collation the steamer conveyed the entire party to West Point, where they witnessed an afternoon parade and drill. All expressed themselves amazed at the beautiful sight and efficient evolutions, and after a hearty adieu, the visitors were conveyed back to New York on the steamer, expressing themselves with great enthusiasm about the scenery of the Highlands and the entrancing autumn sail on the Hudson.

Another distinguished visitor to "Cragside" was an East Indian Prince. Captain Bridwales, of the British Army, was detailed, by order of the late Queen, to escort the Prince, Tharah Sahib, of Simbdi, India, who was making a tour of the world. The General appointed a day for the distinguished visitor to visit West Point, sending his steamer to convey the party to "Cragside," and many of the summer residents of the neighborhood, with officers and professors from the military academy, were invited. The day being perfect, made a brilliant background for the occasion. The Prince, who spoke excellent English, was in his native costume, wearing many magnificent jewels. His long outer garment of blue satin and superb turban made a very unique and Oriental costume. He was very merry and exceedingly curious, asking the hostess many questions. He spoke while at dinner of his religion, and was most eloquent in describing the adaptation of the different religious beliefs to the climatic surroundings of the people that embraced it. "For instance" (he said), "my country is a very hot one, and our religion obliges us to bathe three times daily; and for the same reason we are forbidden to eat beef in any form because it is too heating, and our religion takes care of our bodies as well as our souls." On entering the house he was followed by a tall, straight, turbaned servant, carrying on his back a large bundle, which excited the curiosity of all; but it was afterward

explained to us that it was a bath-tub, as they bathe so frequently, and are not to bathe in Christian tubs. After the reception all were taken to West Point to see the manoeuvres and afternoon parade. The Prince was delighted with all he saw, and expressed himself as most gratified with the excursion.

A third "Crag-side" entertainment was given several years later to the Grand Duke Michailovitch, a cousin of the Czar of Russia, the Admiral Kusnakoff, and a score of other Russian officers, who were taken to Cold Spring, with many other guests, including Admiral Gherardi and General Howard, in the steamer "Aurora." A large marquee, specially made for the occasion, of Russian colors, profusely decorated with flowers, flags and trophies. In this were round tables, each with a beautiful basket of roses, at which two hundred guests sat down to a bountiful breakfast. The Russian band from the flagship played alternately with a New York band. When appetites had been appeased, General Butterfield rose and gave as an informal toast, "Russia—America." All rose and drank to it, when the Russian Rear-Admiral rose, and said: "Let us drink to the health of our kind host and hostess," which was done, all again rising, music following. Again rising as toastmaster, General Butterfield said: "We are honored by having with us as a guest one, through whose veins flows the blood of a great uncle who was a great friend to America in the time of need—I refer to the Grand Duke, and I drink his health. The people rose *en masse*, and the Grand Duke bowed.

Again General Butterfield said: "We have with us a lady who is the widow of an illustrious chief of the army of the United States, whose name is a part of the history of this country, and in presenting the toast I know you will permit me to drink alone to the health of Mrs. General Grant." All rose and silence was maintained.

At the close, General Butterfield, in alluding to the presence of the Russians, said:

"It is a piece of history that when England and France had combined with their fleets, intending to give aid to the Southern Confederacy, they sent to Alexander II, of Russia, father

of the present Emperor, to ask Russia to join them. The Emperor, well knowing their mission, said to the commission: 'You may say to your masters, who sent you, that the American people have always been our friends, and when England and France interfere our army and our navy are at America's disposal.'"

Admiral Kaznakoff was a personal friend, whom the General had met in St. Petersburg and elsewhere. The Emperor and Empress, the uncle and aunt of the Grand Duke, had shown great kindness and hospitality to General and Mrs. Butterfield in Russia, and Russia had been the firm friend of America for half a century. The General felt a double inspiration of gratitude, of a patriotic and personal character, as well as an earnest desire to make our hospitality representative of the friendly sentiments of our best citizens. After adieus were said, about four o'clock, the Russian and other guests again boarded the "Aurora," and were taken to West Point. On their arrival at the Post they were honored with a salute, tendered a reception at the residence of the Superintendent, Colonel Ernst, and were given a drive about the grounds, after which there was a special review of the cadets for the occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

The Centennial Parade—The Butterfield Lectures—Gettysburg Celebration—Action in Spanish War—Raised Regiments—Distributes Flags—Presents Sword to Admiral Philip—President Military Convention—Fifth Corps Monument—Presentation of Butterfield Tablet—Illness—Death—Funeral—Tributes to His Memory.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD was Grand Marshal of the Civic Parade at the Centennial Celebration in New York, in May, 1889, when nearly one hundred thousand men passed the reviewing stand with unprecedented rapidity. Never before, or since, did such a vast number of paraders pass through the streets of the metropolis in an organized procession. The evening before the parade President Harrison, General Sherman and other distinguished guests dined at Butterfield's Fifth Avenue residence. When taking their leave, Sherman said: "Well, General, I suppose, as is always the case with these large affairs, you will keep the President and myself waiting an hour or two on the reviewing stand after the time appointed." Butterfield faced Sherman, and said: "General, did you ever know me to be late in any duty assigned me?" "No, Dan, I never did," answered the old soldier. "Well," added his host, "I will be at that stand on the minute, if I have but a single man behind me," and he kept his promise, with the hundred thousand paraders close behind, without a break or a hitch. Later the General issued the following circular letter to his numerous associates who assisted in making the occasion a success:

"Deeply impressed with the sentiment of patriotism entering into every detail of the People's Civic Parade at the Centennial

Celebration, and wishing to give some memorial to those who acted with me so efficiently on that occasion, I beg your acceptance of the accompanying engraving of our Address and of the silver case which contained it. Also drawings of the Medals presented to the Public Schools and the Veteran Firemen's Association. When the memory of this, our First Centennial, shall be shaded by the lights and progress of the present century, your descendants may look with pride on the souvenirs of your successful celebration of the progress of our city in the past."

In 1892 General Butterfield established a three-years' course of thirty lectures for Union College. As early as the winter of 1860-61 he had arranged a course of military lectures under the auspices of his Twelfth Regiment. Gifted by nature with special aptitude for organization, so well illustrated, both in his military and business career, he obtained the services of many distinguished scholars, statesmen and prominent citizens, arranged a series of prizes for student essays on the lecture themes, and managed his floating faculty also, conducting his classes with such success, that they greatly advanced the fame and usefulness of his beloved *Alma Mater*. One of the most valuable results of the course was the enduring emphasis placed in the worth of that close touch between the scholastic and the practical world, by which both profit; one in being saved from becoming purely visionary; the other in being made to feel the force of impulses that originate in the broader and more searching vision of the cultivated mind. The topics discussed were: education in various phases; military, industrial, State; political life, gubernatorial and diplomatic service, national politics, municipal government; electrical science; brain and muscle; architecture; astronomy in its practical aspects; roads; patriotism as kindled by the recollections of participants in the most memorable events of our Civil War; finance in the departments of banking and taxation; practical journalism; literature; the highest uses of wealth; and the lesson read from the book of life by intellects of rare insight and interpretative power. These lectures became such a popular feature of col-

lege life with the sons of "Old Union," that they have since been followed by other universities.

In 1895, thirteen of the addresses appeared in a handsome octavo volume of 429 pages, with the title of "The Union College Lectures—Butterfield Course." Among the prominent gentlemen whose discourses and portraits appear in the above volume, are Thomas F. Bayard, Ambassador to Great Britain, whose subject is "Politics, and the Duties of the Citizen"; Andrew Carnegie, "Wealth and Its Uses"; Henry W. Cannon, "Banking and Currency"; Alonzo B. Cornell, "The Electric-Magnetic Telegraph"; William A. Hammond, late Surgeon-General, U. S. A., "Brains and Muscle: Their Relative Training and Development"; Thomas L. James, late Postmaster-General, U. S., "The Postal Service of the United States"; Gen. P. S. Michie, "West Point: Its Purpose, Its Training, and Its Results"; Alexander H. Rice, "Some Inside Views of the Gubernatorial Office," and Frederick W. Seward, whose subject is, "Lincoln's Administration."

Dedication Day for the New York State monument, erected on the famous battlefield of Gettysburg, July 2, 1893, was an interesting occasion. The Grand Marshal of the day was General Butterfield, and the Orator, Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York. Generals and Governors were present, and the troops were arranged in four divisions, including regiments of the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, also from the Cavalry Corps. The Honorary Grand Marshal of the occasion was Gen. George S. Greene, then in his ninety-third year, the senior surviving graduate of the United States Military Academy, as well as the oldest living participant in the battle of Gettysburg, where he commanded on Culp's Hill the Third Brigade, of the Second Division, of the Twelfth Corps. The dedication ceremonial passed off promptly and successfully, as was almost certain to be the case with all military and civil functions, controlled by General Butterfield, with his great ability as an organizer, which he displayed in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Cumberland.

In connection with Lafayette Post, Grand Army of the Re-

public, of which the General was commander, he was instrumental in raising several regiments for the Spanish-American War, and in distributing six hundred American flags to the schools of Porto Rico, also patriotic literature, both at home and in our new possessions. He personally prepared a brochure which was widely distributed among the people for whom it was compiled in English and Spanish, entitled "Constitution of the United States of America (abbreviated) with Some Information as to the National and State Governments, Schools, etc. Prepared for Distribution to the People of Porto Rico, U. S. A., by Gen. Daniel Butterfield, New York, November, 1898." This little pamphlet of twenty pages contained the following preface, clearly explaining its purpose:

"This information pertaining to our Government has been prepared for translation into Spanish and distribution among the schools of Porto Rico. It is not done by authority of the United States Government. It is the voluntary work of the undersigned, who assumes all responsibility therefor.

"Lafayette Post, No. 140, of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, an organization of veterans of our Civil War (1861-1865), is an originator in promoting loyalty to the national flag by its presentation to public schools and ceremonious introduction at daily school openings. This organization has expended much money in patriotic work, in addition to charity and fraternity, which are important factors in its purposes and work.

"With a desire to advance and inculcate loyalty, the Post sends United States flags to the Public Schools of Porto Rico. They are reported as numbering some 550. The Junior Vice-Commander of the Post has kindly tendered his services for the presentation of the flags. He visits Porto Rico for this purpose. It being a fitting opportunity to distribute this information, I have had it prepared and printed. Colonel Bakewell kindly consents to distribute some copies of these pamphlets. If their distribution aids in information to our new citizens of the beautiful island of Porto Rico, and a clearer comprehension of the advantages and privileges of being

citizens of the United States, producing and increasing loyalty and American patriotism, my purpose will have been accomplished."

Elihu Root, late Secretary of War, wrote to General Butterfield, saying:

"I have examined the pamphlet containing Information to the People of Porto Rico, regarding our Government. I think the design is admirable and the effect will be excellent. It seems to me, however, that while you are doing so much, it is worth while to go a step farther and give them the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, complete. Twenty-five thousand copies of these, which could just as easily be distributed by the same machinery, would be of lasting value. They are really very brief. I see no occasion to criticize the pamphlet beyond saying that it is so good I wish there were more of it."

Acting on behalf of a number of admirers of the late Com. J. W. Philip, Governor Roosevelt presented a handsome sword to the former commander of the battleship Texas, at a reception given in his honor by General and Mrs. Butterfield, at their residence, 616 Fifth Avenue, New York, on the evening of February 3, 1899. Many of the guests at the reception were officers in the army and navy, the others being subscribers to the testimonial. Governor Roosevelt arrived at 9.30 o'clock, accompanied by the members of his Staff. At that time the reception rooms were already crowded.

Immediately after the Governor's arrival General Butterfield grouped the guests around him for the presentation. Colonel Roosevelt, ex-Governor Flower and the Governor's Staff stood at his left and Commodore Philip stood in front of him. General Butterfield then read the address from the inscription in the Album that was presented with the Sword to Commodore Philip, which was signed by all the subscribers:

"Commodore: The undersigned, your friends and fellow citizens of New York, have asked His Excellency, Governor Theodore Roosevelt, to present to you this sword, which we have caused to be made as a *Testimonial* of our admiration for

your character and for the *skill and courage* displayed by you in the command of the '*Texas*' off Santiago, July 3, 1898, when the Spanish Fleet, under the command of Admiral Cervera, was destroyed by the American Fleet; and in *special recognition of the Reverential Spirit*, which prompted you to give public thanks to God when the battle was won, and of *your chivalrous conduct* in restraining the cheers of your victorious crew over their vanquished foe, in words ever to be remembered in your country's history, '*Don't Cheer, Those Poor Devils are Dying.*'"

Governor Roosevelt then removed the beautiful sword from its case and presented it to the Commodore with an address which voiced incidentally his recognition of Admiral Sampson's just claim to the chief honors of the Santiago sea campaign. The Governor said:

"It is peculiarly pleasant to me to present you with this sword, for one of my last official acts as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was to break through regulations in order to give you the chance to have the turrets of the *Texas* so geared that her great guns could be used to the best possible advantage; and the sequel showed how well it was for the service that you should be given the opportunity to get the utmost use from the mighty war-engine entrusted to your care.

"When a commander-in-chief, afloat or ashore, has done the best possible with his forces, then rightly the chief credit belongs to him, and wise and patriotic students of the Santiago sea campaign gladly pay their homage first to Admiral Sampson. It was Admiral Sampson who initiated and carried on the extraordinary blockade, letting up even less by night than by day, which will stand as the example for all similar blockades in the future. It was owing to the closeness and admirable management of the system of night blockades which he introduced, that Cervera's fleet was forced to come out by daylight. In other words, it was the success of his system which ensured to the splendid sea captains under him the chance to show their prowess at the utmost possible advantage. But the actual fight, although Sampson was present and in command,

was a captains' fight, and in this actual fighting each captain did his work according to his own best judgment.

"You, sir, by your conduct, alike during and after the fight, by your courage, by your professional skill and by your humanity, reflected honor upon the service to which you belong, upon the State in which you were born, and upon the mighty nation on the roll of whose worthies you that day wrote your name with your sword. I give utterance to the sentiment of all New York State—a sentiment from which no man in the commonwealth will dissent—when I ask you to take this sword as a token of the high esteem in which we hold you, and of our grateful acknowledgment of your having done a deed which has added to the long honor roll in which all Americans take lasting pride.

"You and your comrades at Manila and Santiago did their part well, and more than well. Sailor and soldier, on sea and on land, have bought with their valor, their judgment, their skill and their blood, a wonderful triumph for America. It now rests with our statesmen to see that the triumph is not made void, in whole or in part. By your sword you won from war a glorious peace. It is for the statesmen at Washington to see that the treaty which concluded the peace is ratified. Cold indeed are the hearts of those Americans who shrink alike from war and peace, when the war and peace alike are for the honor and the interest of America. To refuse to ratify the treaty would be a crime, not only against America, but against civilization. We cannot with honor shrink from completing the work we have begun. To leave the task half done, whether in the East or the West Indies, would be to make the matter worse than if we had never entered upon it. We have driven out a corrupt mediæval tyranny. In Cuba and Porto Rico we are already striving to introduce orderly liberty. We shall be branded with the steel of clinging shame if we leave the Philippines to fall into a welter of bloody anarchy, instead of taking hold of them and governing them with righteousness and justice, in the interests of their own people even more than in the interests of ours. All honor to you and your com-

rades, to the generals and admirals, the captains and the men of might who showed such courage on the high seas and in the tropic islands of the sea! All shame to us if the statesmen flinch where the soldiers have borne themselves so well, and if we do not ratify the treaty which has been bought by such daring and such suffering and which will fittingly crown the most righteous war the present generation has seen!"

In replying, Commodore Philip said he wished he could find words—they were in the dictionaries, he knew—to reply to the kind remarks of Governor Roosevelt and to acknowledge the honor which had been done him in the presentation. He accepted the honor in the name of the officers and crew of the *Texas*, whose honorable record was won by the united efforts of all on board of her. The Commodore said he wished that all of the ship's company might be present to share in all—barring this, he added, waving his hand toward the sword. He recalled the successful efforts made by Governor Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to have the ship's twelve-inch gun mounts rearranged, so that the time between firings was reduced from eight minutes and a half to two.

President McKinley sent a letter expressing his regret that the pressure of his many engagements kept him from being present, and asked that his hearty congratulations and best wishes be conveyed to Commodore Philip. Among the other letters of regret, one from the Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, to General Butterfield, in which he sends regrets that another engagement prevents his presence. He says: "As I should be very glad to pay my tribute of respect to an officer who has rendered services so gallant and so deserving of the recognition you are giving him." Commodore Robley D. Evans said in his letter of regret that it would have given him great pleasure, but for his engagements impossible to avoid, "to see Roosevelt give Jack Philip a sword. I hope it is a handsome one, for he certainly deserves the best that can be made, not only because he is such a good old chap generally, but because he prayed so loud with his twelve-inch guns off Santiago, July 3, 1898."



General Butterfield's Dining Room, in his New York residence.

The sword has a pommel of gold capped by a sardonyx, Commodore Philip's natal stone, supported by the coat-of-arms of the United States. The grip is of carved mother-of-pearl divided into thirteen sections by gold rope. The guard is of gold relieved by a small section of silver. Where the guard joins the pommel are set two diamonds. It bears the arms of the State. On the blade is etched, "To Commodore John W. Philip, U. S. N., from His Friends and Fellow Citizens of New York." The scabbard is of silver, relieved by three gold bands, richly carved and decorated with diamonds, in which the Commodore's initials are worked. The sword-belt and trappings adhere closely to the regulation United States Commodore's sword.

Among other noteworthy entertainments given at the General's New York home was a dinner in honor of General Howard, then in command of the Military Division of the Atlantic, at which thirty-four men of distinction in military and civil life were present. Pleasant speeches were made by Generals Sherman, Slocum, Howard, Swayne and Butterfield, also by Bishop Potter, Senator Warner Miller, Mayor Low, White-law Reid and William E. Dodge. President Harrison, who commanded a Brigade of Butterfield's Division in the battle of Resaca, sent the following note:

MY DEAR GENERAL: INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 15, 1889.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of cards for dinner at your house, Thursday, January 24th, to meet General Howard. I would very much enjoy renewing my acquaintance with General Howard and yourself, as my old army commanders, for a time, but I am just now under restraints that prevent me from giving rein to my desires in such matters.

Very truly yours,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

During the evening Butterfield related an amusing incident connected with his old chief, General Hooker. He said: We received information at headquarters that some deserters from a Georgia regiment knew of the location and position of

the headquarters camp of a Southern general that made it entirely practicable and possible to send in a picked party and capture him. General Averill, commanding the cavalry, had discovered the same thing. A volunteer party was made up and permission asked to let the party dash into the enemy's lines and capture this Confederate chieftain. We were all in glowing excitement at the idea and hastened to General Hooker, then commanding the Army of the Potomac, for the desired permission. Imagine our surprise at a decided and prompt refusal. 'What! Capture General ——' (naming him), said Hooker. 'Oh, no! by no means. I know him well. The more generals of that kind the other side have the better for us. I would let him go instantly if we had him. I wouldn't run the risk of losing an orderly sergeant, or even exchange one for him,' and so our attempt at capture was abandoned.

"You see, some generals were not so highly esteemed. I told General Longstreet this story a year or two ago at Gettysburg. He laughed and said he didn't think Hooker had so much 'horse sense.'"

A week later General Butterfield presided at the Convention of the National Guard of the United States, held at Tampa, Fla. On February 21, 1899, he wrote to Col. A. D. Cutter, of San Francisco, concerning the military convention, saying:

Yours of February 9th, with enclosure of your plan, received here. The convention resolved upon a special committee, Gov. W. D. Bloxham, Chairman, to formulate and present to Congress a plan which should provide for the enrollment (enlistment) of the National Guard of the various States, as soldiers of the army of the United States as a national reserve—pay 1 cent per diem for all officers and non-commissioned officers, who are certified, by detailed regulars, to have performed the prescribed duties, the officers and non-commissioned officers to be regularly brought out and instructed in camp, march, sanitary, cooking and marching work, for a period of ten days, or less, if sufficient, each year, with and under detailed regular officers and in company with regular battalions or regiments of the United States army where possible—at the

expiration of the ten-day period prescribed, the privates to be brought out with the officers and non-commissioned officers for one week, and the application and promulgation of the instruction received given to the National Guard troops as a whole, with the aid of and under the supervision of the regulars detailed for the duty. Two or more States can be combined for such exercises. The pay of 1 cent per diem for the year to go to the State authorities, in lieu of present appropriations. For the ten days and week the regular pay and rations of the army for the time, to be paid and issued to those present for duty upon certification of proper performance, by the United States officers. This provides for an equivalent to the present appropriations for National Guard troops, and makes a handsome addition for the week and ten days' service.

These troops always to be under the authority and command of the State officials, except when ordered for national reserves for the army for the instruction period and for any emergency of war, riot, etc., by the President or the Secretary of War; when the authority of the State ceases for such period as the President or the U. S. Adjutant-General may demand or require them, being during such period under the pay, control and orders of the United States Government as reserves of the regular army and navy.

For service in the reserves the officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers must pass such examination and have such fitness as the United States Government may prescribe, their places being filled, in case of unfitness, by appointment by the President from the regular forces for such temporary service or of others recommended by the Governors of States, who may be found fit for duty for positions that they are to fill.

This is the general outline of the measure recommended by me to the committee on resolutions, and which was carried by the adoption of a resolution appointing such a committee to be selected and designated for the duty by Governor Bloxham, which committee was to confer with, and correspond with, the States not represented, and to hear and combine all favorable and proper suggestions from the various States that would be

in general harmony with the project and enlist general support from the National Guard and independent military organizations, State authorities, etc., to create a homogeneous body of reserves, organized on the same lines, rules and regulations as the regular forces, uniformly armed, trained and instructed, leaving to the home instruction in their localities the details of the manual, the drill, the formation and the battalion tactics, bringing out in instruction assemblages for such purposes what is required in field experience in war, such as roads, bridging, entrenchment, cooking, selection of camp, etc., the whole being a portion of the U. S. Army as reserves.

Your plan and communication will be referred to the committee. They will undoubtedly adopt from it any views that may seem to them of value and in accordance with the best accomplishment of the general patriotic purpose in view that they may deem practicable and useful therefor.

I write from memory only, and must apologize for any omissions or defects. It would be well, if in accord with the views and wishes of the National Guard of your State, that they should not only correspond with Governor Bloxham, but also enlist your representatives and authorities in aiding to secure such legislation, when it comes before Congress.

There was a feeling of general unanimity and accord among the delegates of the twenty-five States represented; a high appreciation of Governor Bloxham's patriotic and wise action, and a general confidence that good and practical results would eventually be arrived at. I shall return to my home in New York, after a short stay in Florida. Any further information I can furnish is at your service.

Governor Bloxham's most efficient and able staff officer, Colonel Proskey, will give you any details. The Adjutant-Generals of Virginia, Michigan, West Virginia, Texas, Florida and many of the States represented are heartily interested in the plan, which will not only, it is believed, aid very much and improve the various bodies of State troops, but make an efficient, strong, useful and healthy National Reserve, without depriving the States of authority and control over their State

troops, except in emergency of war or disturbances of the peace, when it may become necessary for the general Government to assume command and call the troops into service.

I hope to see general interest aroused in the matter at the next convention, probably to be held at New York, or Detroit, next fall. There was a splendid body of officers present at the convention, many veterans and able officers.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1900.

COLONEL EDWARD HILL, *Secretary*.

MY DEAR COLONEL HILL—You are aware of my intention for a long time to present and place in the Cemetery of the Battlefield at Fredericksburg, a memorial to the Fifth Corps, with the Secretary of War's approval, which has been granted. The monument will be of granite; a full sketch has been sent you. It will take a long time to finish the upper granite column. As part of the contract it has been agreed to furnish a large drawing and a model in wood, full size, that will represent the monument for the day; the whole contract to be executed by Hoffmann & Prochazka, New York. The cornerstone will be placed there on the occasion of the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac at its Annual Reunion, May 25th.

I shall rely upon your kind services, always rendered for our old comrades, to perform all duties proper and appropriate to the placing of the cornerstone and the presentation of the foundation. You know we are all getting along and no so appropriate an opportunity is likely to occur again. I have always felt that the magnificent services of the Fifth Corps on the occasion of that battle [it appears on a previous page], as well as many others, is something that should have a lasting memorial. I have always felt that there should be no failure in making some memorial to the whole Corps.

Reading the following order issued by me after the battle [it appears on a previous page], I feel to-day the same heartfelt appreciation that expresses, and it gives me great pleasure to place a lasting memorial of enduring granite to record our feeling towards and in honor of the Fifth Corps (whom I had

the great honor to command in that battle), over the graves not only of the many brave men of the Fifth Corps who are buried there, but also in honor of all the gallant and splendid soldiers in that famous battle.

I hope that many of the members of our Association and Fifth Corps may be able to participate, and for that purpose will you please issue a notice to the Association calling a reunion—perhaps the last one we may have, and secure their assistance in a tribute to all our comrades who fell or participated in that battle.

Please issue your usual notice to our Brigade Association and say that Colonel Morris will have notice posted at Railway Station of hour and place of meeting, and give Colonel King's correspondence.

Yours very truly,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1900.

COLONEL HORATIO C. KING, *Chairman of the Fredericksburg and Adjacent Battlefields National Park Ass'n:*

COLONEL—When advised of my election as member of your Association, you will recall that I asked you to announce to the Board my acceptance, and that I would do something handsome for the Fredericksburg battlefield at the first proper opportunity. My personal connection with the battle at Fredericksburg, as commander of the Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, and my great pride and gratitude to my command for their splendid fighting there, had long been an incentive to commemorate it on that field. After thought upon the subject, I could not see any propriety in the erection of a triumphal structure there, since we were very severely handled and hurt by the great General Lee and the Confederate Army. Having secured permission of the Secretary of War, I decided to erect a graceful monument to the fallen heroes of my command who were buried with others in the cemetery on Marye's Heights, where we assaulted, and let it bear testimony of my gratitude to my command. A contract was made for a granite monument, the design, which as Chairman of the Battlefield and



The Fifth Army Corps Monument at Fredericksburg, Va.

National Park Association you have seen and agreed with me as to its beauty and propriety, and that our marking the place would be a graceful tribute to our soldiers and recognize our defeat there by our old enemies, General Lee and his army. We have been mostly erecting monuments where our victories occurred. My severe illness for a long time has interfered with any work by me, since my overwork in the Dewey Reception in New York City, but I shall try to be present.

The contractor has promised to have the foundation and cornerstone ready in place for our reunion, and to have a replica wooden model in full size prepared and put on the ground, so all may see and realize what the monument is to be when completed, which will take some time. Col. Edward Hill, of the 16th Michigan Regiment Volunteers, who lived for a time at Fredericksburg, and was in the Fifth Corps, and Col. Thomas Morris, also of the 16th Michigan Regiment, and who now lives at Fredericksburg, both of whom thoroughly understand the battle there, and have written very intelligently of some of the battles of the Corps, will be present and aid in the matter. Will you kindly fix an hour and date for our ceremony? I trust the President, Secretary Root, or General Miles may be there and receive it, on Marye's Heights.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

The cornerstone of the monument, erected by the munificence of the Commander of the Fifth Corps, was laid in the presence of President McKinley and a vast multitude, and accepted by the Secretary of War, May 25, 1900. On Memorial Day of the following year, the monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonials, and an address delivered by Col. Edward M. L. Ehlers. Unfortunately, General Butterfield was prevented on both occasions from being present by reason of serious illness, which all deplored, and that terminated soon after in his death. Colonel Ehlers said, in part, to the thousands present, including Union and Confederate Veterans, with Sons of Veterans, and numerous citizens:

"Under this May-day sky, on this heroic ground surrounded by fields glorious in the promise of immeasurable harvest, by homes of happiness and of peace, we are assembled to crown the gracious tribute of a distinguished soldier to the gallant men he gallantly led in the conflict for the preservation of the Union. Memories, hallowed memories, cluster around this place. Yonder was the home of Mary, the mother of Washington. In that home were inculcated those lessons of maternal wisdom, the foundation of that peerless character, destined to achieve a nation's freedom. . . .

"We glory in the fact that no other land has produced his equal. Poets have sung his praise; historians have made him the central figure in the world's history. All nations respect his memory. Wherever civilization extends, in every clime and every tongue the name of Washington is the synonym of all that is good and great and true. The immortality of Washington's name does not depend upon the homage succeeding generations shall pay to his memory. The fidelity of his unswerving patriotism, the unsullied integrity of his personal character, and the unquestioned force of his military genius have written that name in living characters first upon the brightest page of the immortal record. He filled a mighty destiny and has left a name to which the generations of men yet unborn will pay homage when all the monuments a grateful country has erected to his fame are fallen into ruin. These hills and valleys have echoed the sound of his voice. His feet have trod the ground whereon we stand.

"'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'

"Rolling back the tide of years, other memories come to us of the forms and faces of the long ago—memories of men who, in their young manhood, cemented the fabric of this Union of States with their life's blood. Young men, our playmates in peace, our comrades in war, of each of whom it may be said that beneath his humble cap was a head as honest and noble in all its thoughts as any that ever wore a helmet or bore a knightly crest; beneath whose blouse beat a heart as pure and

unselfish as a woman's; filled with the loftiest courage, and the hand that poised his musket was as firm and true as any that ever splintered a lance in the courtly and chivalrous contests of old. Unknown and unmentioned save among their comrades and the sacred circle of home, their brave commander has not forgotten the sacrifices they made, and in loving remembrance has written his appreciation of their heroism in enduring brass.

“‘Our brave’: whom the eye desiring sees not and whom the ear attentive hears not. ‘Death hath this also,’ says Bacon, ‘that it openeth the gate to good fame, but good fame in its turn conquers Death.’ They are not dead although we no more see them. Behold how vast and various is their life! In this Memorial Day they live again, on the most heroic page of our history they move and breathe. In your hearts they are immortal in the deeper splendor of the flag they bore, in the supremacy of the Union they maintained, in the equality in that union which they secured, in the larger power and increased justice of the regenerated country that they served, and as our Comrades, tender hearts that hear me, they live now and shall live forever natural and noble and beautiful.

“They won the victory, but with what mournful and pitying eyes does Liberty still survey her triumph, bought, as all great triumphs have been, with tears and blood and heart-breaks. They died to preserve the integrity of the Union. We live that we may preserve its justice.

“‘The bravest are the tenderest.’ Long after Major-General Daniel Butterfield shall have passed away, this monument will remain as an evidence of the kindness of his heart, of his high appreciation of sterling manhood, and of his genuine admiration for those soldierly qualities possessed by the officers and the men of the Fifth Corps—that grand old corps which, from Hanover Court House to Appomattox, was front among the foremost in deeds of exalted courage. As Colonel of the Twelfth New York, his regiment was the first to cross the Long Bridge into Virginia at the commencement of hostilities. As Brigadier-General, his brigade was the first to capture a piece

of ordnance from the enemy, and he is the first of all the generals of that great conflict to erect a monument to the memory of the troops they commanded. His services on the Peninsula were brilliant in the extreme and were recognized by Congress in voting him a medal for distinguished conduct at the Battle of Gaines' Mill, June 22, 1862. His greatest service to the Army of the Potomac was the reorganization of the defeated battalions of Burnside into that disciplined, soldierly body of men which composed the most efficient army the world, up to that time, had ever seen.

"The introduction of badges, the granting of furloughs and making the companies responsible for the furloughed soldier's return, and the means inaugurated to ascertain the movement of the enemy were the creation of his brain. Under Butterfield's administration of the Staff Department, Lee made no movement that was not speedily reported, the number of his men, artillery and cavalry accurately known; and, consequently, every movement was promptly met and checked until that distinguished soldier was compelled to fight the great battle of the war at Gettysburg, in an unfriendly country. At Gettysburg, Butterfield, by protesting to Meade against changing position in the beginning of the fight, and insisting that the battle must be fought on the advantageous position occupied by the Federal Army, served his country more efficiently than winning a battle as commander of troops in the field. The brilliancy of his victory at Resaca won for him the distinction of being named the Bayard of the Armies of the West. Again, his valuable services in bringing order out of disorder, dispersing the guerillas, and protecting the line of transportation from Nashville to Chattanooga, were of supreme importance to the armies of the West, and were an acknowledged factor in making the advance of Sherman to Atlanta a success.

"The name of Butterfield is inseparably linked with a great epoch in the history of this Nation. He adorned this epoch by talents of the highest order, and a character beyond reproach. To whatever field of usefulness he was called his services were marked by unexcelled devotion and tireless energy. Splendidly

reckless in battle, fertile in expedients, careful and industrious, coupled with a conservative judgment, he stood in the forefront of the great commanders in the Civil War whose names are household words. He stands foremost of them all, soldiers of the Fifth Corps, in the loving tribute he pays to you by the erection of this monument, extolling your heroism, your sacrifices and devotion to the flag. Long may he be spared to enjoy the respectful homage of our people and the happy reflection that his name is engraven not upon stone, but upon the hearts of men.

"There is an indescribable pathos in the annual recurrence of this day. All here a year ago are not here to-day; all here to-day will not all be here a year hence. Slowly, surely, the remnant of the Grand Army that kept step to the music of the Union is joining the ranks of the greater army marching with noiseless tread upon the echoless shore. . . .

"It seems eminently appropriate that the service in which we are engaged should take place on Memorial Day. When that Titanic conflict, in which commerce was wrecked, industries decayed, navies sunk into the sea, and armies melted into the land, had ended, when at last, tragic epilogue of a tragic history, the greatest American died that the humblest might be free, was inaugurated the memorial service of those who had given their lives in the cause they believed to be just.

"This beautiful and touching ceremony, performed upon a day set apart for that purpose, had its inception in the hearts of the noble women of the South. Closely following the conclusion of the great struggle, they decked the graves of their heroes with flowers, and thereby hallowed the memory of those who had given their lives a sacrifice to the lost cause. The North, taking pattern after these devoted Southern women, established a Memorial Day to honor the services of those who had fallen in the defense of the Nation's flag. Here, let me say, if I had first seen the light of day under the Southern Cross, if my environments had been in the Southland, if its people had been my people, its traditions my traditions, I would have followed Lee with the same alacrity and consciousness of

doing the right as I did Butterfield on that memorable night in May long years ago.

"Oh, my friends, while war is terrible and costly, while it consumes the treasure of a people and immolates the flower of its youth, if it be the instrument to the accomplishment of imperative necessary ends, it is the mailed hand of justice, the preserver of society and civilization. To every nation is given the absolute mandate to administer justice. Upon that mandate rests the most sacred interest of humanity. If justice fails, anarchy follows, and the advancement in civilization will be lost in the chaos of a day. Is it not true that a just peace treads often in the footsteps of war? that the harvest of prosperity is often reaped upon the field of battle?

"Great principles of human progress have ever received a baptism of blood. Good and evil have always been, and must always be, and while virtue lives and courage survives, the powers that make for good will smite the powers that make for evil. When all else fails, when persuasion falls on heedless ears, and the firm statement of just demands meets no response, then the high duty of the hour, the full discharge of the great trust, leaves but one resort. War let it be. What war has won war will preserve, and while the clash of arms fills the wide air and drowns the voice of peace, let all men learn anew the eternal lesson that, at whatever cost, liberty, humanity, and justice shall rule the world.

"The justice of the great struggle for the integrity of free institutions and the emancipation of man is our only consolation for its terrible cost. A great hideous wrong was righted; an offense against humanity was removed; an essential principle of progressive free government was vindicated. Every man who contributed to these ends was an instrument of justice—an agent of the Most High. Let their memories be fragrant forever with the fragrance of the springtime of hope, the blossoms and fruitage of endless seasons of human liberty. Let me recall the words of Webster to the survivors of the Revolutionary War at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument:

“ ‘When you shall have exchanged your embraces, when you shall have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your Country, and what a praise you have added to Freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.’ So may I say to you comrades of old, look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and behold the happiness with which it is filled, behold its fertile plains filling to overflowing the granaries of the world, its snowy cotton fields tilled by free men that free men may be clothed, its mines yielding up to palace and to cottage the golden mintage and iron sinews of the world; its tens of thousands spindles whirring to the music of liberty and of Union. Behold its citizens protected in their just rights; its rulers obedient to the law, its free and benevolent institutions resting secure in the affection of a generous and loyal people. Yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your Country, and what a praise you have added to Freedom. Behold a nation powerful, just, humane. Behold her as she goes on her swift mission of justice and mercy to succor the oppressed and smite the oppressor, while civilization applauds and humanity blesses her. Behold her take her appointed place in the forefront of great nations, the aureole of liberty upon her brow, the fire of a divine mission shining in her far-seeing eyes. Behold her fame on every lip, her example an inspiration to struggling free-men in every land.

“Comrades, the army, the matchless army of which you were an integral part, has long since passed away. No more shall its bugles break the sweet stillness of the morning air as with their reveille they salute the coming day. No more shall the falling night hear the rolling tattoo of its drums; its tents are struck, its cannon have thundered their last notes of defiance

and of victory. Year after year, we who are its survivors shall gather in sadly diminished numbers as the remorseless artillery of time hurls its fatal missiles into our ranks, until at last a few old men only shall come together to honor this day, soon to fall themselves under the common lot; but as generation after generation shall pass in their long procession, while the great flag we bore in our marching columns floats over a free and united people, it will be remembered that, in their day and generation, in their time and place, our fallen comrades did for liberty and for law, for the Constitution and the Union, deeds worthy of immortal honor, deeds that in endless characters shall shine on glory's brightest page. . . .

"Mr. Chairman, in the name of Major-General Daniel Butterfield, I now formally present this monument to the Fredericksburg and Adjacent National Battlefields Memorial Park Association as his tribute to the memory of the brave men composing the Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac. The memorials of liberty, sir, have been as mutable as the vestiges of slavery, and to-day not a single stone remains of those splendid monuments erected at Marathon and Thermopylæ to commemorate the heroic deeds which gave Freedom and Independence to Greece and deathless glory to her history. The coming centuries with their dust and rust will obliterate the inscriptions upon this stone, the mutations of time will crumble and destroy it; but the heroic deeds for which it stands will live in song and story as does that Spartan band at the pass of Thermopylæ until the last syllable of recorded time."

The monument was designed and the work executed in New York. It is in Doric style, the bottom base is nine feet by nine, the total height thirty-eight feet. The tablets on four sides of the die are of bronze. The front contains the dedication; the reverse, the battles; one side names of the commanders of the Fifth Corps and the other the brigades and casualties. The column is encircled by laurel. The torus of base and cap are encircled by oak. The front of column has cap badge. The top has a polished ball and flame. The size of second base is

seven feet square. The size of die, five feet six inches square. The column is two feet ten inches in diameter by fifteen feet nine inches. The ball is two feet six inches in diameter and is polished. The flame is of bronze and fire gilt. The granite used in white in texture, with a bluish tint when polished, and was quarried in Barre, Vermont. The weight was forty-seven tons. The foundation was built of solid concrete, and was capped with native Virginia stone. Another tablet was placed on the second base after dedication, containing a record of the laying of the cornerstone.

At the thirty-second annual reunion of the Army of the Potomac, held in Utica, in the month of May, 1901, the Twelfth Regiment Veteran Association availed itself of the opportunity of presenting to the Oneida Historical Society a replica of the tablet on the monument of the Twelfth Regiment on Little Round Top, Gettysburg. Two others may be seen in Memorial Hall, West Point, and in the armory of the New York Twelfth Regiment. The tablet was placed on the east wall of the Memorial Building, facing the Oneida County battle-flags. It is of bronze, about two by four feet in size, and it contains a full-length bas-relief of Butterfield in uniform, and the accompanying inscription: "Major-General Daniel Butterfield wounded three day's battle of Gettysburg. Chief of Staff, Army of the Potomac. Was Colonel of the 12th Regiment at outbreak of the war, and brought it out April 21, 1861." Then follows a list of his twenty-eight battles, already given on a previous page of this volume. In accepting the gift, Judge Coxe, President of the Society, said, in speaking of Gettysburg:

"The great wave of gray dashed to pieces on the rock of blue. It was a glorious sight, and we of Oneida may feel a pardonable pride when we remember that behind that wall, which the Confederates never crossed, with the noble Meade and the knightly Hancock, was fighting Dan Butterfield, Meade's Chief of Staff. Well, it is all over now, and the battle-flags are furled; we are one people; and the soldiers of the South and the North now march under one flag. There is a

General Grant and a General Lee in the army to-day, but they both wear the same uniform."

During the General's illness, extending back to the date of the Dewey Celebration, more than a year previous, numbers of letters were received from army comrades, making inquiries about his condition, and expressing sympathy and best wishes for his speedy recovery. A single one will suffice:

DEAR MADAM: WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1901.

I see by a newspaper item that Maj.-Gen. Daniel Butterfield is seriously ill. I am the sole survivor of his Staff of 1861. In April, 1861, I joined the 12th Regiment as private. Without my knowledge the General shortly afterward appointed me on his Staff. He had the will of a strong man, but he was just, kind and considerate. A severe injury and illness prevented me from further service after the Patterson campaign.

Some months ago I had occasion to ask a favor of the General. Fearing he had forgotten me in the long years, I endeavored to identify myself. So different from others, his reply was not only made with military promptness, but with a womanly kindness he anticipated my wants, and with a kind heart he referred to certain of my acts that he knew would give me pleasure. My old esteem for him was rekindled into life. Actions overrule time and space. Kindly sympathy is the bond that binds man together, and I am moved, at this hour of his suffering, to offer—all I can—my recognition of his true manhood, and my heartfelt, voiceless prayer for his welfare.

I should, if not too much trouble, like to hear news of the General's condition. Excuse pencil. I, too, am old—67—only waiting until the shadows a little longer grow, and I write this on the impulse of the moment in the Library of Congress.

Faithfully,

H. M. MARTIN.

Early in April the General sustained a stroke of paralysis of the right side, in New York. Two months later he was taken from his city home to "Cragside," his country residence on the

Hudson, and after a gradual decline he died during the evening of July 17th. Three days later his funeral services were held in St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Cold Spring, and at their conclusion the large congregation were permitted to look, for the last time, on the face of the distinguished commander, who appeared in a Major-General's uniform. All business was suspended in the town between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., and flags were displayed at half-mast. At West Point the funeral procession was formed in front of the chapel, the General's old regiment, the New York Twelfth, in command of Colonel George R. Dyer, having the right of line. Other organizations parading were, Lafayette Post, of New York City; members of the Military Order Loyal Legion and of the Army of the Potomac; the United States Military Academy Field Battery of Artillery, composed of cadets, under command of Captain Greble; the Military Academy Detachment of Cavalry, under command of Captain Sands; the officiating clergyman, the caisson bearing the body, the friends in carriages, and lastly the battalion of cadets with side arms only. As soon as the column began to move a salute of thirteen minute guns was fired by the field battery at a distant part of the plains. Arriving at the cemetery, the body was transferred from the caisson to the place of interment by a detail from Company M, Engineers, and lowered to its final resting place, not far distant from the grave of Gen. Winfield Scott, and within view of "Crag-side," a few miles distant, across the Hudson. The Chaplain of Lafayette Post then read the burial service of that order, and the Rev. E. Floyd-Jones, of St. Mary's, Cold Spring, offered up a prayer, at the conclusion of which the assemblage joined in the Lord's Prayer. Then three volleys of musketry were fired over the grave by the entire 12th Regiment, and the bugler sounded taps. During the ceremonies, some twenty-five cadets were overcome with the heat, and some five men of the 12th Regiment. The sufferers all received prompt aid from the Hospital Corps of the 12th Regiment.

The monument which now covers General Butterfield's grave is thirty-five feet in height, and has an appearance of lightness

due to the sixteen slender columns upon which rests the superstructure. According to the sculptor, however, his monument contains the largest and heaviest block of pure white marble which has ever been quarried in this country. Though a native of Utica, and most of his life a citizen of New York, the General desired that his last resting place should be at West Point, and permission was promptly given, on his own application, but a few weeks before he passed away, by the Secretary of War.

The pedestal of the tomb consists of a terrace, the lower two steps of which are of one piece of granite, with a base fourteen feet square. The upper part of the pedestal is of the white marble of which the superstructure is also chiselled, and forms what is termed the third base and the die. On this foundation stand the sixteen slender columns with elaborately decorated capitals, each of which is ten feet in height. Upon the columns rests what sculptors call the "cap," chiselled from a block of marble nine feet square and three feet thick. This part of the monument had to be hewn from the largest layer of marble in the quarry of the Vermont Marble Company, at Rutland.

To obtain marble for the base, the pillars, the cap and the four buttresses at the peak of the tomb an area of one hundred feet square had to be cleared on this layer, which has an average thickness of twenty feet. Each piece was hewn out separately, and the block from which the cap was chiselled was estimated to have weighed twenty-five tons in the rough. By means of special apparatus this great piece of rock was hoisted to the ground, where a house was built about it and where workmen labored upon it with chisel and hammer for three months. At the end of that time the block had been transformed into a vaulted roof open to the sky in the centre, with four arches joining its corners, and decorated within with the fronds of palms and without with symbolic images, including burning torches, medals, scrolls bearing the letter "B," and the badge of the Fifth Army Corps, which the General commanded at Fredericksburg.

Above the cap are the buttresses of the peak, consisting of



Marble Tomb of General Butterfield, in the West Point Cemetery.



four marble shafts which slightly taper toward the top, where they join. Above all, instead of the conventional dove, are the outspread wings of the eagle of the Union. On the pillars are recorded forty-three battles and skirmishes in which General Butterfield was engaged, and on the face of the die of the pedestal are inscribed the dates of his birth and death—"Oct. 31, 1831—July 17, 1901." Within the pillars stands a Greek urn on which is engraved the name "Butterfield."

After the General's death his military library of about eight hundred volumes, including many valuable works, were presented by his widow to the Twelfth Regiment, together with a life-size bronze bust and the trunk of a tree from Lookout Mountain well filled with bullets. To this organization, to which he was so devoted, Butterfield was always ready to contribute money and time when an occasion called for either. To the Old Guard Association he displayed a similar devotion, and in its hall in the Armory may be seen large paintings of the crossing of the Twelfth Regiment on the Long Bridge and the Battle of Resaca. Copies of both these paintings appear on other pages of this volume. In the same place may also be seen a series of some two score war pictures by Edwin Forbes, the well known artist. These, together with a number of large and interesting engravings, have been presented by Mrs. Butterfield to the Old Guard Association since the General's death. When the State made a liberal appropriation for the monument of the Twelfth and Forty-fourth New York regiments on "Little Round Top," which was dedicated July 3, 1893, General Butterfield doubled the amount upon the condition that the rank and file should be remembered, and their names placed on the monument in enduring bronze. This was done, and to-day it is the most admired and grandest among the four hundred monuments on the famous field of Gettysburg. It stands on a rock, and is built of solid granite and bronze. Among the many thousands who see it every season, the usual exclamation is: "Well, this is superb!"

TRIBUTES TO GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF COLD SPRING-ON-HUDSON,

COLD SPRING, N. Y., July 18, 1901.

At a special meeting of the Directors of The National Bank of Cold Spring-on-Hudson, held this day, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The Directors of the National Bank of Cold Spring-on-Hudson have received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of their associate and President, Gen. Daniel Butterfield. And,

Whereas, General Butterfield was one of the founders of, and president of the bank since its organization, and who at all times was ever ready by advice, by personal exertion and material assistance to advance its interests, and to whose efforts much of its success has been due. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That by the death of General Butterfield the bank has lost the services of an able officer, and the directors an associate, the loss of whose advice and counsel will be severely felt.

Resolved, That the Directors tender their most sincere sympathy to Mrs. Butterfield in her great affliction and sorrow, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her.

D. W. HARKNESS, *Cashier*.

HEADQUARTERS 12TH REGIMENT INFANTRY, N. G. N. Y.,
Armory, 62d Street and Columbus Avenue.

NEW YORK, July 19th, 1901.

The commanding officer with sorrow and deep regret announces the death of Major-General Daniel Butterfield, who at one time was the beloved Colonel of this Regiment, and who by his bravery and distinguished services to his country brought renown and glory to the Twelfth. General Butterfield at all times was an ardent admirer of this organization, and by his deep affection and kindly interest stimulated our efforts to keep up the high standard of efficiency to which he brought the



Gettysburg Monument to the New York Twelfth and Fifty-fourth Regiments.



Twelfth during the Civil War. Whatever we have done during the many years that have gone by, since General Butterfield was the commanding officer, his love and support have guided us safely through many vicissitudes of fortune, and brought us renewed credit and approbation. The love of his memory will ever linger with us, and still be an example to all of us whose hopes and fears are for the welfare and good of our country and flag.

Officers will wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days, and the colors be draped. Announcement of the details of the funeral will be made later.

By order, GEORGE R. DYER, *Colonel*.
RENE A. DE RUSSY, *Adjutant*.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, N. Y., July 19th, 1901.
Special Order 137.

I. The funeral of the late Major-General Daniel Butterfield, U. S. Volunteers, formerly Chief of Staff Army of the Potomac, will take place to-morrow, the 20th inst., at 12:30 p. m. There will be no services at the chapel.

II. The funeral escort will be commanded by Colonel George R. Dyer, National Guard of the State of New York, and will consist of the 12th Regiment, National Guard of New York, General Butterfield's former regiment; the U. S. Military Academy Field Battery of Artillery and the U. S. Military Academy Detachment of Cavalry. The escort will march in the order above named, and the two detachments will form on the south end of the cavalry plain by 12:30 p. m. Upon the arrival of the 12th Regiment, National Guard of New York, it will form on the road just north of the cadet barracks.

III. During the funeral the following salutes will be fired: Thirteen (13) minute guns, beginning when the procession moves; a salute of thirteen (13) guns immediately after the three (3) volleys of musketry have been fired at the grave by the 12th Regiment, National Guard of New York. All officers not on duty will attend assembly at the chapel by 12:30 p. m.

The battalion of cadets, under the command of the senior cadet captain, will attend with side arms and will be formed on the grass between the chapel and the cavalry plain, facing south, by 12:30 p. m.

IV. Full dress uniform will be worn.

By order,

COLONEL MILLS.

W. C. RIVERS, *Captain 11th Cavalry, Adjutant.*

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Citizens' Savings Bank of the City of New York, held at the bank on Friday, July 19, 1901, the following Minute was unanimously adopted:

This Board has heard with deep regret of the death of Major-General Daniel Butterfield, on Wednesday, July 17, 1901.

General Butterfield was the last survivor of the trustees named in the act of the Legislature incorporating the Citizens' Savings Bank, passed April 5, 1860. From the time of the organization of the bank General Butterfield had never ceased to take an active interest in its affairs.

He had filled the offices of first and second vice-presidents, and served on special committees of importance, and for a number of years took an active interest in the investments on bond and mortgage, giving the bank the benefit of his knowledge and experience in real estate matters.

On the first call for troops at the beginning of the Rebellion General Butterfield went to the front as Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment, New York State Militia. He took a deep interest in the welfare of the soldiers under his command, and whenever practicable, induced them to send their pay, or part of it, to the Citizens' Savings Bank, for safe keeping. He endeared himself to the officers and trustees by his undeviatingly kind and courteous manner, and won their admiration by his sound and conservative judgment, and by his ability as a speaker.

The Board desires to express to the family of the deceased its sincere sympathy and condolence in the affliction they have

sustained, and directs that an engrossed copy of this minute be sent to them, and that the minute be published in the daily press.

HENRY HASLER, *President*.

CHARLES W. HELD, *Secretary*.

EXTRACT FROM MINUTES OF THE VESTRY.

At a meeting of the Vestry of St. Mary's, in the Highlands, Cold Spring, held on July 30, 1901, a committee was appointed to express, in behalf of the Vestry, to Mrs. Butterfield, and to inscribe the same on the minutes of the Vestry, their deep sense of the loss this church has sustained in the death of their friend and fellow Vestryman, Gen. Daniel Butterfield. The Vestry recall with grateful remembrance his wise counsel and zealous interest in the welfare of this church, so conspicuously shown at a time when the church was being relieved of its debt, and they will miss, at its deliberations, the eager part he took in all things that pertained to the support and progress of this Parish. The Vestry further desire to extend their fullest sympathy to Mrs. Butterfield in her deep sorrow.

ELBERT FLOYD JONES, *Rector*.

ELLIS H. TIMM, *Clerk*.

[Gen. Butterfield was elected as one of the Vestry July 27, 1887, and continued as such till the time of his death. He represented this Parish in the annual meetings of the Diocesan Convention from 1887 to 1900, and he was also a member of the Archdeaconry of Westchester County.]

At their annual meeting, September 29, 1901, the Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of Ascension Church, West Park, Esopus, New York, unanimously adopted the following minutes, and directed that they be placed upon the records of the Church, and be communicated to Mrs. General Butterfield:

We desire to express our high appreciation of the character of General Butterfield, for many years a Vestryman and Communicant, and a representative of this Parish in the Convention of the Diocese of New York. In all these relations he was a faithful and wise steward. He went forth in the defence of the Union, returning with well-deserved distinction, but did not forget the Church and home of his earlier years.

After removing to other scenes he attested his attachment to Ascension Church by renewing and beautifying its interior, and again more recently by presenting the lands adjoining the river, which now form a part of the glebe. Bearing in mind these evidences of interest in the welfare of the Parish, we would claim the privilege of paying tribute to the memory of our former associate, as one whose name and character will be held in grateful remembrance by those who shall come after, and whose example affords to us, who are now separated from his earthly presence, our consolation and assurance of his everlasting felicity.

Rector, Legh R. Dickinson. Wardens, John U. Brookman, Eugene R. Durkee. Vestrymen, Adam Neidlinger, W. H. Van Benschoten, George F. Neidlinger.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Union College, held at the Albany Medical College, Albany, N.Y., on the 8th day of October, 1901, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of General Daniel Butterfield Union College has lost a distinguished son, who manifested in many ways a warm interest in his Alma Mater. As one of the Alumni Trustees and as President of the Alumni Association he took an active part in college affairs, and as founder of the Butterfield Lecture Course he conceived and carried out a benefaction of great value.

His services to the country in the Civil War, which raised him to the rank of Major-General of U. S. Volunteers, are held in proud remembrance by all Union men, and his career as a public-spirited citizen is an illustrious example of the civic virtue which his Alma Mater inculcates.

Resolved, That this Board expresses its sympathy to the family of the deceased, and that the secretary transmit to Mrs. Butterfield a copy of these resolutions.

Extract from the minutes.

CLARK BROOKS, *Secretary*.

General Daniel Butterfield, of the Class of 1849, Union College, passed away on the 18th of July, 1901. At this, its first

meeting since that event occurred, the Union College Alumni Association, of New York, desires to place on record its profound sense of the loss which it and our Alma Mater have sustained by his death. General Butterfield's long career was full of honor and full of usefulness. In war and in peace he was a good and faithful servant of the common weal. The thorough-going patriotism which nerved him to risk his life on many a bloody battlefield, while the civil conflict raged, made him, during the tranquil years which followed, a public-spirited citizen, helping his country to win the grand victories of peace. Union College affectionately and gratefully recalls him as one of her most loyal and efficient sons.

He aimed constantly to advance her welfare. As a Trustee of the College, and as a member of the General Alumni Association, and of our own, which, for several terms, chose him for its President, he labored not feebly, not perfunctorily, but with his might. The lecture course which bears his name is a demonstration of his desire to be of practical service to Union, and of his ability successfully to execute whatever he undertook. This lecture course, in all that it implies of inspiration, instruction and entertainment, is a unique monument to his memory; attesting that the valiant soldier was an equally valiant friend of education. So long as Union College endures, the name of Daniel Butterfield, of '49, will shine brightly on her merit roll. He loved her, and so found her service perfect freedom.

It is ordered that this minute be spread upon the records of the Union College Alumni Association, of New York, and then a copy be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother.

Extract from the minutes of the first meeting of the year of Alpha of New York Chapter of Sigma Phi.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has in His wisdom deemed it best to take from the hallowed circle of friendship that Patriot, Citizen, Veteran General and Beloved Friend, Daniel Butterfield. Be it

Resolved, That as the Alpha of Sigma Phi at this, our first meeting of the college year, do hereby express our grief at our loss as citizens, students and brothers; and our deep sympathy with Mrs. Butterfield in her affliction. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Butterfield, and that they be inserted in our minutes.

E. P. V.

MEMORIAL OF LAFAYETTE POST.

[It is not customary for Lafayette Post to prepare resolutions on the death of its members, but at the memorial service at the end of the year for those who have passed away a record is made similar to the one that follows, is read at the meeting and then placed among the archives of the Post.—EDITOR.]

Daniel Butterfield was born October 31, 1831, in Oneida County, New York, and was the son of John Butterfield, one of the originators of the American Express Company, which built the first telegraph line from New York to San Francisco. Our Comrade was Lieutenant, Captain, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-first New York State Militia; First Sergeant of the Clay Guards, Washington, D. C.; Colonel of the Twelfth New York Militia; Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of the Regular Army; Brevet-Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, United States Army, for gallant service in the field; Colonel, Brigadier-General and Major-General of Volunteers.

He organized the Clay Guards for defense of the Capitol, 1861—pending the arrival of the troops. He commanded the famous Twelfth New York, and May 24, 1861, led the first column of Union troops across the Long Bridge into Virginia. In the Peninsula Campaign he commanded the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, was in many battles of those bloody days, and was wounded at Gaines' Mill. Commanded the Fifth Corps at Fredericksburg, was Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, and again wounded; was Chief of Staff of the Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps at Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain; commanded the Third Division, Twentieth Corps, at Resaca, where the late President Harrison led the Seventieth Indiana in the first assault, and held the enemy's guns.

In civil life he was active and versatile. Assistant United States Treasurer under President Grant. Grand Marshal of the Centennial Civic Parade; was chief organizer of the Admiral Dewey Reception; President of the Union College Alumni Association; President of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, and Chancellor of the New York Commandery, Loyal Legion. He joined the G. A. R., March, 1886, and Lafayette Post, August 2, 1895, and was its Commander in 1898, when it, under his leadership, raised 8,000 troops for the Spanish War.

Comrade Butterfield was a remarkable man, energetic to a wonderful degree, indefatigable in the pursuit of his aim, and fruitful in resources to accomplish his purposes. He died July 17, 1901, and was buried at West Point, by special permission of the Secretary of War, with his beloved Twelfth Regiment, the military idol of his life, as escort, and this Post, to which he contributed so much to add to its history and fame.

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 21, 1902.

To the Old Guard Association, 12th Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

COMRADES—The Special Committee appointed to draft a suitable minute for the permanent record of this Association of the Military and Civic Career of our late President, Major-General Daniel Butterfield, present the following for your approval, copied in part from the report to the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States of America, Commandery of the State of New York, August 31, 1901:

MILITARY RECORD.—“Private New York State Militia; Lieutenant, Captain, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel 71st Regiment, New York State Militia; First Sergeant ‘Clay Guards,’ Washington, D. C., April 16th, 1861; Colonel 12th Regiment New York State Militia (three months’ service); Lieutenant-Colonel 12th Infantry, U. S. Army, May 14, 1861; Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, September 7, 1861; Major-General U. S. Volunteers, November 29, 1862; Colonel 5th Infantry, U. S. Army, July 1, 1863; resigned March 14, 1870. Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Army, March 13, 1865, ‘for gallant and meri-

torious service during the war,' Brevet Major-General U. S. Army, March 13, 1865, 'gallant and meritorious services in the field during war.'"

CAMPAIGNS AND ENGAGEMENTS.—Defences, Washington, D. C., General Patterson's Shenandoah, Va., Campaign; Peninsula Campaign (commanding 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps): Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, Turkey Bend, Gaines' Mill (where wounded), Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glen Dale, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg (commanding 5th Corps), Chancellorsville and Gettysburg (where wounded—Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac); Wauhatchie (Chief of Staff 11th and 12th Army Corps, Campaign of Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain); Pea Vine, Ringgold, Buzzard Roost (commanding 3d Division, 20th Army Corps); Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Golgotha, Kenesaw, Kolb's Farm, Cassville. Congressional Medal of Honor for special gallantry at Gaines' Mill, Va., June 27, 1862. President of the Society of Army of Potomac, 1891. Chancellor of the New York Commandery, February 16, 1866 to May 2, 1866.

At the outbreak of the war General Butterfield was Colonel of the 12th Regiment, New York State Militia. He drilled and organized at Washington the "Clay Guards" for the protection of the Capital pending the arrival of troops. Returning to New York, he promptly recruited and brought to Washington his famous 12th, having been the first to offer the services of a regiment to the Government and (May 24, 1861) led the first column of Union troops, advancing across the Long Bridge into Virginia. He subsequently commanded a brigade in Patterson's column, and afterward the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, long known as Butterfield's Brigade, and distinguished by its unique bugle call: the syllables of his name adapted to the bugle notes.

His services on the Peninsula were brilliant in the extreme. His Brigade was the first in this McClellan Campaign to capture a piece of ordnance from the enemy at Hanover Court House, and he was the first of all the generals to erect a monu-

ment to the memory of the troops they commanded. In command of the 3d Division, 20th Army Corps, his troops also captured—at Resaca—the first guns lost by Johnston in Sherman's Atlanta Campaign. He commanded the 5th Army Corps in the sanguinary, but hopeless, assault made at Fredericksburg. He subsequently served as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac until wounded at Gettysburg, and it was here that his Brigade did such excellent work at Little Round Top. His greatest service to the Army of the Potomac was the reorganization of the defeated battalions of Burnside into that disciplined, soldierly body of men which composed the most efficient army the world, up to that time, had ever seen, and his efforts in this capacity were appreciated by none more highly than General Hooker. Recovering from his Gettysburg wound, he was ordered to assist this latter general in taking the 11th and 12th Corps from the Army of the Potomac to the relief of the Army of the Cumberland, where these troops, with others, were afterward constituted the 20th Corps, and General Hooker assigned to its command. Its 3d Division was made up of other troops, most of which had never participated in any battle until engaged in the famous assault on Resaca, in which Colonel (President) Benjamin Harrison led his 70th Indiana in its first assault and held the enemy's guns. General Butterfield continued in this command until, broken with fever, he was sent to the hospital before the Atlanta Campaign was ended. He was afterward ordered on special service to Vicksburg and down the Mississippi, and returning to New York on duty, after hostilities had terminated, was ordered in charge of the regular recruiting service. In all his military career the official records abound with the commendations of his immediate superiors.

The introduction of badges, the granting of furloughs and making the companies responsible for the furloughed soldier's return, and the means inaugurated to ascertain the movement of the enemy were the creation of his brain. Under his administration of the Staff Department, Lee made no movement that was not speedily reported, the number of his men, artillery and

cavalry accurately known, and in consequence, every movement was promptly met and checked until that distinguished soldier was compelled to fight the great battle of the war at Gettysburg, in an unfriendly country. There, Butterfield, by protesting to Meade against changing position in the beginning of the fight, and insisting that the battle must be fought on the advantageous position occupied by the Federal Army, served his country more efficiently than by winning a battle as commander of troops in the field.

CIVIC RECORD.—General Butterfield was born October, 31, 1831, in Oneida County, New York. His father, John Butterfield, a well-known citizen of Central New York, was one of the originators of the American Express Company, and built the first telegraph line from New York to San Francisco. Young Butterfield graduated from Union College in 1849, and prepared for the bar, but his age prevented his admission, and he, therefore, entered upon commercial pursuits.

In his civil life he was public-spirited and patriotic. He was a member of the New York State, Chattanooga and Gettysburg Monument Commission, in behalf of which his efforts were untiring. To quote his own words, he believed that "every inch of ground made sacred by the footprints of a soldier of the American Revolution should be identified for the benefit of succeeding generations," and that "every monumental tablet is a seed of patriotism fraught with silent and continuous instruction." He served as Assistant United States Treasurer at New York, under President Grant, and once, against his will, ran for Congress. He was Grand Marshal of the Civic Parade at the Centennial Celebration in New York City, in 1889, when the paraders passed the reviewing stand with unprecedented rapidity; he also conducted Sherman's funeral with equally masterly management.

General Butterfield was a man of liberal attainments, who loved art and scholarship. His book on "Outpost Duty," used at present throughout the whole army, was highly commended by Sherman, who ordered copies for his entire command. His researches in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris for the old

manuscripts of St. Brendin, who was thought to be the possible first discoverer of America, were a matter of national interest.

General Butterfield was President of the Union College Alumni Association of New York, and until very recently, regularly attended the meetings. He established a course of lectures there, given by distinguished men. "The Butterfield Course," as it was known, became such a popular feature of college life that the example has since been followed by other universities. In connection with Lafayette Post, G. A. R., of which he was Commander, he was instrumental in raising large numbers of men who were enlisted in the Spanish-American War, and in distributing flags and patriotic literature as well, in our new possessions as at home.

It was during his work, in charge of the reception of Admiral Dewey, in this city, in 1899, when he was the Mayor's right-hand man, that he was attacked by the serious illness, from which he never completely recovered. He continued, however, to forward to completion several historical tablets and monuments that he had promoted, notably the one at Fredericksburg to the Fifth Corps, which he himself had generously given. General Butterfield died July 17, 1901, at Cold Spring, Putnam County, New York, his funeral taking place July 20, 1901, at West Point, where his remains were interred by special permission of the Secretary of War. A Greek temple, commemorative of his deeds, will be erected there by his widow, this summer.

"The name of Butterfield is inseparably linked with the great epoch in the history of this Nation. He adorned this epoch by talents of the highest order, and a character beyond reproach. To whatever field of usefulness he was called, his services were marked by unexcelled devotion and tireless energy. Splendidly reckless in battle, fertile in expedients, careful and industrious, and possessing the power of controlling and organizing men in a marked degree, as well as administrative ability coupled with conservative judgment, he stood in the forefront of the great commanders in the Civil War whose names are household words." All who knew him, in either civic or military life, can

attest to his kindliness of heart and high appreciation of sterling manhood in others.

And when came the last bugle call, this man of valor rendered to his Maker the sum of his days and deeds, as one may who hath "fought the good fight," lay down his arms, and rest peacefully. He is not dead, although we no more see him. On the most heroic page of America's history he moves and breathes; in our hearts he is immortal in the deeper splendor of the flag he defended, in the supremacy of the Union he maintained, in the equality in that Union which he secured, in the larger power and increased justice of the regenerated Country he served, and, as our Comrade, he lives now, and shall live forever, natural and noble and beautiful.

Respectfully submitted,

ROBERT AVERY,
EDWARD M. L. EHLERS,
CHARLES E. SPRAGUE.

COLONEL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, 12TH REGIMENT, NEW YORK
STATE MILITIA (1861).

Every school boy in America is familiar with the story of the great conflict for the integrity of the Union and the emancipation of man; but the personal characteristics of the leaders in that struggle become known only as each passes on to the invisible army beyond this earthly life.

It has been said that the disappointments in life are great and the successes tragically few. This may apply to men in the aggregate, but history and observation teach us that the special man may make conquests from time—surmount difficulties—and attain the goal of his ambition. The failures of the general man result from the confidence reposed in, and the deferred hopes of, the eternal to-morrow; while the triumphs of the special man may be absolutely traced to his earnest action in the ever living present—in the realities of the to-day.

It may be said of Butterfield that with him there was no to-morrow in life. He displayed the unceasing activity of an ever present to-day. His eventful, useful and well-spent life

cannot fail to give satisfaction and gratification to the patriotism of all, and stimulate the young men of our land to nobler ambition, by emulating the example of him whose career was so singularly marked with unsullied glory and unspotted personal respect.

Butterfield was a born soldier. Everything he wrote, everything he said, everything he did, even at the commencement of his distinguished military career, give evidence of this fact. Before the commencement of hostilities between the North and the South, while others hesitated, he saw with prophetic vision the magnitude of the contest to be waged, and hastened to Washington to offer the services of his regiment for the defence of the Nation's Capitol. Within twenty-four hours after his regiment, then small in numbers, received its orders to proceed to Washington, he had recruited its ranks to its maximum strength, and at its head, on that Sunday morning, April 21, 1861, as he led the 12th Regiment to the front, began a public military career, brilliant and meritorious, justly entitling him to a high place upon the scroll of fame.

Shortly after the 12th Regiment reached Washington, it went into camp on Jackson Square. Here began a course of instruction which fitted scores of men in the ranks for the commissions they subsequently obtained in the volunteer forces. Twenty per cent. of the regiment were recruits, young men from every walk in life—the bank, the factory, the professions, and the various industries of the City of New York were represented in this undisciplined number. In less than three months the genius of Butterfield made them a disciplined body of soldiers unexcelled by any other in the service of the Government.

Many of the officers of the regiment, as then constituted, were not fitted to instruct these recruits. No one felt this more than Butterfield. He quickly overcame this difficulty by applying for and obtaining a detail of ten officers of the regular army, whose graduation had taken place in advance because of the breaking out of hostilities. The instruction given by these tacticians was quickly apparent in the manual of arms and the marchings of the regiment. The work of Butterfield in bring-

ing the regiment to a high degree of proficiency was recognized by the Government in his appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th U. S. Infantry, in May, 1861.

Butterfield, in addition to his natural qualifications as a leader of men, possessed the distinctive qualities of intelligence, patience and pluck. His orders were models of directness, clearness and simplicity. He was patient in the removal of every object which retarded the upbuilding of the regiment and fearless in the discharge of his duty as he saw it. While friendly and considerate to the rank and file of the regiment, no one even for a moment forgot that he was its Colonel. As a disciplinarian he had no superior, because the rank and file of the regiment believed in him and trusted him.

The control he had over the regiment was illustrated upon the occasion of a review of the troops in Washington by the President. As the 12th Regiment marched past the reviewing stand, General Scott called Colonel Butterfield to him, and said, "Your regiment, sir, marched like regulars." On return of the regiment to the camp, Butterfield formed it into a hollow square, repeated the words of Scott, and then gave permission to all, not on guard duty, to leave the camp until the hour of dress parade, with the injunction that none must come back intoxicated. Only two of more than nine hundred men found a place in the guard-house that night.

The tireless energy of Butterfield in fitting the 12th Regiment for active and efficient service, his perfect knowledge of every detail pertaining to the training of the soldier, his skill in the evolutions of the regiment at drill, his constant supervision of the theoretical and practical instructions of the rank and file, attracted the attention of the older officers of the army then stationed at Washington, who readily saw in the Colonel of the Twelfth promise of future greatness as a soldier, and one worthy of the utmost confidence upon any movement requiring capacity, judgment and nerve.

The advance of the troops stationed at and near Washington into Virginia took place on the night of the 24th of May, 1861. The 12th Regiment was located in the heart of the

city, and its departure was conducted so silently as to be unobserved, unnoticed by the residents in the vicinity of its camp. At midnight the several companies were quickly and quietly formed in the company streets of the camp, awaiting the order to march. A southern moon, tingeing every object with its mild and mellow radiance, together with a stillness almost depressing, gave a dash of romance to the occasion, which the living few who stood in those ranks will remember until the final muster comes. Suddenly a shrill whistle, from the centre of the parade ground is heard, whistling the assembly. Promptly each company moved out of its street on to the parade ground, and assumed its place in the regimental formation. Again came the whistle, column forward by the right flank, march. Without the sound of bugle, or drum, or word of command, the 12th Regiment was put in motion by the whistling of its Colonel. On reaching the north end of the Long Bridge, a number of regiments were halted, awaiting instructions as to who should lead in the advance into Virginia. Upon the arrival of General Mansfield the question was asked who should lead, and he replied, "Why, Colonel Butterfield, of course."

The story of Butterfield, from Washington in 1861, to Appomattox in 1865, is more like a romance from the graceful pen of a novelist than the portrayal of the achievements of a great man. His courage and genius contributed largely toward the success of the Union Army. Duty was his watchword; patriotism and loyalty the inspiration of all his actions. An American of Americans, he made for himself a prominent place among the distinguished men whose names adorn the history of our land.

EDWARD M. L. EHLERS.

General Oliver concluded the tribute to his commander and comrade, from which several extracts appear in the earlier pages of this biography, with the following paragraphs:

"General Butterfield was remarkable in his power to organize. He showed that most completely when the civic parade was organized by him, some ten years ago. No attention had

been paid to the civic and industrial parade, when General Butterfield took charge of it. Everything had been done for the military parade, but with the exception of the German division, which was at work on floats, nothing had been done for the civic parade. There was only one month and a half to get ready, and yet in that short time he had communicated with the different trades, and got them to make floats, with various devices, and had brought together a force of 100,000 men.

"I have never seen his equal as an organizer, and to bring order out of chaos. He was full of resources, and with him there was no such thing as fail. What was to be done must be done, and woe to him who would come to him and say, that he could not do this, that or the other. Fearless, with a quick eye to take in the situation, familiar with the different arms of the service, and the drill and evolutions of regiments, brigades and divisions. He was a born soldier, capable and efficient to the last degree, understanding the minutest detail. In civil life the kindly gentleman was ever ready to help comrades in need or distress."

NEW YORK, Jan. 28, 1904.

MY DEAR GENERAL WILSON:

May I venture to pay a slight token of respect to my departed friend, General Butterfield, by recalling a single incident, or I may say achievement, in his distinguished career? That was when I first made his acquaintance. True, as a junior staff officer, attached to another command, I knew that General Butterfield was successively a brilliant and efficient Brigade, Division and Corps Commander in the 5th Army Corps, while I was serving in the 3d Army Corps; but it was as the Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac that I came to know him in person, and to appreciate his generalship. So much so, that in the ensuing year, when the fortune of war threw me temporarily near his command, I was offered and promptly accepted an *ad interim* service on his Staff (3d Division, 20th Corps, Army of the Cumberland). My war-time acquaintance with him ripened into an enduring and mutual friendship that made his demise come to me as a personal loss;

[and I wish I could pay a suitable tribute to his memory. Conscious of my inability to do so, may I recall the special and notable service to which I allude—not always appreciated, perhaps, but only because not known by many of his friends and surviving comrades in arms?

Although he was not the commander of the Army of the Potomac, yet, so far as a Chief of Staff can be awarded credit, that naturally attaches to the Commanding-General of an army, the work of General Butterfield, as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, while under the command of Major-General Joseph Hooker, is entitled to an exceptional place in the history of that famous army.

The conditions, early in 1863, when General Butterfield was called to that distinguished post, were truly lamentable. At home the enemies of President Lincoln and of the Union cause were active, and encouraging fault-finding and fomenting dissensions. They had carried the November election in New York State against the Union party, although the latter was ticketed and supported by the War Democrats and Republicans. Many persons, even some in the army, believed that in some cases regular officers, holding commissions of high rank in the volunteer service, had no eager personal interest in bringing to a close a war that would reduce them to their regular army rank; and that sometimes untrained volunteer generals cared more for their political future than a zealous attention to military duties might permit.

The last call for troops had brought into the field new and untried regiments while yet the depleted ranks of the regiments that had borne the woes of a year of combats had, against all military protests, remained unrecruited. Officers, in many instances, who had gone home under various pretexts, had resigned because they easily secured commissions of higher rank in the new regiments, otherwise unfortunately officered by untrained or inexperienced men. The retreats, counter-marches and untold sufferings of the much-abused Army of the Potomac had been emphasized by the blunderings, or negligences, almost wilful, of generals high in command, at the

sanguinary battle of Fredericksburg, and the unfortunate "mud march," the following month (January, 1863). Absentees were overstaying their furloughs, so that the reported "deserters" (for they did not really "desert" their cause) sometimes aggregated one thousand a day! The spirit of the army remained undaunted; but its *morale* and autonomy were—to put it mildly—quite below the necessities of offensive warfare against a vigilant, courageous and elated foe.

It was under these circumstances that General Butterfield was called to headquarters as Chief of Staff to the commanding general. True, General Hooker's appointment, by President Lincoln, as Commander of the Army, had awakened an enthusiasm among the troops that needed only to be fanned to run aflame. But this was not all that was needed to constitute a cohesive, reliable and effective army. Supplies and men and officers might be assembled, but all had to be re-moulded into a re-united and forceful entirety. From the headquarters' staff to wagon drivers, from generals to corporals, duties had to be relearned and rehearsed; and each cog soundly fitted to its exact place in the great machine which was thenceforward to wheel into action as the new Army of the Potomac.

This was the task assigned to General Butterfield, and in less than three months it was silently and surely accomplished. First, the "headquarters" of the army became transformed from an habitual depot of delays to a model of neatness and dispatch in the transaction of public business. The staff itself was re-organized, and each department chief so specially instructed as to leave no doubt about what he was expected to accomplish, and how much or how little time he had to do it in. Each Corps and Division Commander was charged, with specified particularity, as to the requisites essential to the utmost efficiency of his command. Reports and reports were swiftly called for, exposing necessities to be supplied, and abuses or neglects to be remedied. Generals, for instance, were compelled to learn, without guessing, how long it would take their commands, or any part of them, marching with or without artillery, or trains, or furnished with supplies of all kinds for a

stated period, to pass a given point; how extensive would be the column; what space would be required for its various parts; and innumerable other corresponding inquiries demanded instructive investigations. Regular officers, specially qualified as experts in their respective arms, were sent through the artillery, the cavalry, the infantry, the ordnance, quartermasters', commissary and ambulance trains; and all departments and sections of the army were thus subjected to most rigid and frequent inspections. Reviews by batteries, regiments, brigades, divisions and corps, were incessant. The cavalry was reorganized, and for the first time consolidated into a single corps: taught to act independently, and to rely on itself. An efficient secret service department was organized for the first time in that army. A system of flags and badges was instituted, the designs and colors of which told at a glance the corps, division and brigade to which anybody belonged—a system fashioned after the red patch devised by the lamented Kearny for his own Division, and so developed and applied by the new Chief of Staff that it was adapted to and adopted in all the Union armies for the rest of the war.

By a system of furloughs every man was given a chance to visit his home before the spring campaign. Men absent beyond their leave were given opportunities honorably to rejoin their regiments; and willingly they returned by hundreds and by thousands, notwithstanding, in many cases, the discouragements of neighbors at home. It is a pity that there is no known diary of all the patient and exacting labors of those short months, under the vigorous devices of this new Chief of Staff. He made every individual in the army sensitive to the spirit and the touch of the new commanding general.

By the time, at the end of the winter, that President Lincoln had separately reviewed every army corps, paraded as each one was for him in their proud rehabilitation, there was no man in the Army of the Potomac who was not as proud of his membership in it, as he was loyal to his duty, his President and his General.

It is in no sense detracting from the well-earned distinction

due to General Hooker, the commanding general, for this service, to recognize that it was so successfully achieved under him by the persistent and sagacious efforts of his Chief of Staff. Nor is it unjust to his predecessors to affirm that hitherto that army had never before had that kind of a Chief of Staff. If proofs were wanting, it might be said that never before did the Army of the Potomac accomplish such concealed and extended marches as when in June, 1863, it abandoned the Rapahannock to surprise Lee at Gettysburg.

It was during a great part of this period of General Butterfield's service as Chief of Staff that I was almost daily at the army headquarters, finally serving there as aide-de-camp to the commanding general, until General Hooker was relieved from command on the eve of that supreme combat and decisive engagement, when I returned again to the Third Corps. And so it has happened that I have always felt that no adequate recognition has been historically awarded to our lamented friend for the distinguished and useful service he rendered to the army and the country in the comparatively brief period covered by his assignment as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY EDWIN TREMAIN.

23 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. CITY, Feb. 24, 1904.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I am glad to hear that you are at work on a memorial volume dedicated to the memory of my old friend and comrade, Major-General Daniel Butterfield.

At the outset of the Civil War he commanded the Twelfth National Guard, in which I had served as a captain during the early 50's. I remember very well, in the spring of '61, seeing him in front of his regiment on Franklin Square where the ceremonies of guard mounting and evening parade attracted multitudes of admiring spectators, among whom were many regular officers. The regiment was, indeed, a conspicuous example for the volunteer troops then gathering at the National Capitol. It was not long before Butterfield and the Twelfth

came under the notice of Lieutenant-General Scott, then commanding the army, and Butterfield was given prominent rank in the regular service.

He at once gained distinction in the Peninsular Campaign, in which he commanded a brigade; afterwards, as a division commander, and while temporarily in command of the 5th Army Corps, he won fresh honors. As Chief of Staff in the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns, under Hooker and Meade, he developed a high order of ability in handling great armies, as well in the movement and concentration of large columns as in the disposition of forces for battle.

In the Gettysburg Campaign, after Hooker was relieved, Butterfield was in a position to impart to General Meade all of Hooker's plans of campaign; in so doing he contributed largely to our success at Gettysburg. His rapid concentration of our widely separated columns after the unforeseen collision of Reynolds and Ewell, on July 1st, was a signal display of logistics. I have never met his superior as an executive officer, always displaying quickness of perception, prompt decision and ready facilities for action.

His last exploit under my own eye was in 1892, at Gettysburg, where, upon the suggestion of my colleague, General Slocum, Butterfield was chosen to improvise an organization of some ten thousand New York veterans, who were assembled to dedicate a monument erected by the State to commemorate the services of its troops on that battlefield. These men were brought from all parts of the State. They belonged to many distinct regiments, batteries, brigades, divisions and corps. It was necessary, in a day, to put them in shape under their respective flags and organizations. This was done by Butterfield with marvelous facility and dispatch, so that when he moved from the village to the field at the head of his column the spectators might well have thought that it was an army marching to battle.

If you have not already consulted the Records of the Rebellion, published by the War Department, you will find in those volumes a good deal about Butterfield that would interest your

readers. For example, you might speak of the admirable initiative given to the Chancellorsville Campaign by throwing the 5th, 11th and 12th Army Corps across the Rapidan and Rappahannock with so much secrecy and celerity that the enemy's pickets were surprised and captured, thus affording General Hooker a chance to place a superior force on General Lee's communications and bottle him up in Fredericksburg. Unfortunately, Hooker did not profit by this opportunity, but shut himself up, blindfolded, in the Wilderness forest, an easy prey to Lee's enterprise and Jackson's audacity.

I enclose for your perusal, if you have not seen it, a copy of Butterfield's order for the famous movement of the 11th and 12th Corps from Washington to Tennessee; also the order of President Lincoln directing this movement and placing all the resources of the country at the disposal of Hooker for the speedy reinforcement of Thomas at Chattanooga.—[*Vide* Chapter IV, pp. 135-6.—EDITOR.]

Butterfield was detached from headquarters in the Chancellorsville Campaign for a couple of days and sent to Fredericksburg to direct the operations of the three army corps under the command of General Sedgwick, on the left flank. He manoeuvred to cross the river and assault Fredericksburg, while Hooker was operating on the other flank. Butterfield remained in charge until Fredericksburg was occupied by General Sedgwick, and until after the repulse of his advance toward a junction with Hooker and his return across the river at Banks' Ford. Hooker could not have given a better proof of his confidence in the judgment and skill of his Chief of Staff.

At Resaca I saw Butterfield directing the assault made by his division on Johnson's stronghold,—a formidable redoubt on a hill commanding the enemy's line of retreat, covered on each flank and on the rear by a large body of troops intrenched in deep rifle pits. Butterfield's assault was successful, but the work could not be held by our troops against the concentrated fire of the intrenched enemy, nor would we permit the enemy to return to the redoubt, which remained vacant with its guns until nightfall. This was a brilliant feat of arms, which had

been unsuccessfully essayed by other divisions representing the armies concentrated under Sherman's command in his Georgia Campaign.

Towards nine o'clock at night, while dining with Hooker, we heard loud cheers outside of our tent, when an aide-de-camp reported that the guns from the redoubt had been brought up to headquarters. The officer in charge of the detachment came in and told us that after dark our men, who were resting on their arms on the slope of the hill, had dug down the embrasures with their bayonets and hands until they could bring out the guns without exposure to the enemy's fire, when they were all run down the slope and brought to our camp.

I shall look forward to your volume with great interest, and shall give it a place in my library among the books to be read often, when I desire to revive old and pleasant memories.

Very sincerely yours,

D. SICKLES, *Major-General, U. S. A.*

GEN. JAS. GRANT WILSON,

15 East 74th Street, N. Y. City.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TRAIN,

DEAR GENERAL WILSON:

March 12, 1904.

Your second letter, 9th inst., is just at hand, and I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to write you a few sentences concerning General Daniel Butterfield, to be embraced in your contemplated publication.

My first acquaintance with Butterfield was when he was Colonel of the Twelfth New York Volunteers. His regiment had a handsome uniform, very noticeable to all who passed by Franklin Square, in Washington, D. C., where it was encamped on the arrival of my regiment (Third Maine), on the first of June, 1861. I had hardly gone into camp, near Columbian College, before I was detailed as a member of a courtmartial. Butterfield was president of the court, and conducted it, for several days, with as much ease and ability as any regular army officer could have done. From that time through the

war, campaigns and battles of the Army of the Potomac, whether as commanding troops or on duty at headquarters as Chief of Staff, I was ever more or less closely associated with him. One thing he did, and that very early in our field experiences: it was to prepare and circulate a plan of outpost duty. We had Mahan's book, but there was a great need of something that would adapt itself to new circumstances, where a large army was forming in the face of a hostile force. Butterfield's plan was simple, easily mastered by officers and men, and very effective in covering our large frontage, keeping the main body in comparative safety. I do not wonder that his circulars so soon eventuated in a convenient hand-book for the use of the army. I am assured that it has never been replaced by any other author, so completely did he cover the ground.

I saw him in action, commanding a Division at Resaca. He was cool and clear-headed, and fought his portion of the line with skill and persistency.

Benjamin Harrison, then Colonel, commanding a Brigade (afterward President), was under Butterfield's orders in that battle. I remember seeing Butterfield also in action in our night engagement in Lookout Valley. He always had the same quiet bearing, whatever the excitement around him, and that night was unusually trying.

General Butterfield's organizing powers were remarkable. When General Slocum and myself were looking for an officer to marshal the immense escort at General Sherman's funeral, in New York, our first thought fell upon Butterfield. He took up the work, and so arranged the troops as they came to the city, both the Regulars and the National Guard, that there was, from start to finish, a perfect order. The escort started at the hour designated, and there was no halting or crowding during the long march from General Sherman's house to the New Jersey crossing. As I had command of the troops that day, I felt grateful for the thoroughness of Butterfield's work. This was an example, long after the war, of the qualities which made him distinguished from the beginning to the end of that struggle. As Chief of Hooker's Staff, and later, of Meade's, at

Gettysburg, he should have credit for organizing and reorganizing the ever-changing Army of the Potomac.

General and Mrs. Butterfield were eminent in social life. I often met my old army companions at their entertainments, and never can forget the hearty welcome which was extended to myself and family at their home. This brought to view characteristic qualities not so evident amid the severities and discipline of campaigning.

One thing more which I observed, was very much to General Butterfield's credit. It was the interest that he took in educational matters. Union College, where he graduated, was wonderfully helped by the course of lectures and prize exercises for the students, which he established.

Butterfield was one of the efficient, patriotic spirits who acted well his part in the preservation of the Union, and who afterward did what he could to develop and strengthen the high civic qualities and patriotism of young men.

With esteem, I remain,

Very truly yours,

OLIVER O. HOWARD,

Major-General, U. S. A., Retired.

ADDRESSES AND ARTICLES

THE FUNERAL OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

[Over the signature of "Sigma," this account of Webster's funeral, dated Boston, October 30, 1852, was written in the form of a letter to the "Daily Gazette," of Utica, by young Butterfield. It is believed to be his first contribution to the press. About this time he abandoned the use of his middle name, Adams.—EDITOR.]

In order to reach Marshfield in time, we had left Boston the evening before the day of the funeral. All along the route every house was filled with people on their way there. We reached Cohasset (16 miles from Marshfield) late in the evening. Thanks to the hospitality and kindness of the Hon. J. B. Doane and family, our companions, our horses and all were well provided for. As we came along the road, wherever we stopped, wherever we met, there was but one subject of conversation—sympathy for the nation's loss was a common bond amongst all. Many a tear stole down the cheek of the rugged farmer; and many a mournful sob came from the hearts of the wife and daughter, as the neighbor told some simple incident to himself known, of the noble and generous nature of him who was looked upon by the young as a father, by the old as a brother and friend. Often did he go amongst his simple neighbors with outstretched hand and open heart, greeting them with an honest warmth which could never be forgotten. How much they loved that man. On the occasion of his last return he was so much affected by the unfeigned and simple affection with which his neighbors and friends welcomed him that with tears in his eyes he turned to one and said, "that he should not absent himself from them much hereafter, he should spend more of his time there in future." Alas! he has left them, though nought but his spirit has departed from his much loved—his beautiful home.

He died—died as we could all wish to die beneath the shade of the trees which his own hands had planted, amidst the beauties that were the creation of his own taste. But more than all in the bosom of his family, amidst the prayers of his loved wife, children, kinsmen and friends. "Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene, of which we shall not readily find a parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the King of Terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation; the thoughtfulness

for the public business, when the sands were so nearly run out; the hospital care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife, and children, and kindred, and friends, and family down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day then near at hand, when 'all that was mortal of Daniel Webster would cease to exist!' the dimly recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray, last faint flash of the soaring intellect, the clasped hands, the dying prayers. A consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed, ages after the glories of the forum and the Senate are forgotten." We arose early and pursued our journey.

The deep-rolling thunder of the minute guns from afar, with the low, soft running of the mighty waters on that lovely morning, was a touching and appropriate sympathy with the occasion. Need I tell you it found a sad, silent response from within my soul. As we passed on we lost sight and sound of both. On the route all places of business were closed. The unusual solemnity everywhere apparent was a living, striking proof of the deep sorrow pervading the entire country.

As we neared Marshfield the concourse of people in carriages and on foot was the largest we ever saw, but all moved on quietly and solemnly. We left our horses at a neighboring farmer's, as did most of the people on every side, and proceeded to the spot. We reached the gate in advance of our companions. No liveried servant guarded its entrance—but the simple knot of crape told us what we already knew, alas! too well. The silent messenger of death had been there.

The sight, for the first time in my life, and upon such an occasion, of the mansion simple and lovely, plain but most enchanting, the home that he loved so fondly and so well, that his taste had made so beautiful, that his fame had made ever memorable, completely overpowered me. I was lost—I seemed as it were in a reverie. There arose before me that manly form in all its commanding dignity and grace, that brilliant dark eye seemed flashing with most unusual brilliancy. The soul-stirring tones of that eloquent voice seemed ringing in my ears. My blood chilled through my veins as it never had before, and recalled me from my dreams.

Alas! we shall never more here below see that manly form stand erect. The lustre of that eye is dimmed and gone—we shall never more hear that voice. There lay before me all that remained to earth of Daniel Webster. I could not realize that

the spirit had fled from that form—so life-like—so noble—so majestic; it was the silent majesty of death. I passed on—my eyes were filled with tears.

The coffin was placed upon a simple black pall upon the lawn in front of the house beneath the softly waving branches of a large and magnificent silver-leaved poplar tree. The full form was exposed, dressed in his favorite suit while he lived. The blue coat and white cravat and rolling collar; upon his breast was a beautiful wreath of oak centered with pure white flowers, at his head lay the myrtle and olive entwined—most appropriate, most spiritual emblem, all was simple, devoid of pomp and show. No glistening armor, no gorgeous display, no muffled drum, no solemn dirge, no military pageant was there. 'Twould have been a mockery. That dense mass of people, who moved in slow and silent procession for four long hours beside those ashes, came not to witness a display. The half-concealed tear, the heaving bosoms, the manly but apparent sorrow, told its own tale. They came to drop a silent tear at the grave of him who never faltered, never changed, in his love, his devotion to his country and his people.

The village minister, who had always preached to the great statesman while at home, came forth near the door of the first hall, and after reading a few appropriate passages from the Scriptures, made a few remarks: "Leaving the public life of the great man to others, it was no sacrilege to unveil the inner sanctuary of his life. He could not look on this mighty system,

‘This universal frame, thus wondrous fair,’

without feeling that it was created and upheld by an intelligence to which all other intelligences must be responsible. I am bound to say that in the course of my life I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition of life, who always spoke and always thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusion to God and his attributes, ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a Supreme Being was, with him, made up with awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. Mr. Webster's religious sentiments and feelings were the crowning glories of his character." All went away convinced that Daniel Webster had lived and died a pure and upright Christian.

A short prayer closed the exercises at the house. The coffin was closed. The procession moved from the lawn through the lane by which he had entered, around to the family

tomb. The coffin was placed upon a plain open vehicle drawn by two black horses harnessed in the simplest manner. It needed no gaudy trapping to rivet the eyes of the thousand spectators. All that was left of him they loved was passing to the final resting-place. No far-famed or honored statesman or councillors carried that simple pall. 'Twas a beautiful idea, a sublime spectacle, to see the ashes of that man born to the grave as the humblest of earth by the hands of his honest neighbors, who had always known, always loved him, followed by thousands upon thousands. There were Everett, Choate, Winthrop, Marcy, Pierce, Ashmun, Sprague, Lawrence, Chief Justice Jones, and a hundred others of equal renown, followers to the tomb, but all dignity, all station, all renown, was laid aside; Death had taken from them him whom all, from high to low, looked up to as their superior of earth he was, but most Godlike.

Over the tomb was the simple inscription,

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

The officiating clergyman made a short prayer, the ceremonies were ended. I took one last lingering look, and turned away from a scene never to be forgotten. A tear stole down my cheek, burning with the blush of shame for the ingratitude of my countrymen—that he had thus gone from us, a successor and a peer to the father of his country, in all things save that paltry honor which we were too low, too base to offer him.

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

ORATION AT COLD SPRING, N. Y., JULY 4, 1885.

General Butterfield has been favorably known to our citizens for over twenty years, as a quiet gentleman, the constant visitor and intimate and close friend of one of our most esteemed citizens, Mr. F. P. James, who has passed from our midst, but none of us knew him as an orator. We knew his splendid record as a soldier for nine years in the army, but had entirely forgotten his qualities as a public speaker. We have no record of him in such a capacity since his eloquent presentation of the flags of the returning regiments of the State to the Governor, at Albany, in 1865, for which duty he was selected as a just and deserved compliment to his war record. All invitations to speak in public since that time have been declined by him, as we learn, by reason of bronchial troubles. It was a gratifying incident of our splendid Fourth of July celebration to see and

hear this gentleman, who combined the hero, the soldier, the orator and the poet, gracefully and tastefully.

Casting aside his notes he warmed up as he proceeded to his theme. Opening with a reference to the Declaration of Independence, which had been read, he took from it the sentence where the signers appealed to heaven to be a witness to the "rectitude of their intentions," and took for his text "The Right." The oration was in part a common sense appeal to his hearers to do right under all and every circumstance, and a warning that when the right failed, and the people departed from the right, then came the beginning of the end of our government. There were local topics, historical and poetic, pertaining to Revolutionary scenes and incidents, classical allusions, eloquent and studied, illustrative of the general outline and theme of the orator.

As the notes were departed from entirely, we are unable to give more than a brief outline, with some extracts which were noted down.

A just and proper tribute was paid by the orator to the prayer of the Rev. Mr. Williams, and to the reading of the Declaration by Judge Wood. The emblematic representation of the thirteen States, by our beautiful young ladies, received a deserved and happy compliment. Allusion was made to the patriotism, devotion and ability of the great men of the Revolution, naming them and classing them all as thorough gentlemen, possessed not only of research and learning, but culture. In speaking of great and glorious feats of arms, and the rivalry of glory in such, the orator spoke of Lexington and Bunker Hill, Thermopylæ, the charge at Balaklava of the Light Brigade, the assault of the Virginians under Pickett, at Gettysburg, the charge of the hot-blooded men under Magruder, at Malvern Hill, where Warren (our own Warren, of Cold Spring) stood side by side with the speaker in repelling it, the storming of Mission Ridge under Sheridan, Terry's attack at Fort Fisher, the assaults of the 2d Corps under Hancock, and 5th Corps* at Fredericksburg, and of the speaker's division at Resaca, as feats of arms and glory which any race and any nation might be proud of. The defenders none the less valiant. In speaking of the assault and capture of artillery at Resaca, Ga., the General said: "I do not speak of this because I personally commanded, but as an act of simple justice to the memory of brave men, both those who fell by hundreds and

*Note.—The 5th Corps was commanded by General Butterfield, at Fredericksburg, in the second assault on Marye's Heights. The first assault was by General Hancock.

those who survived in a glorious feat of honor and bravery, whose gallant courage and devotion has hitherto failed to receive recognition from those who should have given it.

"The nation existed only by the simple natural law of principle for which the war was made, viz., 'The Right.' The history of the experiences of the governments that have lived and died tell us but one thing: That all human efforts based upon selfishness, acquisition, control of property and upon the acquirement of money, fail. Whenever, in the history of our country, selfishness predominates and overrules, and the ideas and workings that would lead to the promotion of the general good of the mass of the people fail, from that moment and at that moment, is recorded the failure of our country. When great corporations and rich people can override and overrule the common good, by whatever means or whatever ways, and the spirit which animated the men who fought the battles and made the sacrifices (with reminiscences of which your locality is so full and so historic), has gone, is dead, then comes the beginning of the end of your great country.

"When truth, honesty, fidelity, and devotion to that which is right, to that which is true, no longer holds sway among men, and is sacrificed for that which would promote selfishness, present comfort, present ease, then the work, the discomforts, the patience, the patriotism of the men who forged the chain that crossed the river almost within sound of my voice, the men who built Fort Constitution and Fort Putnam, the stalwart oarsmen who pulled Washington across the river to watch their work while he drank from your Cold Spring, the men who captured Andre the spy, the sacrifices made by the love and strength and endurance of the women who saw husbands, fathers and brothers laid under the sod in efforts to carry out and defend and protect the principles which gave you what you have to-day—free government, the right to govern yourselves—in that moment when that fails, all these are lost.

"Remember, then, that the right is our safeguard, our strength. When we leave it and lose sight of it, ruin follows. Remember this, please, you younger men who have the struggle of the future to meet, which will be vast in its proportions. Adhere to the right, pray and seek for it with truth and sincerity, and as God and your nature and instincts give it you, and reveal it to you; stand by it, fight for it, and die for it if need be. Follow this, and all will be well; depart from it, and your powers, your liberties, your glory, your strength and your nationality will fall as suddenly, as certainly, as absolutely as

the head at Saladin's feast rolled from the trunk, with no power of restoration.

"With this feeling for the right it would be an injustice to pass over without recognition and acknowledgment, the virtues, the heroism, love and patriotism of the women of the Revolution, and the brave, noble, self-sacrificing women of our race, who, throughout our existence as a nation, have never failed in their constancy and fidelity and devotion to duty, their country and the right.

"It is for you, young men of to-day, to study the future, and to see how and why the ways and means are to come about that shall reconcile great communities to submit to the popular judgment and will, and how the great cities of the East shall be governed by the tillers of the soil. It is a new problem. New York, Boston and Philadelphia to-day are governed by, and are suburbs of the Mississippi Valley. Perhaps you do not realize it; you will in the future."

The orator was eloquent, fervid and impressive, and carried his audience breathlessly with him, save now and then when cheers upon cheers broke in as the sentiments and expressions met warm responsive echoes from the people. He cited the romance of the sublime and earnest faith of the Children of Israel in the restoration of Jerusalem and its glories, and the coming of the Redeemer, and urged his hearers to "cling with a faith not less earnest and sincere, to the right, the basis of manhood. Wrong neither man, woman nor child. Keep the foremost place as the true Knickerbocker gentleman has it to-day, always giving right, justice and protection to the weak and unprotected; faith, honor, trust and love to wives, mothers, sweethearts and sisters; and the present reality of our romance shall warm the heart-springs eternally, and our name and race live as long as 'Storm King' shall stand to look down upon us.

"Look at your mountains rising against the sky, your sunsets behind them sending the tapering shadows of green trees far aslant the shadowed valleys below. Then go back to the scenes that occurred when Washington crossed from West Point and sat beneath the spreading branches of the oak tree, at the spring upon the bank of the river, which gave the name to your village. The oak tree has gone, the river bank has been filled in, your main street runs over where the hero came in his boat. The railway train rushes madly by, and the wooden pump covers the spring in the rear of your railway station. But let not the historic memories, sentiments, thoughts, and occurrences be lost to you or to your children.

"The beacon lights that flashed in the surrounding mountains, told the triumph of some hard-won victory. These commanding hills were made points of defense, and West Point a fortification, now a cradle of heroes. Upon the very ground on which we stand the French troops were encamped. I hold in my hand a staple that held the chain that crossed the river to prevent the British fleet from passing up the Hudson. Everything that surrounds you should be near and dear to every patriotic heart. The very stones of your streets, the leaves and trees of these grounds should find a voice to swell the anthems of thoughtful praise for those glorious days. It is fitting that you, who so proudly call this place your home, should plume yourselves upon the honors you bear of those stormy times, when every citizen was a soldier, and the cannon and the sword took the place of the pruning-hook and the ploughshare.

"As we read and recall the touching stories of the half-clad, sore-footed bands of patriots, illy fed, indeed, but with hearts of steel, marching to meet a foe superior in numbers, well clad and sleek withal, who can doubt that the God of Abraham, the God of Jacob, the God of Isaac, and the God of battles stood with the scales of right and justice weighing down to the side of the patriot, to the side of the right?"

The Right, 'tis power; 'tis strength, the right.
Is ever just, is ever true.
Defend it, then, with all your might,
Yielding to all their place and due.
God loves the man who loves the right;
Angels crown him with starry light.
Then courage hard,
Its emblem guard,
Our country's flag.
Its graceful lines shall ever tell
How staunch and true, our hero braves
Fought, bled, and dying fell.
To plant it o'er their graves.

COUNCIL OF WAR AT GETTYSBURG ON THE SECOND DAY.

BY GENERAL JOHN GIBBON.

Soon after all firing had ceased a staff officer from army headquarters met General Hancock and myself and summoned us both to General Meade's headquarters, where a council was

to be held. We at once proceeded there, and soon after our arrival all the corps commanders were assembled in the little front room of the Liester House—Newton, who had been assigned to the command of the First Corps over Doubleday, his senior; Hancock, Second; Birney, Third; Sykes, Fifth; Sedgwick, who had arrived during the day with the Sixth, after a long march from Manchester; Howard, Eleventh, and Slocum, Twelfth, besides General Meade, General Butterfield, Chief of Staff; Warren, Chief of Engineers; A. S. Williams, Twelfth Corps, and myself, Second. It will be seen that two corps were doubly represented, the Second by Hancock and myself, and the Twelfth by Slocum and Williams. These twelve were all assembled in a little room not more than ten or twelve feet square, with a bed in one corner, a small table on one side, and a chair or two. Of course all could not sit down; some did, some lounged on the bed, and some stood up, while Warren, tired out and suffering from a wound in the neck, where a piece of shell had struck him, lay down in the corner of the room and went sound asleep, and I don't think heard any of the proceedings.

The discussion was at first very informal and in the shape of conversation, during which each one made comments on the fight and told what he knew of the condition of affairs. In the course of this discussion Newton expressed the opinion that "this was no place to fight a battle in." General Newton was an officer of engineers (since Chief Engineer of the Army), and was rated by me, and I suppose most others, very highly as a soldier. The assertion, therefore, coming from such a source, rather startled me, and I eagerly asked what his objections to the position were. The objections he stated, as I recollect them, related to some minor details of the line, of which I knew nothing, except so far as my own front was concerned, and with those I was satisfied; but the prevailing impression seemed to be that the place for the battle had been, in a measure, selected for us. Here we are; now what is the best thing to do? It soon became evident that everybody was in favor of remaining where we were and giving battle there. General Meade himself said very little, except now and then to make some comment, but I cannot recall that he expressed any decided opinion upon any point, preferring apparently to listen to the conversation. After the discussion had lasted some time, Butterfield suggested that it would, perhaps, be well to formulate the question to be asked, and General Meade assenting he

took a piece of paper, on which he had been making some memoranda, and wrote down a question; when he had done he read it off and formally proposed it to the council.

I had never been a member of a council of war before (nor have I been since) and did not feel very confident I was properly a member of this one; but I had engaged in the discussion, and found myself (Warren being asleep) the junior member in it. By the custom of war the junior member votes first, as on courts-martial; and when Butterfield read off his question, the substance of which was, "Should the army remain in its present position or take up some other?" he addressed himself first to me for an answer. To say "Stay and fight" was to ignore the objections made by General Newton, and I therefore answered somewhat in this way: "Remain here, and make such correction in our position as may be deemed necessary, but take no step which even looks like retreat." The question was put to each member and his answer taken down, and when it came to Newton, who was the first in rank, he voted in pretty much the same way as I did, and we had some playful sparring as to whether he agreed with me or I with him, and all the rest voted to remain.

The next question written by Butterfield was, "Should the army attack or wait the attack of the enemy?" I voted not to attack, and all the others voted substantially the same way; and on the third question, "How long shall we wait?" I voted, "Until Lee moved." The answers to this last question showed the only material variation in the opinion of the members.

When the voting was over General Meade said, quietly, but decidedly, "Such then is the decision"; and certainly he said nothing which produced a doubt in my mind as to his being perfectly in accord with the members of the council.

In 1881 (eighteen years after the battle), I was shown in Philadelphia, by General Meade's son, a paper found among General Meade's effects after his death. It was folded and on the outside of one end was written, in his well-known handwriting, in ink, "Minutes of Council, July 2, '63." On opening it, the following was found written in pencil in a handwriting unknown to me:

"Minutes of Council, July 2, 1863. Questions asked:

"1. Under existing circumstances is it advisable for this army to remain in its present position or to retire to another nearer its base of supplies?

"2. It being determined to remain in present position, shall the army attack or wait the attack of the enemy?

"3. If we wait attack, how long?

REPLIES:

- Gibbon: 1. Correct position of army, but not retreat.
2. In no condition to attack, in his opinion.
3. Until he moves.
- Williams: 1. Stay.
2. Wait attack.
3. One day.
- Birney: Same as General Williams.
- Sykes: Same as General Williams.
- Newton: 1. Correct position of the army, but would not retreat.
2. By all means not attack.
3. If we wait it will give them a chance to cut our line.
- Howard: 1. Remain.
2. Wait attack until 4 p. m. to-morrow.
3. If don't attack, attack them.
- Hancock: 1. Rectify position without moving so as to give up field.
2. Not attack unless our communications are cut.
3. Can't wait long; can't be idle. Sedgwick: 1. Remain.
2. Wait attack.
3. At least one day.
- Slocum: Stay and fight it out.

"Newton thinks it a bad position; Hancock puzzled about practicability of retiring; thinks by holding on (illegible) to mass forces and attack; Howard favor of not retiring; Birney don't know; Third Corps used up and not in good condition to fight; Sedgwick (illegible); effective strength about 9,000, 12,500, 9,000, 6,000, 8,500, 6,000, 7,000. Total, 58,000. "D. B."

The memoranda at the bottom of the paper [signed by the initials of General Daniel Butterfield] were doubtless made while the discussion was going on, and the numbers at the foot refer probably to the effective strength of each corps.

Several times during the sitting of the council reports were brought to General Meade, and now and then we could hear heavy firing going on over on the right of our line. I took occasion before leaving to say to General Meade that his staff officer had regularly summoned me as a corps commander to the council, although I had some doubts about being present. He answered, pleasantly, "That is all right. I wanted you here."

Before I left the house Meade made a remark to me which surprised me a good deal, especially when I look back upon the occurrence of the next day. By a reference to the votes in council it will be seen that the majority of the members were in favor of acting on the defensive and awaiting the action of Lee. In referring to the matter, just as the council broke up, Meade said to me, "If Lee attacks to-morrow, it will be in *your front*." I asked him why he thought so, and he replied, "Be-

cause he has made attacks on both our flanks and failed, and if he concludes to try it again it will be on our center." I expressed the hope that he would, and told General Meade, with confidence, that if he did we would defeat him.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

[This interesting article written by the Comte de Paris the year after his second visit to the United States, is reprinted from a revised proof, which arrived too late for his corrections to appear in the North American Review, and was fortunately preserved by a friend.—EDITOR.]

A remarkable engraving called "The Midnight Review" is very popular in France and may be known in America. It represents innumerable lines of phantom warriors mustering through the moonlit clouds to march past before the ghost of Napoleon, under whose leadership each of them had met a soldier's death.

This weird scene had made a deep impression on my mind when I was a child, and its remembrance suddenly flashed upon me when I entered some weeks ago the great National Cemetery of Gettysburg, over whose peaceful graves presides the bronze statue of the gallant Reynolds. My imagination first retraced to me the real midnight scene which the then small cemetery of Gettysburg witnessed on the historical night of July 1st, 1863, when the illustrious General Meade, hastening to grasp with a firm hand the command of the army so recently entrusted to him, set his foot on that key-position where his weary soldiers, sleeping among the citizen's tombs, seemed, under the pure rays of the moon, as so many statues recording the memory of the departed.

How many among those young and healthy men slept that night for the last time and now rest forever in the long rows of white stones; drawn like regiments on the parade ground, with their officers in front, which extend all over the hallowed ground, and whose martial order cannot fail to strike every visitor's mind.

It required, indeed, a small effort of imagination to conceive another midnight scene, where, under the call of some mysterious power, in the stillness and dubious light of that hour, the form of every dead soldier would grow out of the small marble slabs to form a powerful array on the ground where they had generously given up their life to save their country in the most critical moment of its history.

However, this is perhaps too pagan a thought for a Christian cemetery, where the memory of the dead is honored by

words of peace and hope, and not of vengeance and retaliation. As General Howard so eloquently said on that same evening at the meeting of the citizens of Gettysburg, the watchword must there be "*Charity for all.*" It is only a feverish brain which could in its dream call the spirits of the Confederate soldiers out of their scattered tombs to lead them in the darkness of midnight hour to the assault of those heights which were soaked with their blood a quarter of a century ago. And taking this view I must confess that I regretted to see our late enemies' remains excluded from the ground dedicated by a reunited people to the memory of the victims of the war and where every one bows before the emblem of our common Redeemer. I felt this regret more keenly when some days later I saw in Quebec the common monument erected by the British nation to the memory of the two valiant soldiers, Wolfe and Montcalm—a great example of impartiality before the equality in deaths and glory!

But why evoke the dead while in broad daylight I could behold a more extraordinary sight, in an historical point of view, than the *midnight review*? To the call of General Butterfield, Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, in that decisive battle, had answered nearly all the surviving chiefs who were the principal actors in this great drama. Instead of the phantom legions marching in an unearthly silence, I had around me all the living leaders whose names will always be associated with the history of the battle of Gettysburg. It was, indeed a high compliment which they paid to a true friend of their country, who, after having served with them in the same army, had undertaken to write an impartial account of the great struggle. This compliment I once more gratefully acknowledge.

The citizens of Gettysburg were right to appreciate the remarkable character of the visit, which took place on the 15th of October, for I believe that there is not one of the innumerable battlefields of old Europe which has been revisited by such a number of the leaders of the victorious army assembled on the same day to go together on the historical ground and combine their remembrances of a quarter of a century past, to enrich, if I can say so, their common fund of information.

I understand that each of them has promised to give his personal impressions on that visit. Nothing could be more interesting for the student of history and the military critic. In company with such high authorities I cannot presume to add to their statements anything which would be of interest for the

one or the other. Moreover, if the impressions of a European officer may be of some value to the readers of this *article*, I shall yield the pen to my friend and companion, Colonel de Parseval, who has already recorded these impressions in a French military paper where they have been duly appreciated.

However, this I can say: That having minutely described the field of battle and mastered, I believe, all the operations which were conducted upon it, without having seen the ground, I was very anxious to know whether the personal inspection of this ground would correspond or not with the ideas I had formed by the study of the maps. That my expectation was fully realized speaks volumes in favor of the accuracy of those maps. I confess that only by a very natural process of the mind I had imagined that every inequality of the ground, except, perhaps, the bold profiles of the Round Tops and Culp's Hills, was more marked than I found to be in reality.

It was only when we were crammed on the platform of the belfry of the theological seminary that I clearly understood the strength and importance of the ridge to which this building gives its name. From there also it was easy to recognize the natural weakness of the position in which the Eleventh Corps had to support the brunt of Ewell's attacks. That the whole line occupied, in the afternoon of the 1st of July, by the two Federal corps d'armes was bound to crumble to pieces as soon as it would be strongly assailed from the north and northeast was so evident that any discussion upon the connection between these two corps seemed to be quite out of order: a happy result, for the narrow platform was no place to debate upon such a burning question.

In the afternoon our drive took us first to Culp's Hill, the rugged ground of which must be seen to understand the nature of the bloody fight which took place on its eastern slope. But to realize fully its importance for the defense of the Federal lines, it is necessary at the same time to look a moment westward so as to see how near it lies to the part of those lines which occupied the Cemetery Ridge and extended further south. It is impossible then not to be struck by what must be called Lee's capital error in the disposition of his forces on the second and third days of the battle. It is no disparagement of the great Confederate Chieftain's abilities to point out this error, for as the general result of the battle was the defeat of his army, the cause of this defeat must be found somewhere, and I do not hesitate to ascribe it principally to the extension of his left opposite Culp's Hill.

While in an hour or two at the utmost reinforcements could be taken from there to Cemetery Ridge and Round Top and vice versa, it would have required a whole day's march for a column leaving the shores of Rock Creek at the foot of Culp's Hill to reach the positions from which Pickett's Division moved to its celebrated charge. This excessive development of Lee's front which gave his adversary the advantage of the interior lines in a degree rarely seen on any field of battle, deprived him not only of the power of concentration, but also of the means of securing combined action. For even his messengers were greatly delayed in carrying his orders, and when he prescribed to his lieutenants, in order to act in concert, to take the cannonade on one wing as a signal for an attack of the other, this plan lamentably failed. If we ask why he threw in that way his left around Culp's Hill, and why he did not correct this when he discovered, as he no doubt did very soon, that it was a mistake, the answer should be, I think: First, that on the evening of the first he did certainly not expect to meet, next morning on Cemetery Hill, the unconquerable resistance which alone prevented his two wings from being strongly connected together. Neither the condition of the Federal troops that evening, when they lost Gettysburg, nor the aspect of Cemetery Hill, as seen from the seminary, could justify such an expectation. Second, that it was the very greatness of the defeat of his position which prevented him from correcting it. If he had drawn in his left to reinforce his centre this would have, no doubt, enabled Longstreet in turn to extend to the right and to strike, south of Round Top, a blow which would probably have caused the retreat of the Federal army. But to accomplish that transfer a full day would have been consumed, during which Ewell's forces would have been practically annulled, and the whole of the Federal right left free to join either the centre or left in a general attack against Hill or Longstreet. This risk General Lee could not afford to run, and so was he more and more fatally entangled by the consequences of the first move of Ewell down the valley of Rock Creek.

Having retraced our steps we turned first south-southwest and then duly east at the crossroads, in an angle of which lies the celebrated peach orchard. This was the ground soaked by the blood of the gallant soldiers of the Third Corps. After these streams of blood, streams of ink flowed in the controversy upon the merits or defects of the position taken on this ground by our brave friend, General Sickles. In this con-

troversy we were not disposed to enter again, and I was more anxious to have the glorious cripple show us the exact spot where he parted from his shattered leg than to sit in judgment upon officers, dead or living, who had all acted with unsurpassed bravery and devotion, and been inspired only by their desire to serve faithfully their common cause. The only observation which a careful study of the general aspect of the ground will suggest here is that this aspect is, if I can say so, of a very deceitful nature. I mean that, at a certain distance, one can easily be mistaken upon the real value of a position, which appears to have a certain command over the neighborhood, and which, on closer inspection, turns out to be very weak. This applies to all the ground crossed by the Emmetsburg Road, but not, of course, to the bold profile of Little Round Top, on whose rocky summit our next steps brought us.

On the importance of this place, consecrated by the death of Weed, Vincent, and so many of their brave fellows, there is no room for discussion. The bronze statue of Warren, standing like a living man on a protruding boulder, reminds a visitor of the happy initiative, at the call of Sickles, which secured to the Federals the possession of Little Round Top. I must confess that I was deeply moved at the sight of this monument raised to the memory of this gallant officer, whose heart was broken forever by the unjust persecution of which he was a victim.

There is no striking natural feature to distinguish the place where Pickett's undaunted soldiers met, in the most desperate hand-to-hand conflict (Webb's) Philadelphia Brigade, and were hurled back by the fighting crowd which gathered before them at the call of Hancock. The place is perhaps the more impressive on account of its plainness. A crumbling stone wall, a foot high, dividing two fields, one of which gently slopes toward the southwest, a few stunted trees behind, mark the high-tide line upon which broke the last, the most powerful wave of the Confederate invasion. A few yards beyond the place is pointed to, and should always be, in memory of a gallant soldier, where, like the block of stone hurled by the wave before its final receding, General Armistead fell dying in the thickest of his enemies. I have not space enough to dwell upon our very interesting excursion to the east, where Gen. David McM. Gregg explained to us in such a clear and forcible way the details of the cavalry fight which, although it took place some miles from the positions of the contending hosts, had a great influence upon the issue of the battle. For

Stuart, who had been carried too far away by unforeseen circumstances, and whose absence had been such a source of weakness to the Confederate army, might have retrieved his error by falling upon the Federal line of communication if he had not been stopped in this dangerous movement by the prompt and decisive action of Gregg's cavalry. The latter general was kind enough to remind me that I have been the first to put in full value the service he rendered to the army in that fight, which had rather been overlooked by other writers on the same subject.

I shall therefore conclude this sketch of our day's work by the visit to the small wooden country house, which stands unaltered since 1863, where Meade had his headquarters, near which Butterfield received a glorious wound, and which derives its historical importance from the council of war in which it was decided to fight out the greatest battle of the war in the positions upon which a mere accident had put in presence the two contending hosts. There is an old proverb which says that councils of war never fight. The stern resolution to which this council came makes a most remarkable exception to the general rule of military history to the credit of those who endorsed it. But there is another rule which must never be forgotten: it is that whatever may be the opinion of a council of war, it is nothing but an opinion, and that the whole responsibility of any decision rests entirely and only upon the commander-in-chief. With the responsibility goes naturally the credit when success rewards the course which he has pursued. Therefore, I think it must be most emphatically asserted that, whatever may have been General Meade's utterances in the council of war, he must reap the whole benefit of the decision he endorsed and carried into effect. And he will be praised by future generations for having inspired himself from the short sentence uttered by our valiant Marshal McMahon when he entered, sword in hand, the ruin of Fort Malakhof: "*J'y suis, j'y reste*"—here I am, and shall remain.

From the little room where the chief of staff and four out of the seven generals who commanded the army corps on the 2d of July, the three others being dead, have met again after more than twenty-seven years, our last step will be to the spacious chapel where, on the evening of the 15th of October, the inhabitants of Gettysburg, both ladies and gentlemen, met to give a cordial greeting to our party. Young and old, mothers and children, belonging to every profession, came to see, sitting together on the same platform, most of the gen-

erals whose names were familiar to all of them. To some, belonging to our generation, not only their names, but their faces were familiar, and it was not without emotion that this sight carried them back to the days of their youth, when the tremendous storm of war suddenly broke upon their peaceful town. But to most of them the sight was a perfectly novel one. To the new generation the battle of Gettysburg is an historical event, like the battle of Marathon, and most of our auditors must at first have doubted whether the gentlemen quietly sitting before them, who, notwithstanding for some the loss of a limb, for others the color of the hair, seemed full of life and activity, were really some of the chief actors in the great events to which their town owes its celebrity. I hope a full account of the proceedings of that evening will be published. I conclude by expressing my gratitude to General Butterfield for having organized, with such perfect success our visit to Gettysburg, and to all our companions for having so cheerfully answered his call.

LECTURE ON ST. BRENDIN'S VOYAGE.

Before the New York Gaelic Society, April, 1892.

In ancient days, when Mars, Jupiter, and the deities of heathen mythology were the objects of worship, oblations and sacrifice, these traditional and accepted gods were held by the people in the highest repute and honor, and, as the founders of their race, claiming often direct descent and origin from them.

'Tis told of Alexander the Great, when the acme of his fame had been reached, he signed himself as the son of Zeus, and claimed divine origin with Jupiter, his father. His mother, possessed of practical good sense—like most mothers—gave him advice to abandon any such ridiculous talk as that, as she knew exactly who his father was.

The ancient tendency to claim divine origin, under the influence of great achievement, has modified somewhat in modern times. We are contented now to exalt our origin to a lesser degree than godlike. Some forget the humble nature and simple character of their ancestors and directly exalt them, thereby inhaling the perfume of a pardonable vanity of their own exhalation. When one of our own race achieves great work, it is a duty to make his name and fame live. It is within the province and the laudable purposes of our Gaelic Society to know, and let all Americans know, who St. Brendin was, what he did, and all his virtues, as a proud page of Irish history.

Some time since, a friend in Maine asked me what about St. Brendin, and whether the Irish had any right to claim the discovery of America, and if religion had anything to do with it. The reply was that, being neither Irish descent nor Roman faith, I could speak without prejudice; that my conviction, after reading and study of the subject and the St. Brendin manuscript, was that if a Catholic Irishman was not the first discoverer of America, he had caused its subsequent discovery by Erickson and Columbus. Some day I would tell him why. This answer has traveled and come back to me several times. It gives me pleasure to respond to the invitation of the historic section of the Gaelic Society, and through them tell these friends why.

It is fair to presume that Lief Erickson's descendants and race, who, by records and researches of the Maine Historical Society, seem to have clearly established his journey to America many years before Columbus, will say that such ideas are absurd, and that they know who first discovered America. But St. Brendin antedates Erickson as Erickson does Columbus. Many a one has been convicted and found guilty before an impartial jury on circumstantial evidence not as strong as these manuscripts, and their recognition in past ages furnish proofs of St. Brendin's voyage to this continent. There is much in them that tends to disbelief, but it is fair to presume that these are the additions of religious enthusiasts who sought to surround the traveler's tale of a seven-year voyage with remarkable, extraordinary and supernatural occurrences. That would occur to-day under similar circumstances. The voyages were made in the sixth century. The manuscripts, of which there are a number extant, no two written in the same hand, apparently, were written, according to the decision of renowned experts, in the tenth century, or four hundred years after the voyages.

The tradition or story was handed down through the monasteries and the church, from one to another, and scattered from cloister and abbey to cloister and abbey, as the religious men traveled from place to place. From these they have been collected together, until now there are thirteen of them in the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, one or two in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, one at the Nuremburg Library, and, probably, four others elsewhere.

Examination and research, made personally or for me, leave no question as to their general similarity in narrative and language, with just such trifling differences as add to conviction of their

truthful value rather than detract from it. Some of these I will explain.

You shall have the story of the search for them, what was found, and shall see a set of photographic reproductions from the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. If their publication, with all that has been of interest in connection with them, will be of any value to your society or the public, and aid in calling forth from other societies and nationalities evidence and further light to affirm or contradict the conclusions drawn from them, it shall be done.

To correct and overcome established beliefs of many centuries, and bring out new evidence and re-write history, is not an easy task, nor hardly within the reach of an advanced life; it requires the labor and faith of those possessed of youth and the courage of their convictions. An association for good purposes, like yours, has perpetual life and renewed and continuing youth, strength and resources; my best efforts will be yours if our conclusions coincide.

The question is asked, how and why I became interested in St. Brendin's story. An esteemed and valued friend, living in New York, had for years been of great assistance to me by his culture, his broad knowledge of literature, and his love for books. When pressed by duties that gave me no time to thoroughly investigate authorities, his clear brain and willing hand were always at my disposal, with his wonderful memory, time and again to search among books and documents for facts for me. So much of this clever work had my friend done for me, through his love for it and his friendship for me, that I often thought I should never be able to give an equivalent for the service. Arriving in Paris some time since, a letter from this friend asked an examination of the manuscripts of St. Brendin, existing in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, and whether there was anything showing that St. Brendin had made a voyage to America. It was a delight to receive such a letter. There was opportunity to make some return to my friend, and I visited the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, in Paris, full of the purpose to spare neither pains, expense nor trouble to comply with the wish of the friend whom I loved and esteemed. My search and my findings got me interested.


I have no use for one who will not exert himself strongly for a friend, and practice my belief—hence came my earnest work.

With what results this labor of love and friendship was crowned you shall judge. There was no thought of any publi-

cation even in this manner before you connected with the work at the time, and this I do for my friend. Of my first visit to that marvel—the *Bibliothèque Nationale*—a passing word here for book lovers and students.

All Paris knows it well. To those unfamiliar with the history and character of the resting place of these valued manuscripts let me say it has changed its name with the régimes in France, being known as the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, *Royale*, *Imperiale* and *Nationale*. Pepin le Bref, son of Charles Martel, was the first one making a collection of books and manuscripts now in its possession. He lived in the year 750. Thus it is really 1,200 years of age. The building, of course of later date, is arranged in the best possible manner and fireproof in its character. The collection, in 1885, numbered 2,200,000 volumes. Constant additions are made. In 1884, by the reports, there were 131,000 readers and 368,000 volumes consulted in this beehive of literary stores and research. I have seen no later report. It was a real pleasure to encounter, as it is to acknowledge, the well-known courtesy and politeness of the French people, emphasized with additional force by the culture of the administration and staff of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. The engraving I show you gives an excellent idea of the architecture of the interior and its suitable and spacious character.

It required considerable formality, a knowledge of who I was, and my purpose, to get access to the manuscripts, which are treasured and guarded with great care. The necessary and proper formalities having been gone through with, brought me to a commodious and well-arranged, well-lighted room, with desks and tables, but no evidence of any manuscripts in sight. A slip of paper was handed to me with a catalogue of all manuscripts. My friend had written there were seven of the manuscripts of St. Brendin. The index and catalogue showed thirteen, and I called for the whole thirteen. Not more than three volumes of manuscripts were delivered to one person at one time, and until these were returned no others could be obtained. Great politeness and courtesy were exercised, but it took time before those called for were brought. Instead of three separate volumes, each containing only a manuscript of St. Brendin, there were three volumes, containing each a number of manuscripts of nearly the same century or age, bound together for preservation as well as facility of handling, making a sizable volume. Wanting familiarity with manuscripts of that age, it took some little time to find the manuscript of St. Brendin in each. When found, it suddenly dawned upon me



that so far as ability on my part to promptly read those manuscripts was concerned, my friend wouldn't be much wiser than he was before I saw them. I discovered much time and patience were needed. The black Latin, although tolerably clearly written, with the abbreviations and differences in expression from the only Latin which I had encountered in my studies, were two very different things.

Confessing to myself my utter inability to read these manuscripts in any connected way, or get any idea from them, I began to think what to do. I could pick out a sentence here and there. I returned them, and called for another three of thirteen, with the same experience and the same result. What shall be done? My good friend has placed too high an estimate on my classical skill.

After reflection, an advertisement in the Paris edition of the New York "Herald," under the head of "Wants," asking the services of a scholar, thoroughly educated in Latin and English, and understanding ancient Latin manuscripts, brought three or four replies, and from them selecting a young man, a graduate of Dublin University, we went each day to the Bibliotheque, securing the manuscripts to see if there was anything in them of a nature to warrant a favorable answer to the inquiry from New York. The effort on his part to read them, though more successful than mine, did not proceed as rapidly as desired, and fearing an unsatisfactory search for my friend, the chief director of the manuscript-room was sought, and asked for an address, with the view of obtaining the services of the best expert known to the Bibliotheque in reading and copying ancient Latin manuscripts. Thus was found a gentleman thoroughly competent in every respect, of fine education and culture, who had performed much of this work in other lines and upon other subjects. He read for me the thirteen different manuscripts, and advised me of no material difference in them, reporting all substantially the same; the manuscript which seemed most complete, and in the best condition, was copied, with particulars of its size, age, and everything of interest concerning it. This report I have. Learning of the possibility of other manuscripts of St. Brendin existing in other places, search was made and two found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and one in the Archbishop's Library, at Nuremburg.

Securing a copy of the Bodleian manuscripts, found me armed for my friend with two copies—one from the Bibliotheque in, Paris, and one from the Bodleian, at Oxford. I sent to the United States Consul at Nuremburg, and found that the

manuscript there was a German translation, and not an original. It has since occurred to me that I should have gotten that also; it is evidence of the faith and renown attached to the Brendin voyages in the Middle Ages, by other than Irish savants or wise men.

Still, not entirely satisfied with the report for my friend, effort was made to secure one of the MSS. This was impossible. The courtesy of the Bibliotheque Nationale permitted me to have a photograph copy of the MSS., which had been written out previously by the expert, and it is here before you this evening, an equivalent, for students' purposes, or a historian, to the original. This MS. came into the possession of the Bibliotheque Nationale from the Abbey of St. Martial, at Limoges (Haute Vienne). It is of the tenth century, notwithstanding the catalogue makes it of the twelfth.

It begins with homilies for the Nativity, taken from St. John Chrysostum, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, Bede and Origen. Then follow extracts from the Fathers, suited to sermons; letters of St. John, extracts from the lives of the saints, among others those of St. Amand, of Angouleme; St. Basil and St. Eparchius. The life of St. Brendin is followed by acts of our Saviour. It extends from leaf 104 to leaf 108 of the bound volumes.

The manuscript is thirteen inches by six, somewhat reduced in the photo copy. It begins with a description of St. Brendin, and of the confession made to him by Father Barindus. This confession tells of the stories told the father by his son, a sailor, and this sailor's story laid the foundation of St. Brendin's desire to make a voyage to the Land of Promise, which I believe was America.

St. Brendin laid the statement before seven chosen men of his whole community of three thousand, in the following language, according to the manuscript:

"My beloved fellow warriors, I ask of you counsel and help, inasmuch as my thoughts and my heart are bent on one desire, if it be the will of God. That land whereof Father Barindus has spoken is the land of promise of the saints I have set my heart upon. What say you? What counsel do you give me?" Their answer was, "Abbot, your will is ours; have we not left our parents, have we not forsaken our inheritance, have we not delivered ourselves up unto you? Therefore, with you we are ready to go unto life or death."

They had given their lives to their work, for they considered the story as a revelation, to enable them to reach the land which

St. Patrick's prophecy had foretold. St. Patrick said, when upon the highlands of Munster, and looking out upon the Atlantic, that a man of renown should arise in those lands and go out upon the sea and find the promised land. This prophecy is known to all who are familiar with his history, and is a household word with the educated in the Kerry region, and was before Brendin was born or known.

"Adding to these seven counsellors, another seven, making fourteen, they made a camp near an inlet of the sea, large enough to allow the passage of one ship." The language of the manuscripts says they took their implements and made a ship, ribbed and planked from within, as was the custom in those parts, and covered it with the hides of oxen, caulking all the seams of the skins on the outside. They took in two supplies, in addition to the ordinary supply of food, sufficient to provide them for forty days, and also oil to use on the skins, together with many utensils which pertain to the wants of human life. A mast they built in the middle of the ship, and the other rigging which belongs to such a craft. They went aboard, and having unfurled the sails, they set out toward the summer solstice. They had a prosperous voyage (westward) their only needful labors as they went along being to keep the ship braced up, and after fifteen days the wind ceased, and the brethren rowed until their strength gave out. St. Brendin comforted and admonished them. "Fear not, brethren," said he, "for God is in this a helper and seaman and captain; take in all your oars and the rudder; give out the sails. Let God do with His servants and with His ship as He pleases." How this recalls to us what Columbus centuries ago had to do in admonishing and comforting his sailors!

After forty days had passed, and all their supplies were exhausted, they approached a land exceedingly rocky and high. They found the bank high and steep like a wall. Streamlets descended from the summit of the island and flowed into the sea, but they could find no resting place. They were troubled with hunger and thirst. Cruising about this land for three days they found an inlet capable for the passage of their ship. The reports of what they saw are marvelous, and some incredible. They describe one single Ethiopian. They go from landing to landing as Columbus did later. They describe one landing, which they afterward discovered to have been a fish named the *jasconius*, an early edition of the modern sea-serpent, and not more strange than the modern story of the sea-serpent. None of these accounts are more difficult to believe

than the story of Jonah and the whale. They found a land fertile, wooded and full of flowers and birds. All these stories time does not permit to give you. While there is much that would throw doubt, in modern days, upon the story of the voyage, we leave these out, and take only that which bears no evidence of imaginative work, we find sufficient in the manuscripts to justify the conclusion that if they did not discover America, they caused its discovery. There are sentences of the manuscripts that came down through many hundred years, and bore their fruit undoubtedly in sending others to follow up the story of the voyages of Brendin. Positive evidence of this by research may yet be brought to light; the negative evidence is all-convincing to an unprejudiced judgment.

Let me quote a few sentences from the original manuscript as they are:

"Ecce terra quam quaesisti per multum tempus. Ideo autem non potuisti statim eam invenire quod Deus tibi voluit ostendere diversa sua secreta in Oceano Magno. Revertete itaque ad terram nativitis tuae portans tecum, de fructibus istis et gemmis quantum potest navicula capere.

"Ad propinquant enim dies peregrinationis tuae ut dormias cum patribus tuis. Post multorum vero cunicula temporum declarabitur ista terra successoribus vestris, quando. Christianis advenit persecutio paganorum. Istud vero flumen quod videtis dividit hanc insulam sicut modo apparet vobis maturis fructibus ita omni tempore permanet sine ulla umbra noctis. Lux enim illis est Christus."

These words came to St. Brendin, standing on the bank of a river, found after days of journey on the land. They bring vividly to mind the early steps of the Christian Fathers upon the Mississippi and St. Lawrence in the days when our records are perfect and undisputed. If not records of spoken words, but imagination, 1,000 years ago, then surely they are the prophecy of inspiration.

These words made a profound impression, not only upon myself, but others. When I read their translation to an Irish friend the tears coursed down his manly cheeks, and he exclaimed: "Prophecy! prophecy! inspiration! God bless you, my dear General, for giving me the knowledge of the existence of such words in St. Brendin's manuscript."

Feeling doubtful of my rusty knowledge of Latin, I presumed to trespass upon my most esteemed and honored friends, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan, to ask the benefit

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General Butterfield in 1890.

of their scholarly knowledge and familiarity with Latin in criticising my rendition, which I give you as follows:

"Behold the land which you have sought for so long a time.

"The reason you saw it not sooner was that God desired to show you the secrets of the ocean.

"Return, therefore, to the land of thy nativity, carrying with you of the fruits and gems all that your ship will carry, for the days of your journey are near to a close, and you shall sleep with your fathers. But, after the lapse of many years, this land shall be made known to your descendants, when Christianity shall have overcome Pagan persecution. Now, this river which you see divides the land, and, as it now appears to you rich in fruits, so shall it always appear without any shadow of night, for its light is Christ."

I said nothing to either of these reverend and esteemed gentlemen of my purpose or my views, so their answers must be solely construed as an approval only of the translation of the particular sentence, and not of my conclusions. Of course, I was much gratified to find in the eminent Cardinal Gibbons' letter these words:

"CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,

BALTIMORE, March 31, 1892.

"MY DEAR GENERAL—I have read with interest the remarkable prediction found in the MSS. of St. Brendin (sometimes, I think, spelled St. Brendan).

"Your translation from the Latin is correct, including the sentence beginning with the words 'Ad propinquat,' etc., as is evident from the context.

"The language of the patriarch is almost identical. You had no grounds for making any apology for defects in Latin."

The remainder of the letter was of a purely personal character and irrelevant to this subject, and bore the honored signature,

"Yours faithfully in Christ,

"J. CARDINAL GIBBONS."

If there was naught else in this manuscript, written nearly a thousand years ago, it would be all-sufficient for a good deal of faith and more wonder to-day.

Archbishop Corrigan kindly also replied that my translation was the equivalent of a literal rendering, though more liberal, and enclosed an exact literal translation from his own pen: the differences suggested add strength to the words.

Time will not permit further extracts from the MSS. What

you see copied by the photograph from the original requires forty-two pages of closely typewritten foolscap to produce their correct and full translation.

It would seem to be fairly the province of your Gaelic Society, with an historical section, to exploit and add every possible information and evidence in connection with the matter.

Most writers on Columbus witness the guiding force and value of the traditional voyage of St. Brendin. Irving alluded to him.

The early Portuguese explorers had explicit faith in the existence of the El Dorado, the undiscovered country of St. Brendin, and kept looking for it. The strong evidence of this is when the Crown of Portugal ceded to the Castilians right and dominion over the Canary Islands, the treaty included St. Brendin's land as a certain future discovery. The conditional cession of St. Brendin's land by the King of Portugal to a brother sovereign occurred before the transfer to Spain.

The claim of the Benedictine chronicler, Oswald Moosmuller, that there were American bishops of his order during the tenth century, must be accepted either as evidence of their existence, as a matter of fact, or of full and absolute faith in St. Brendin's narrative; in the weakest point of view it strengthens the postulate I make, which is, "If he did not discover it, he caused its discovery." It must be remembered that in St. Brendin's day there were no printers, no newspapers, no type, no reporters. Had there existed the journalistic force and enterprise of the present day, St. Brendin's front door bell would have been pulled out of joint, and his patience would have been tried by the enterprise and pertinacity of the agents of the press in getting the full and true accounts, and, of course, the first, if possible, of the great voyage, and we would need only to refer to musty and worm-eaten files to get absolute and full particulars. Perhaps if it had been so that the world could then have known it all with exactness, and the story been transcribed and disseminated, instead of sixty odd millions of American freemen we should possibly have had to-day on this continent three or four hundred millions of people, another form of government and different results.

These are among the curious thoughts that such a research suggests.

When one gets interested in a subject and a belief there are many suggestive thoughts and facts that we appropriate as circumstantial evidence to confirm our views. Apropos of

this, we find Dr. Robert Chambers, in his "Cyclopedia of English Literature," says:

"The first unquestionably real author of distinction is St. Columbanus, a native of Ireland and a man of vigorous ability, who contributed greatly to the advance of Christianity in Western Europe, and died in 613. He wrote religious treatises and Latin poetry. As yet no educated writer composed in his vernacular tongue; it was generally despised by the literary class, and Latin was held to be the only language fit for regular composition."

This gives us the reason for the existence of the Brendin MSS. in the Latin tongue only, and suggests that his writings, or the words of the renowned Brendin, may have reached Columbus centuries after, from Columbanus' high repute and similarity of name, to implant the name of Brendin's land in Columbus' mind.

Perhaps some of your coadjutors and colleagues in Ireland will find among the treasures of the Dublin University, the British Museum, or college libraries, some song or verse of St. Columbanus, in praise or recognition of the merits and work of his renowned predecessor, St. Brendin. Should the researches of the Gaelic Society find tangible evidence to warrant such a conclusion, the twin statues of St. Brendin and St. Columbanus on either side of St. Patrick might well and appropriately adorn the handsome and graceful Cathedral of St. Patrick, with its twin spires of architectural grace and beauty, on Fifth Avenue.

The Hebrew, of full faith in his race and its belief, carries often a little scroll incased in gold and cherished and guarded always on his person. It is an amulet, a charm, a shibboleth for him. Were I of Irish descent I would carry such a scroll, in the shape of a golden shamrock set with emeralds, and on it should be inscribed St. Patrick's prophecy made on the hills of Munster, as he looked out over the Atlantic toward America, and the words from St. Brendin spoken, as I believe, on this land, and I would teach it and preach it to every one of my race and kindred.

Perhaps some one will say, if we claim priority of discovery of America for St. Brendin, that Pliny the Elder refers to two foreigners, redskins (undoubtedly American Indians) who were brought to Rome, under Nero, and exposed to the crowd as satyrs, by the gladiators.

But you may claim for St. Brendin, if not an original discoverer of America, or if not a discoverer at all, that his high

religious character and renown gave such power and force to his narrative as to cause it to be cherished and repeated and handed down by his Church for centuries, and that it planted the seed which culminated in Lief Erickson's voyage, and again when the discovery had been lost, bore fruit in Columbus' brain to fulfill the prophecy of the return of Brendin's descendants, and brought to Columbus, through the interest created in his Church and his religion by St. Brendin and his followers, the means and the wherewithal to prosecute his successful voyage. The existing evidence fully warrants this. I may speak, in closing, of St. Brendin himself, so renowned was his character as a man of piety, influence and greatness in his day, that no complete and thorough compilation of biographical work, since such were written, that attempts record of the world's great characters, fails to mention him with honor.

He was born in the year 484, in Tralee, County Kerry, and died in his ninety-fourth year, at Clonfert, County Galway, in the year 577. Tralee, as you know, is situated on the Lee, an inlet of the Shannon, one of the largest rivers in the British Isles. In the same county are other handsome sheets of water, as Dingle Bay, Valentia Bay and the far-famed Lakes of Killarney, with their enchanting surroundings of Muckross Abbey, Ross Castle, McGillicuddy's Reeks, and the picturesque demesne of Kenmare, manorial abode of the Earl of Castle-rosse. At Cahirciveen, in County Kerry, was born the greatest Irishman of modern times—Daniel O'Connell—while at Valentia was laid the Atlantic cable by our fellow citizen, Cyrus W. Field, in 1857.

From childhood St. Brendin inhaled the ocean breeze and was familiar with the briny element of the navigator.

And thus, where'er I went, all things to me
Assumed the one deep color of my mind;
Great nature's prayer rose from the murmuring sea,
And sinful man sighed in the wintry wind.

In view of St. Patrick's prophecy, fulfilled by St. Brendin's voyage, it is a fact pregnant with significance that the Atlantic cable was laid in sight of Mount Brendan, which stands out prominently on the southwestern coast of Ireland at an elevation of more than three thousand feet. It strikes the view of all who pass Ireland en route for Liverpool. There is another mountain in the interior of Ireland of the same name. Tradi-

tion assigns both as places of seclusion, whither the great Abbot was wont to retire for religious contemplation.

At the foot of his mountain retreat lies Brendin Bay, whence he sailed for this Western Continent. During seven years St. Brendin navigated the Atlantic Ocean in his first voyage, and is, next to St. Peter, associated most closely in religious thought with men of seafaring life. The Irish Abbot is pre-eminently the mariner saint of the calendar, wherein his memory is honored on May 16. The sailor-saint is also known as St. Brendan the Elder, in contradistinction to another Brendan in Irish history, known as Abbot of Birr.

Throughout Europe, during the Middle Ages, St. Brendin's navigation was a most popular theme in the literature of the Church. It has inspired the muse of the poet, not less than the stylus of the scribe, and manuscript narratives of the daring exploration, quite distinct from those of which I have spoken, are extant in German, Italian, Portuguese and other European tongues.

Beautiful poems on "The Sailor Saint" abound in the modern languages. Those of Mr. McCarthy and Miss Donnelly are especially noteworthy in our own language, while "The Prayer of St. Brendin" and "St. Brendin and the Strife-sower" are still more popular among admirers of the poesy of D'Arcy and McGee. One stanza of McGee's historic versification says :

Mo-Brendin, Saint of Sailors, list to me,
And give thy benediction to our bark,
For still, they say, thou savest souls at sea,
And lightest signal fires in tempests dark.

Thou sought'st the Promised Land far in the west,
Earthing the sun, chasing Hesperian on,
But we in our own Ireland had been blest,
Nor ever sighed for land beyond the sun.

The entire history of Norwegian exploration in the twelfth century presupposes the Brendinian voyages in advance of it. The Norsemen, on reaching Iceland and Greenland, found relics, utensils and sundry vestiges of early Irish settlers in that region. In pushing farther westward they confessedly followed the beaten track of the Irish explorers. It is similar with the Portuguese in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Prince Henry, the navigator, fitted out an expedition to sail in pursuit of the Island of St. Brendin.

But the Irish Abbott is scarcely less celebrated for his works on land than by his venturesome exploits on the more treacherous element. He traveled in Wales and Britain, where he founded missions for peoples converted by himself to the Christian faith. He built in Britain the monastery of Ailech, and a church in a place called Heth. The former place is the electum of the Romans of the olden time and the St. Malo of our own day—the port of departure and return, 1,000 years later, of Jacques Cartier, the founder of Montreal.

His most famous foundation, however, is the renowned school of Clonfert in the County of Galway, Ireland. Pilgrim students to the number of 3,000 flocked to that seat of learning from various nations, in those days of blood and carnage, when Europe lay prostrate beneath the Hun, the Vandal and the Goth. To this period Aubrey DeVere refers, in describing Ireland as

Lamp of the North, when all the world was Night.

In this sequestered retreat he also built a convent for his sister, whereat his eventful life was brought to a peaceful close.

Clonfert is dear to the Irish. Its beauties have been desolated by the crushing vicissitudes of war. Its literary renown is known only on the page of history, while its halls of study are a shapeless mass of earth and stone.

But though dark the sad page of its record has been,
And deep the red stains that have dyed it,
Affection rekindled shall turn from the scene
And the mantle of charity hide it.

E'en this beautiful ruin, though shattered and lone
Where the hand of decay has swept o'er it,
Shall revive in the splendors of days that are gone
And the prayers of its martyrs restore it.

And Clonfert is dear to Irish-Americans, too. It may be yet to all Americans. Our first discoverer was Clonfert's bishop. The See of Clonfert will doubtless remain during future ages as a shrine of pilgrimage to numberless tourists, for it holds in its midst an honored grave where rests the hallowed dust of the patriarchal navigator, who first designated this hemisphere as a paradise of loveliness, to give happy homes and altars free to the myriad outcasts of the human family.

May the name and fame of St. Brendin never die.

ORATION ON CHARACTER AND DUTY.

Union College, June 22, 1892.

Mr. President—Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:

For the honor conferred by your invitation to discharge the duties of this day accept most grateful thanks. The Ninety-fifth commencement day that sums up at its finish a total of six thousand graduates, from an institution whose sons have filled with such distinction so many and different posts of honor and renown in their course of life, is a marked event not only for memory but special pride as well. The cheering, prosperous outlook for the future of our Alma Mater, under President Webster, reflects credit upon the judgment that placed at the helm one so eminently able. The genius, character and practical wisdom of Eliphalet Nott made and maintained so high a standard with such wonderful success and stability for half a century, as to leave many of us to wonder if it could continue. Now we realize another cycle of prosperity in the good work which is, by its repetition, to prove future renewals and perpetuity.

We honor ourselves when we lay at the feet of our Alma Mater the laurels her training has given us, and come to glory in her past and her future.

Young Gentlemen, Graduates, Students:

Again commencement day comes, and throughout the land the halls of learning throw open their portals. Young men go forth crowned with the rewards of studious toil, laurels for successful effort, and symbols as well of regard and attention to character and duty. *Character* and *duty*, those two words in their full significance sum up all there is in life, and the success of life.

You have well begun to earn these symbols.

Time-honored custom and usage brings kindly words and good advice to-day. Your president and professors have not lost sight of this in their work and duty with you. You will ever cherish it pleasantly. While they centre around each one of you some particular bright thought and hope in the future, you now begin; and look for added honor to Union, and to-day the Alumni come renewing love and esteem, looking with gladness upon the new accession to their members, the glorious muster roll of Union's sons.

Visions come to us of years ago when, under these same June skies, we marched from yonder gray walls on the hill, the

placid, beautiful Mohawk flowing peacefully through the valley before us, to come hither for the same ceremonies as now. This assemblage, these reminiscences bring naturally to mind thoughts of those who have preceded you. Presidents, Generals, Cabinet Ministers, Diplomats, Governors, Senators, Statesmen, Scientists, Bishops, Clergy, Editors, professional and business men, gentlemen, all of high character, a goodly roll of learned and worthy men. With them you are now enrolled, to them with you and your successors, our loved and honored Alma Mater, will point and does point, with a just pride and sense of honor, as do all our universities of learning to their sons, but none are more keenly and strongly imbued with, and more justly entitled to, that honest and honorable pride than old Union.

All this speaks with force and feeling to one who, forty-three years ago, listened, where you do now, and now to whom you listen. It tells of the far-reaching influences which every graduate carries with him. Dreamily one imagines the grand university with its professors, instructors, traditions, customs and usages, the libraries, text-books, halls, chapels, and implements of learning, these young heads and hopeful hearts that patiently work in its vineyard, as one vast lake of crystal purity as it were, and every outgoing graduate a stream issuing forth from its borders to enrich, brighten and better the fields of duty in life. The courses may be stony, rough, inhospitable, obstacles dispute the way, but the fountain head has given and formed a strong tide of character and intelligence, which carried on by duty, will force and find its way through to life's great work, sparkling with the sunlight of benefit to mankind, and sending back glowing mists of refreshing and renewing vigor to the source.

The poet's Psalm of Life sings grandly :

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream!
Life is real! Life is earnest."

We leave metaphor, work is to begin. Realities come. This discipline and study, this loved labor of learning has not been all flowers and pleasure, and now is to be the application of training and acquirements in the varied walks and works of life. There is no chance hit in your start. You are well prepared for your future work. That work is for success, the hope of every life.

Let us fall into line with old usage here, while speaking of

the elements of success in that work of life. Let us endeavor to plant seed down in the memory and heart with the hope of fruitful reproduction, so we will accord with the custom of nearly half a century that gave such grand results in the success of Union's sons. Every one of them living will echo with hearty Amen, God bless the teachings, the recollections of the practical work and the memory of grand Eliphalet Nott. May we come with all modern accessions and advantages to that line for the success he gave, by interweaving with the regular curriculum practical ideas and advice that tend to meet the nature of man, and the demands of our country, in the college development and work here and hereafter, guided by the character and sense of duty carried with us from this beginning. Our theme what the rewards and honors of to-day symbolize, *Character and Duty*.

When an engineer starts out to survey and bring to record and fact the lay of the land for any great work, he must fix and start from certain unchangeable base points to make his triangulation and work sure. The more prominent and permanent such base or point, like a projecting rock, a mountain, a grand tree, the better and more certain his work.

Every time that he strikes such a point in his work, facility and benefit follows.

So in life and its work; the men who accomplish most, finding best advantage in the work of others, always seek those grand base points of man's strength for success in life, *character and duty*.

May these be a guide in grappling with life's problem.

The Greek word *character*, with its relation to man, we might briefly define as the imprint of individuality, the evidence of personal worth, the distinguishing feature of true greatness.

Character distinguishes the somebody from the nobody, the thoughtful and considerate from the heedless and selfish, the worker from the drone, the hero from the coward, and is the adjunct of wisdom.

By study we may know much and possess great knowledge, by character we emphasize and make that knowledge valuable and beautiful. Without character to its possessor that knowledge and wisdom is like the uncut gem, character shapes it, polishes it, and holds it forth to light, truth and full effect, gives it value, just as the polishing and shaping of the diamond or precious stone reveals its brilliancy and worth.

It is natural for every man to desire honorable distinction,

and character always gives a real distinction of an honorable nature.

Character never shrinks from what are called difficulties.

Demosthenes stuttered at the start, but his fame as an orator has lived many centuries.

Young Disraeli, the Hebrew, was hissed when he first addressed the English House of Commons. He died the Earl of Beaconsfield, a title richly earned for statesmanship and power as a leader and prime minister of a great and powerful nation.

The determined effort and self-confidence of character growing with growth of years was evidenced by Cato who began to study Greek at 80. Michael Angelo, when he first saw the Pantheon, confidently exclaimed, "I will put it in the air," and he planted it as the dome of St. Peter's. In his 85th year, when already architect, sculptor, painter, poet, he exclaimed, "I am still learning," so we evidence character when we realize how much we have to learn.

If we cannot cover the globe with a canopy of crystal reflecting the gems of Golconda, we can fill our mind with brilliant aspirations and our heart with honeysuckles to distill happiness around us.

Character selects a given line of action or work, and forthwith continues to make it a matter of delight. Nothing is more truthful than that men are led captive by their idols.

The deeper, the darker it grows for the well-digger; but with *hope* he looks for what hope is called, the grateful well-spring of pleasure which shall quench the burning thirsts of mid-summer.

Character is the touchstone of success; with it there is no failure.

Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family and fortune, a man of great character and wisdom, was once asked what he considered the secret of success. "Secret, secret," he replied, "there is no secret about it; all you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead." That was an evidence of character, and is character always. Some attribute the success in life of such character to luck. "I never had any faith in luck," says Mr. Spurgeon, "except I believe good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and will put a bit of bacon in his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig." Luck comes to those who look after it, and it taps once in a lifetime at everybody's door; if industry does not open it, away it goes. It may not tap at your door with the desire of your

heart, but your character will make it successful. Thus character at times makes advantage out of seeming calamity.

Tireless industry, so cultivated as to become a sustained habit of life, is an evidence of character.

The drop hews the stone.

The drone never enjoys himself nor succeeds, imparts no success or enjoyment to others. Only the worker realizes the pleasure given by something accomplished.

The sponge only gives what is squeezed out of it. It is not necessary that our blade be of Toledo or Damascus to carve success.

If we make no grand distinguishing mark in life it is not evidence of want of character since it has so many and such varied types, but we can banish the words "non possumus," and attain it by work, which with judicious self-reliance is clear evidence of and a constituent element in character.

Horace said, "Who trusts himself shall sway the multitude."

This Roman poet had a delightful individuality which is character, subjecting all things to himself he would never allow the vicissitudes of life to hold sway over his personal freedom.

"Et mihi res non me rebus submittere conor."

A rich storehouse of self-governing wisdom and character, even as rendered in the slang of the day, "I boss them, not they me."

Some mistake obstinacy for character, while it is the opposite and closely allied to foolhardiness.

The reasoning mind has it, and will never be obstinate.

There is a safeguard to character which is made of adamant, an unfailing buckler and cuirass of individual excellence. This safeguard and talisman is true unfeigned modesty. Like the sensitive plant it shrinks instinctively from familiar outward contact.

"Mores faciunt hominem," says the legend, but manners are all embodied in the Greek term character. There is in the pithy appeal to character of the Apostle of the Gentiles a world of suggestiveness. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for the battle?" a thought always for him who would win the battle of life. Warriors, philosophers and apostles alike, appeal to character as the reliance and base. The Grecian warrior and the Tarsan apostle use almost identical language in such an appeal. "Ye men of Greece," said Cyrus; "Ye men of Athens," said St. Paul. The touchstone of virility

in either instance is the manhood, and without character there is no manhood.

In these days of nervous energy and intense pursuits, crowding so much in every day's work, we see less of conventional usage among men. The educated man preserves it and thereby shows character. Its absence is not a good sign, it tends to license which destroys the finest sensibilities of our nature.

Certain conventional laws relative to our mutual daily intercourse, not only help preserve self-respect, but act as most efficient discipline in forming character. Pleasant, easy intercourse is wholesome, but there must be a limit to all familiarity so that no license begins. We cannot dispense with the laws that make ceremony to a certain extent necessary in our intercourse with the world and each other.

Washington, whose strong character is historical and marked in every act of his life, carried conventionality and etiquette to the smallest details, to his mother, to his wife, his servants, always the self-contained, courteous manner, with him inbred, but to be cultivated by all. It gives great advantage in debate and all the intercourse and rough friction in life's encounters. Would we form our character after some high ideal or living model we must first turn our eyes inward, recognize our defects and commence by power of will, which is a part of character, to weed out the ignoble and selfish, and cultivate perfection. By ourselves alone we can strengthen character and individuality.

Every young man holds the elements of his future character in his own grasp. If, unfortunately, he has made a mistake he can remedy it. It is for him to crush the weak side which yields to temptation and neglect, and build up the strong, manly side which bids defiance to wrong influences. Unconsciously, sometimes, perchance by training of careful parents, or by example which has called forth youthful admiration, one young man leads another wanting such surroundings in the formation of character at the start in life.

Perhaps nature, school associations, or companions may confer favorable development over that of one laboring under disadvantages, requiring years of work in the right direction to overcome, but with persistence will come success. Strong effort seldom fails. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and certainly the trial to establish character is worth the best effort of any young man's life. It is not necessary to be rich to be great or to be respected, but it is necessary to have individuality and character, more easily attained than riches.

When on his death bed, the great merchant and philanthropist, the late William Welsh, of Philadelphia, was asked for a maxim that should guide a young friend in the maze of life. He said, "Riches and fame have wings, friends may leave you—nothing survives like character."

Many things which we know and realize perfectly when they are brought home to us, escape thought or attention until some incident, words or occasion bring them strongly before us. Let us then strive to keep before others as well as our newcomers here, and work for and build up and guard constantly the high average standard of character borne by the sons of our Alma Mater these many years as part of our good work and our success in life.

The unlearned man who lacks opportunities of the more fortunate, looks with watchful eye to see what has been developed by mental training. He may not be able to analyze it, to reason it out, but instinct reveals to him the result of such work in manhood and character. Though it belongs to all men without regard to advantages, in greater or less degree, its development is a grand part of the training value of the university. Opinions may change, do change. What seemed in youth brilliant, in later years may lose in estimate. The idea of things we have done, deprived of the glamor or halo with which youth surrounds them, will change. The force of character which caused them, if time shows they possessed no inherent evil or vice, wounded no fine sensibilities, grew not from malice or wickedness, leaves no bitter regrets at freshmen and sophomore escapades. Obsequies of mathematics, that useful study that trains the reasoning powers, freezing the bell or hiding it, filling the chapel with new-mown hay, or other devices, to get a rest from recitation and study, and work off youthful effervescence, all these leaving no stain upon character, permit the student grown to mature years to look back upon them without pain or regret save for time lost and opportunities wasted.

While every act of life is often indication of and part of character, it does not follow that sinless college escapades detract from, or evidence bad character. So we forgive ourselves much that we would not like to see others do. It is only when dishonor or want of manhood appears that they detract from character, and we are proud of Union's record of almost perfect freedom from such instances. Such incidents often forecast character of a strong and manly type.

At West Point, the superintendent is the equivalent of your president, in relative position. A general, brilliant for high

honor and integrity, even in the midst of the *entourage* of noble men who make such record for that institution which so thoroughly imbues its pupils with its *esprit* and code of honor and character, was walking with a professor, of a winter's day, outside limits, where were deep snow-banks, and academy rules forbade cadets to be, the offense punishable with great severity. At a turn of the road suddenly appeared two cadets, who so quickly pulled their caps over their faces as to prevent recognition, and dove between the legs of their superiors, tossing them into a snow-bank and fled to quarters before the astounded officers could get out to pursue and recognize them. A cadet cap was left behind, without mark. Inspection of quarters in turn found every cadet with a cap, and the offender was not traced. Graduation day, the superintendent, General Cullum (my authority) discovered accidentally the offender, but was too generous and appreciative to prevent the graduation of the cadet, who became an officer of good standing. Years after, at a consultation during the war, when the general-in-chief sought an officer of quick decision, prompt in action, with character for important command requiring such qualities, General Cullum said, "I know the very man," named the officer who had thrown him in the snow-bank, who was selected, and fulfilled the expectations foreshadowed in his character in younger days. The incident showed keen appreciation on the part of the chief, of the quick, decided character of the cadet, and was alike creditable to both. If we violate college rules it is not to be commended, but if we do it, it must be without dishonor. To be within the line of honor we must never leave it behind. It is like a mirror—clouded with a breath.

Milo, the athlete, carried the calf every day, and thus carried the cow. So man by special training develops muscle and physical force for particular efforts until he so excels that none can compete with him save those giving the same time and toil in like preparation. Huge muscles and superb physique will challenge for the time wonder and notoriety mixed with a species of admiration; the outward evidence is most visible, yet this is ephemeral, and brings no other confidence or respect than that given to endurance and toughness useful, perhaps, in a free fight or self-defense. With disease or ailment it disappears, leaving perhaps less of strength than if nature had not been so trained and forced.

How different, where by constant effort and self-control in the right direction character is developed. No strong muscles protrude in the physical outline, but the quiet strength of force

of character which commands respect, which gives powerful influence in deliberation, in council, which commands our own self-respect, grows apace and becomes a power and ability for good work, increases and strengthens. Clearly without physical outline to catch the eye, does the human instinct discover and appreciate the power and force of character which we can all cultivate and perfect for ourselves.

It requires no herculean effort, no Titanic struggle, but simple, manly, honest purpose in every thought, every act, every work, to keep to the line of duty and the right, to keep to the right as God gives us to see it, holding to a sense of justice with unchanging integrity.

How the world loves and respects the man who thus forms and keeps his character, and how he respects himself, and well he may. This produces fame and honor that strengthens with age. If bodily weakness come, the force of character brings sympathy and respect, and cheers declining years with golden hues of comfort.

As the setting sun we have often watched from the college terrace throws its golden, glowing rays of beauty o'er the scene at close of day, so when the close of life comes to the man of character, respect, sympathy and kindly words, sweetest and best of laurels, color with glorious tint the end, the grandeur of character makes a life worth living and lives on. "Tête d'armée," said Napoleon in the supreme moment at St. Helena. "*I still live*," said the immortal Webster as mortality ceased, and even Hood, with his unfailing character of humor, closed his eyes with "*Hood-winked at last*." How instructive such realization and strength of character, that can engross the powers in the midst of dissolution and in the valley of the shadow lovingly cling to the sinking spirit.

May we not sum up character as the one fortune which may be pursued with tireless and sinless persistency, looked for always in the trained student and scholar. His course is a failure if he reaches not the summit attained by so many distinct paths.

With his motto "Excelsior," he will never fail who maintains through good and evil report with self-respect and cheerful nature,

First.—An abiding sense of duty.

Second.—Implicit reliance on hard work honestly pursued, the true road to commendable success in life "*Labor omnia vincit*."

Add to these, forbearance with all in every intercourse, judi-

cious confidence to man, neither depressed by their treachery nor intoxicated by their applause, conciliation rather than aggression, to suffer sooner than inflict injustice, moderation and a due regard for the rights of all, that silken string of character that runs through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Last and always cling to the line of duty.

Duty in that leading triangulation that covers all of life.

To your God, your country, yourself and your own.

Of itself duty is a comprehensive term that would expand into a volume.

How grandly expressed when the brave Nelson exclaimed to his sailors, "England expects every man to do his duty."

If it seems a misty word all vagueness disappears with thought and reason.

Is it not fidelity to principle, to truth and honor through life?

To all true men, the meaning of life can be concentrated in the single word duty, not that cold, repellant working of human nature which formulates all life's conduct, substitutes rules for emotions, and becomes refined selfishness, but the honest, earnest support of the right and the needful with genial warmth.

Of duty to country in the past our Alma Mater has a record to which all can point with pride, for the future we must be mindful of our political duties, a practical and necessary part of life and work, if we would preserve our government. We may, we must go to the fountain-head, the source and keep it pure; the ward and the district caucus, the sources of political power; the streams will be pure if we can purify the sources—and they need it. Duty points in that direction. We may ponder the truthful words of that graceful master of speech, the renowned Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, delivered here but a few years since, in Geo. Wm. Curtis' Chancellor's address, and we may read the martyred Garfield's words of "The Duty of the Scholar in Politics"—both with profit. The subject is too vast and important for other allusion here.

The abiding sense of duty to God and trust in His limitless love has been well and truly instilled in "Old Union" without cessation, and without regard to creed or sect for nearly a century, and with God's help will continue.

For ourselves, let us with the gladness of true heroism which Tyndall describes as visiting the hearts of those really competent to say, "I court truth," and with the "honor of honesty" let us make "Old Union" continue to win and hold,

through the record of her sons, the noble name and place she has held in the past for integrity and honor, keeping graven and fresh in our hearts the precious shibboleth of *Character and Duty* as the real and true success of life.

It shall never be said her sons were wanting in either while we cherish the old quatrain and live by it, to shed lustre on Alma Mater:

“Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty.
Follow the first and it shall be
The second shall ever follow thee.”

ADDRESS TO THE THIRD BRIGADE ASSOCIATION.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 21, 1892.

Comrades: It is an unexpected pleasure to meet so many veterans of our Brigade, one of the first, almost, organized in the Army of the Potomac—that grand old army of devoted patriots and thorough soldiers. Around the old Third Brigade clusters some of the most glorious memories of the war. Every soldier who served in its ranks cherishes a hearty love and pride for it and its history. Hundreds of those who joined its ranks long after I had been promoted to other commands and fields of duty, have, since the war, touched my heart in a tender spot, when they spoke of the Brigade, and coupled my name with it and its record, as though I had always been with it, and of it. Well, I am still. Since serving with the Brigade, one hundred times at least, in travels during the past nearly thirty years, in many different States of the Union, and sometimes abroad, have the familiar notes of the Brigade call that I gave you been softly whistled at me from a railway station or a roadside by some one of our comrades, sometimes in doubt whether they really saw their old commander and whether to speak to him. The call never failed in its purpose; to this day I recognize and answer it, as you did of old, and I have long since forgotten that—sometimes you used to sing bad words to it instead of my name. I know that you realize the early training that hurt your feelings, but built up your legs, lungs and physique, carried you triumphantly through many hardships and fatigue, enabling you to win victories such as resulted from your ability to seize Little Round Top by your strength and spirit, gained in this early training, carrying with it such hearts and courage. While during the later years of the war engaged upon other and distant fields, my mind con-

tinually reverted to the work and success of the gallant Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, that I had taken in separate, raw and untrained regiments, and drilled and led during the first campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.

My coming to the field prepared by previous training and study in the art of war, was due to a careful study in early youth of the causes that led up to the war, and judgment that the clash of arms must be the result of the irrepressible conflict between the condition of freedom and slavery in the Republic. There came to mind a plain duty to prepare to the best of my ability for what seemed the inevitable, upon every patriot and lover of his country who had any desire to discharge his duty. I was laughed at and jeered for my explanations, made privately to personal friends. You, Comrades, know whether I was right, and whether that sense of duty profited anything. It forced upon me duties toward you and those it fell to my lot to command, through the knowledge of the tremendous responsibilities that must devolve upon leaders of, and in, organized armies, in order to carry their work forward to a successful termination.

When General Porter, at the Fifth Army Corps Reunion, at Orange, N. J., a few years since, in a heartfelt, spontaneous speech, eloquent by its modesty and sincerity rather than by force or study, stated to the assembled veterans of the Fifth Corps that our Brigade was the example and pattern to which the corps and the army, or most of it, looked to learn the new duties of war, my heart swelled with pride and pleasure at the thought of what a noble set of men I had the good fortune to command, and how superbly they responded to every call, order, duty and work, which, I may say now, here in our family talk, involved more work, toil, labor and thought upon your commander than any man under him; and I knew and felt, after you were organized and trained, that you would never fail in any duties, never win anything but honor and credit as a Brigade. Thank God, that inspiration was sound and justified. Thank you, survivors of the glorious Third Brigade, that you made it so, and, more than all, thank the brave heroes, the gallant, true men of the old Brigade, who gave their lives in the strife of battles of the Army of the Potomac. It needed not that great sacrifice to prove what they were. The heart softens and throbs, the eyes moisten, and sadness comes, even at this late day, when we think of them. We can never forget them. Oh! what superb and grand men they were. McLane, of the Eighty-third, who fell

at Gaines' Mill, a sterling man and soldier. Vincent, also of the Eighty-third, who fell on Little Round Top, in command of the Brigade; a cultivated scholar, handsome, brave, magnetic, one could love him as a woman, so sweet, so gentle, so true with all. His dying words and courage in death at Gettysburg can never be effaced from my memory, where, myself wounded, I was carried to him with the hope to cheer him by news of his promotion, received from Washington by telegraph, for his gallantry. The brave Rice, of the Forty-fourth, who fell in the Wilderness; Fisher and Burton at Gaines' Mill, Chamberlain at Bull Run, Hoagland at Fredericksburg, Woods at Weldon Railroad, of the Twelfth; Welch, Elliott, Mott, Jewett, and other daring spirits of the Sixteenth Michigan; Blauvelt and Wilson of the Seventeenth, killed at Bull Run; Morrill, Keene, Billings and Linscott, of the Twentieth Maine, who fell at Gettysburg; the gallant Perkins, of the Fiftieth New York, killed at Fredericksburg. But I cannot go on with all the names. I would that each regiment in the Brigade, in their regimental organizations, would see that a suitable tribute is paid to each and every one, and these tributes all assembled and distributed to all survivors of the Brigade.

There are many stirring incidents in the Brigade's history which I hope you will work out and show to all the men and their descendants. One of its regiments was ordered to lead the first advance across the Long Bridge into Virginia, and two companies of the same men and regiment were among those who received the arms and colors of Lee's soldiers at Appomattox. The Brigade captured the first guns in battle captured by the Army of the Potomac, at Hanover Court House, and received the last shot fired from the enemy's guns at Appomattox. The ability of the Brigade to move, by its superior training and efficiency, enabled it to reach and hold Round Top at Gettysburg. Who shall measure what that means? I confess, with proud satisfaction, that I glory in having organized, drilled and trained for war, and commanded in war, until promoted from it, a brigade that never once failed in the full discharge of its duty, never behind time, always ready, and always held its own; never had a discreditable nor dishonorable act nor stain of the slightest kind upon its colors, nor that of any of its regiments. When we recall the courage, the skill and valor of our enemy, their spirit as Americans—our own countrymen—no longer our enemies and always our countrymen, the work you have done is better appreciated and of higher credit. Yes, it is with more than satisfaction—it is

with a sense of devotion and thankfulness your hearty cheers and warm welcome comes to me, standing here to-day in the presence of so many men of our old Brigade. It will afford me very great pleasure to take every one of you by the hand and express to you the hope that your lives may be pleasant, prosperous and happy. It is a joy to us to see the changed condition of affairs, from thirty years ago, here in Washington. What an object lesson of patriotism and devotion! Then the men arrived, responding to their country's call, marching to the front, and now the remnants of that grand army, marching under the same colors, responding to their comrades' call, at their own cost, from long distances to the capital they helped to save, in a spirit of comradeship and friendly feeling glorious in itself. God bless you all!

RUSSIA AS IT IS.

Part of a Lecture Delivered Before the Sigma Phi Society,
New York, April 9, 1894.

Somewhat impressed with the general idea that has been spread through our country, that the present Emperor of Russia was half the time frightened out of all enjoyment of life, going about watching for a bullet shot from behind every corner, and expecting to find dynamite beneath every vehicle he steps into, pale, trembling and nervous; that the great population he governed disliked him; that hundreds and thousands of them stood in constant fear of a sudden arrest or "*lettre de cachet*," giving the police power to walk into their homes and take them off to inconceivable horrors and punishments in Siberia, without trial or hearing, I determined to spare no effort to discover for myself what amount of truth there was in this idea given out by English and Germans to foreigners, and by many believed. I sought information from all reliable sources. My inquiries were as searching as I could make them.

The results are, perhaps, best condensed by repeating a conversation had with a most intelligent man in Moscow. Though born in Sweden he had lived from childhood in Russia, and was engaged in business there; spoke English and Russian with equal facility, a perfect master of both languages, an observing man of about fifty years of age, thoroughly acquainted with all the laws, usages, reports and customs of the Empire.

Asking him, "My friend, now tell me about Russia," he replied: "Though sometimes considered a foreigner from

speaking English, I have lived here all my life, Russian being learned with English when I first learned to speak at all.

"Here in Moscow there are about one hundred families of English-speaking people, and there are as many cliques among them as it is possible to imagine."

Interrupting him: "Never mind about the English-speaking people—tell me all about the Russians. Tell me if it is true that one may be rudely disturbed at home by the entrance of an official and without notice taken off and promptly sent to Siberia to be put in chains, starved and brutally punished without trial, etc.?"

His reply was: "How ridiculous! Sheer and absolute nonsense! No man is arrested in Russia without a charge and warrant, for any offense, and not before the authorities have ample proof that there is honesty in the charges against him; and woe be to the man who makes false charges, for he will most assuredly suffer more than the man whom he would have persecuted. In any civil process at law it is very difficult to cause a man to be arrested; the evidence must be very clear."

"Have you such protection against criminal charges as we have in the Grand Jury?"

"There is," he replied, "a protection against imprisonment, trial and false arrest stronger than the Grand Jury, in the great danger to an accuser if his charges are not sustained."

To the inquiry, "If a man is brought before a judge similar to a magistrate in England or the United States, is he ever condemned, sent off and punished without being heard?" he answered: "On the contrary, the protection to any person accused is greater here than in England or America. There are three or four appeals. To give you an instance of imperial justice, a woman was arrested and tried for complicity in an attempt to assassinate the Emperor. The evidence failed to convict her, and she was acquitted. After her acquittal the police discovered new evidence which they considered strong enough to assure her conviction, but the Emperor positively refused to allow her to be arrested. After she had been once tried he would not allow her to be arraigned again for the same offense. All offenses of the nature of assassination, attempts to destroy the government, etc., are tried by military courts in the same manner as military courts under martial law in the United States or in time of war in England. These offenses against the stability of the government or the throne are tried in this way, and a perfect and complete record is kept. The government makes no effort to kill people or make them

useless members of society. Those who are sent to Siberia are sent to a country no worse—perhaps better—than the north-western portions of the United States or Canada, a country where they may be free to live as they please, and become, if they will, useful members of society.”

Many inquiries made of people who had no particular reasons to speak well of Russia confirmed the belief that the statements of Russian despotism and cruelty are wildly exaggerated. Now, as to the Emperor being a pale, nervous and frightened man, he is 6 feet 4 inches high, weighing about three hundred pounds and in a perfect state of health; a most genial, pleasant countenance, a hearty, kindly expression, an American hand-shake, and looks about as much disturbed and uncomfortable as any of you gentlemen might do when you are walking down to dinner or enjoying your post-prandial cigar.

On two or three occasions when we saw him he might have been killed a hundred times if the people were disposed to do it. In riding by the troops of his army such a welcome as was given him by the shouts of the men I have never seen extended to any officer or soldier in all my military experience.

Riding close to the lines one could read in the eyes and in the expression on the faces of the soldiers admiration and love for their Emperor. That he was a most thorough soldier any one accustomed to troops and to officers could at once discover. There was an entire absence of any sort of manner or bearing that would indicate a consciousness of the immense power and strength of his position.

His face reminded me strongly—it was almost a reproduction—even to the color of eyes and beard, of Gen. George H. Thomas. His head was shaped above the forehead much like General Burnside.

The knowledge of Russia's kindly acts and feelings toward the United States had caused me particular anxiety to know all I could of such matters. I found everywhere anxiety to increase friendly relations and commerce with our country.

Recalling the action of the Russian Emperor, Alexander II, father of the present Emperor, which I learned over twenty years ago from my friend, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who was our Minister at the Russian court at the time the occurrence took place, let me repeat it. This instance is a remarkable one in that a different course of the Emperor might have changed very much affairs in this country. It had been considered and decided by England and France, with the quiet

assent of minor powers, that with Russia's consent the Southern Confederacy should be recognized and our blockade raised. The French Ambassador at St. Petersburg was intrusted with the duty of placing the subject before the Emperor Alexander II, and asking him to join England and France or remain neutral. Napoleon III was anxious it should be done to secure Maximilian the throne of Mexico and overturn the Mexican Republic, which was to be his reward.

The French diplomat could not feel certain of Russia's position without a personal interview with the Emperor. This being granted, the diplomat, with all his skill and courtesy, laid before him the proposal. Listening with great patience to the entire scheme, although well aware of it beforehand, Alexander II spoke in reply thus:

"Our empire and people have always been friends of the United States. That government has always chosen Russia as its arbitrator and friend. They are now disposing of a grave question by a terrible war. We have a similar question to meet which we hope to settle without bloodshed. Their cause is my cause, and when England and France take the proposed step you can say to those who sent you that my forces will be at the service of the United States. To-night the fleets of Russia will be ordered into the ports of New York and San Francisco, and, in order that there may be no mistake, with sealed orders to that effect, to open in case of such action by your powers."

England and France quickly abandoned their proposed scheme.

While this was going on Mr. Bigelow, representing the United States at Paris, constantly advised Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, of the purpose of France and England. Mr. Seward, advised by our Minister at St. Petersburg of the Emperor of Russia's position, replied to Mr. Bigelow: "Have no uneasiness; if France takes such a step she will find herself in the embrace of a northern bear of great power," alluding to the favorite nomenclature of Russia. It gives reason for much speculation as to what the case might have been if the Emperor of Russia had acted otherwise.

That the Emperor's feeling was that of his subjects was manifest. The Russian fleet was anchored at the Sandwich Islands when news came of the surrender at Appomattox. The fleet weighed anchor, proceeded three miles out to sea, so that they were beyond jurisdiction or criticism of the local power, insignificant as it was, hoisted the Stars and Stripes and fired

a salute of one hundred guns in honor of our victory, and returned to their anchorage.


Can Americans ever forget this? The purchase of Alaska was long after this and not precedent to it. History has no record of a grander or more sublime act than Alexander II's Edict of Liberty; no one can look at the present Emperor, and knowing the difficulties and responsibilities of his position but with wonder at his courage, ability and self-possession. He will bravely and surely maintain the name and fame of the Romanoffs.

Let me tell you what a most intelligent, able and educated man, an officer of repute in our army during the late war says. This gentleman, Russian by birth and education, a citizen of the United States for thirty years, and upon introduction of a joint resolution to present him with a gold medal, Senator Wade Hampton, from the Committee on Military Affairs, said of him: "The highest testimonials as to his daring, his gallantry and his sacrifices are on file, and the Committee express their appreciation of his devotion to the Union cause, in which he signally distinguished himself." Certainly Americans should well consider his remarks before committing themselves in thought or action on the subject.

My desire is simply to claim justice for Russia and to add my mite toward preventing ill-feeling between that Government and ours. Their relations have always been friendly, and to-day Americans and American merchandise are more welcome in Russia than the people or merchandise of any other country.

Of extremists, Anarchists and Nihilists, he says: "The mischief wrought in many of the so-called free nations of Europe and the constant dread aroused by their presence should induce Americans to hesitate and carefully consider before condemning Russia for the vigorous precautionary measures she has been forced to use in keeping them from carrying out their horrible designs. That Anarchism and Nihilism are 'chips off the same block' has long been patent to all who looked into the subject, and is now quite generally admitted.

"I have known the reigning Czar, Alexander III, almost since his infancy, and he is one of the most accomplished, liberal and enlightened monarchs that ever sat upon a throne. He constantly studies the welfare of his people, is high-minded, humane, gentle and kind, and continually strives to ascertain the needs of his subjects, and even now stands ready to adopt whatever system of government would be most conducive to



the welfare of Russia. For these qualities he is almost worshipped by the people, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary.

"There is another reason which Americans should know why writers on Russia are prone to deal in falsehood and misrepresentation. It is good policy for Russia's rivals to induce them to do so. It helps to array public opinion on their side, and they evidently knew this too well."

Mr. Kennan, in his *Century* article, speaks of the woman, Vera Figner. Of this woman this gentleman says: "I am thoroughly acquainted with the career of Vera Figner. She was convicted of the murder of no less than six innocent persons, and caught attempting to assassinate the seventh. When asked what was her motive, she replied: 'I am a Nihilist, and believe that God is a lie, right a lie, property a lie, marriage a lie, and that all governments are lies. Unless we destroy all these childish beliefs which the human race inherits there can be no peace.' Who will deny that if Vera Figner had lived in any other country in the world she would have expiated her crimes on the gallows, instead of leading an indolent life as a colonist?"

Mr. Lothrop, our late Minister to Russia, says, "that the people there are enjoying liberty and freedom similar to that of any other country, and that he saw none of those persecutions mentioned by Mr. Kennan, and that he told him so in St. Petersburg."

The criminal law of Russia, of which we hear so much unfavorable and unjust criticism, is nothing more than the Code Napoleon, with a few minor changes. The charge that its administration is harsh and tyrannical is a libel on the judiciary of the Empire, which has been the first of the great nations to abolish the death penalty. There is no capital punishment in Russia, except in aggravated cases of high treason, such as attempts upon the life of the Czar. The impartiality with which the law is enforced is proverbial. Prince and peasant are equally punished for equal offenses, and the rigor with which the former are handled for transgression against the law is a matter of history.

Russia is much larger in area than the United States, and has a population of nearly 100,000,000, made up of many distinct races and tribes, speaking as many languages, differing in habits, religion and mode of life, and in many cases having been age-long enemies. Any one acquainted with the history of its rapid rise and progress will readily acknowledge that the

Romanoff dynasty has built substantially and solidly with disorganized and discordant material, elevating the people from their original barbarism into prosperous citizens of the great empire of to-day. And all this has been accomplished under the present form of government. Americans may look upon such a demand as most reasonable, but if they understand the situation and look at it from the standpoint of a patriotic Russian they will readily see their mistake. There is no demand among the great mass of Russian people for such a change.

Suppose a constitutional government had been established before the liberation of the serfs, could the deeply lamented Alexander II have been able to free 26,000,000 of them? When we recall how much blood and treasure were expended to secure the freedom of only 4,000,000 of people in the United States we can form some idea of what the undertaking would have been in Russia.

There, instead of only a South, as we had, slavery extended over the whole Empire, and the Parliament would have been fully controlled by slave-owners. The aristocracy and landed proprietors would have been masters of the situation without fear of interference, and they would have taken care not to allow their slaves to be freed. This great act of the so-called despotic Government of Russia ought to outweigh nearly all the charges made by its enemies.

Do Americans understand the sort of constitutional government the Nihilists wish to establish in Russia?

M. Herzen, the famous Nihilist, is regarded as an example of the more moderate Nihilists. I inquired why a man of his accomplishments and education could accept and advocate the doctrines of Bakumin and Lavroff (the originators of Nihilists and Anarchists). He promptly replied: "They taught truths which the world must accept." But I said those doctrines would cause chaos and disastrous revolution, as they conflict with all the tenets upon which the existing organization of society depends.

"Chaos and revolution are just what we want," remarked M. Herzen complacently.

Where do you expect the first fruits of your teaching, I asked next; in England or in France? "In neither," was his prompt reply. He then went into a lengthy explanation, the burden of which was that the hope of all his class was centered in the United States, where the police do not prevent the active propagation of their theories, and where they anticipate a greatly enlarged field in a few years. In New York, Chi-



General Butterfield in 1895

cago, Buffalo, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, and all the larger cities, he said they were well organized, and expected to grow far more rapidly.

When I spoke about the difficulty of convincing people that the anarchistic theories would do all that he claimed for them, he ironically declared that the time was near at hand "when those who were so dull would be caged up like wild beasts and kept as living curiosities."

On a railway coach, while making the trip from Berlin to London, last year, I chanced to have as my traveling companion one of that class of Nihilists who had grown too important to the cause to be allowed to remain in Russia. In order to get his honest opinion I pretended to be in ignorance about Nihilistic movements in Russia, and to be sadly in need of information as to its aims and objects. He went over the entire ground with me, explaining that they did not desire such constitutional government as those of France and England. That of the United States would be good, but not good enough. The American constitution, as my Nihilistic companion understood it, was simply that all men are equal—no judges, no courts and no prisons. The Government was carried on by a committee of comrades, whose chief duty was to make the capitalists disgorge for the benefit of the poor.

Is it not for Americans to stop and think before they unconsciously aid the enemies of Russia to accomplish their purpose in the endeavor to break the bonds of sympathy and kindness existing for good reasons for so many years between Russia and the United States?

How few Americans know the fact that all high officials of the Russian Government must recognize the supremacy of the Almighty and the divinity of Christ by an affirmative positive act, at least once a year, in taking the Holy Communion at the altar of any Christian Church—not necessarily the Greek Church—only it must be a Christian Church: Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Roman, Episcopalian—whichever he prefers. This is not a government to be lightly judged by Nihilist or sensational accusations.

THE LAST CHARGE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY COLONEL EDWARD HILL.

This paper does not purpose to treat of the battle of Fredericksburg as a whole, but that part of it only pertaining to the persistent assaults on Marve's Heights, in which the Third, Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, participated, where 40,-

ooo veterans of Sumner's and Hooker's Grand Divisions, led by able and tried commanders, were hurled against a position so strongly fortified by nature and art, that 5,000 troops of Longstreet's Corps,* aided by a tremendous artillery fire, easily repulsed these well-organized columns with a loss of nearly 8,000 to the Federals, while the enemy lost less than 2,000.†

Federal and Confederate writers have furnished brilliant and historic articles describing with minuteness these operations, the formations, attacks and repulses of the eighteen Brigades, comprising French's, Hancock's, Howard's, Sturges', Humphrey's, Getty's and Griffin's Divisions, that took part in the assaults on the afternoon of December 13, 1862; excepting the gallant work of the Third Brigade, Griffin's Division, that made the last charge and held the last foot of ground obtained in the enemy's front, until the army had recrossed the Rappahannock. This omission is undoubtedly due to the fact that this Brigade was the reserve of its division, and charged unsupported, in the darkness, with only the blazing light of musketry and artillery to guide it. Moreover, only one incomplete regimental report, Colonel Vincent's, detailing the movements of this Brigade, is published in the "Records of the War of the Rebellion."

Every Brigade engaged in these memorable assaults, whether in daylight or darkness, deserves to live in history, its commander remembered as a hero, to whose gallantry and bravery the soldier of the future may ever be referred with patriotic pride. General Hooker, as well as General Butterfield, before ordering in the Fifth Corps, made a careful *reconnaissance* of the field and decided that the enemy's position could be carried only by the bayonet, if at all. The order was therefore given to carry the Heights by the bayonet. [See General Butterfield's report, Fifth Army Corps.]

General Butterfield reports "the assaults of Humphrey's and Griffin's Divisions were made with a spirit and efficiency scarcely, if ever, equalled in the records of this war. . . .

*See report of Confederate General Ransom, Longstreet's Corps, that says: "Before the town there was not engaged, all told, on our part, more than 5,000."

[But, including supports and reserves, the enemy's forces numbered 11,000 men.]

†Actual Federal Losses.—Second Corps, 4,114; Fifth Corps, 2,175; Ninth Corps, 1,303; Third Corps, 129; total, 7,721.

Confederate Losses.—McLaw's Division, 858; Ransom's Division, 535; Hood's Division, 251; Anderson's Division, 159; Pickett's Division, 54; Washington Artillery, 26; Alexander's Battalion, 11; total, 1,894.

But the attack was made against a position so advantageous and strong to the enemy that it failed. General Humphrey's Division having been repulsed, fell back. General Griffin fell back."*

The First and Second Brigades of Griffin's Division on the right had, in turn, moved forward and been driven back behind the cover afforded by the crest of the knoll, and the Brigades of Getty on the left had fallen back behind the Orange Railway cutting before the Third Brigade, under command of Colonel Stockton, was ordered to fix bayonets for the charge.

After crossing the Rappahannock over the lower bridge, at 4.30 p. m., the Brigade took position 700 yards from the river, occupying the lower part of Prince Edward Street, its left extending 100 yards southward and in front of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway Station. Here, for one hour and a half, it was subjected to a pelting fire of shot and shell, while Humphrey's Division and the First and Second Brigades of Griffin's Division on the right and Getty's Division on the left were making determined but ineffectual assaults upon Marye's Heights and the Sunken Road.

Hooker, indignant at Burnside's want of strategy, had vainly protested against further sacrifice of life. Butterfield, calm, methodical and determined, with three of his orderlies shot upon the field, had pronounced the enemy's position impregnable to the forces operating against its front. Yet the general commanding, from his headquarters at the Phillips House, across the river, demanded that Marye's Heights should be carried by storm, or, in case of failure, he would capture them on the following morning, by leading in person a charge with eighteen regiments of the Ninth Corps.

Such were the conditions when at six o'clock and twenty minutes the bugles of the Third Brigade sounded the call for the last assault. The sun had set at four o'clock and forty-two minutes, and it was now night. The plain in front of Marye's Heights was further obscured with clouds of smoke, through which shone the luminous light of the Federal batteries and musketry, kindling into sheets of flame as it almost united with the enemy's fire flashing from the Sunken Road and Marye's and Willis' Hills, while the fire from the ridges and along Hazel Run enveloped our left flank. So terror-inspiring was the time under this arc of flame that affrighted field birds alighted upon the uniforms of men, seeking shelter

*Mention is made here of the First and Second Brigades of Griffin's Division only.

and protection in closer contact with their more cruel masters --man.

As the signal for the advance sounded the Brigade pushed forward its lines of battle in the following order: The Seventeenth and Twelfth Regiments, New York Volunteers, the Twentieth Maine and Forty-fourth New York Regiments, the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and Sixteenth Michigan Regiments, with Brady's Sharpshooters attached, covering the ground from the terminus of Charlotte Street on the right and beyond the railway on the left. Directly confronting the Brigade was the mill race. This sluiceway, running the entire length of the rear of Fredericksburg, separating the town from the upland, had been flooded by the enemy, and at this point was twenty feet wide, from two to four feet deep, and unbridged.

Plunging through this waterway under a furious fire was a serious hindrance, breaking the conformation of the ranks. Reaching the first crest beyond the mill-race, a halt was ordered and alignments made; Colonel Welch, commanding the Sixteenth Michigan, took occasion to deliver a short and spirited address to his men, as companies came into position with a precision as if forming for dress parade. Colonel Vincent, of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, halted his regiment to bring forward two companies confused by the railway cutting. On the right the gallant Captain, William H. Hoagland, of the Twelfth New York, was killed; Captains Whaley and Kelly, of the Seventeenth New York, were severely, and Adjutant George S. Wilson mortally wounded. These two regiments, in the indistinctness of falling night, with the roar and smoke of battle, failing to hear the commands, did not advance nor effect their prolongation with the Brigade until after the firing ceased. The Twentieth Maine and the Forty-fourth New York were impeded by a stout board fence, and while endeavoring to pass this obstruction by breaking companies to the rear, Lieutenant-Colonel Connor, of the Forty-fourth, was wounded, the command devolving upon Major Knox. The left and left centre of the Brigade aligned for the charge on the old brick-kiln grounds in the open plain. This position was 850 yards from the Sunken Road, lying at the base of Marye's and Willis' Hills, these hills being salients to the ridge in rear of Fredericksburg, heavily fortified and held by the enemy. The Sunken Road was that part of the Telegraph Road skirting the base of these heights for a distance of 1,800 yards, a cutting shoulder high reinforced on both sides with heavy stone walls, the earth thrown forward on the lower or town side, levelled and sodded

to conform to the meadow. This intrenchment was impervious alike to musketry and shell, with Cobb's and Kershaw's Brigades Confederate infantry well posted behind it. The enemy's artillery upon the salients, fifty feet above and directly behind the Sunken Road, numbered nineteen guns upon Marye's Hill and twenty-one upon Willis' Hill, sweeping the exposed plain in front, commanding the Plank and Telegraph Roads and enfilading the embankment of the Orange Railway. Three heavy batteries on the slope of the ridge beyond Willis' Hill commanded the open ground from Hazel Run to the Orange Plank Road. On the left of Marye's Hill five batteries arranged in pits, extending to Stansbury Hill, swept the front and right to Hazel Run. Every column assaulting Marye's Heights in front was not only assailed by the converging fire of nearly one hundred pieces of artillery, but was subjected to the deadly musketry from behind the almost perfect breast-works of the Sunken Road.

At the order "forward," "guide centre," "charge," the men sprang to their work with lines well dressed, animated with the will to execute what seemed a hopeless task. Happily for the Brigade, veiled in smoke and screened by darkness, the enemy from his elevated position fired high, and to this cause alone it owed its preservation. Front and flank were utterly swept by shot and shell, for at this hour every gun bearing upon the plain contributed its hail of lead and iron to the storm of fire. Into this crucible of death the little band poured itself, marking the limits of Sturges', Humphrey's, Griffin's and Getty's assaults in adding to their dead. Sweeping on beyond the line of fallen comrades in blue, with bayonets almost crossing the line of gray in the Sunken Road, sorely smitten by pitiless musketry, with ranks torn and severed by canister and grape, weak from loss and without support, it too reeled, not in retreat, but sinking and holding to the very earth on which it fell. The last desperate trial to "break and carry" the enemy's lines had failed, and firing ceased. The last charge had been made, the chivalrous battalions of eighteen brigades had dashed their masses and broken their ranks against Sunken Road and Shielded Height, and yet the enemy, almost unscathed, preserved his defiant front.

Vigilant preparations were now made for a possible night attack, or the renewal of operations with daylight. Sentinels crept to the front, regimental positions were aligned, pickets were posted on the left front toward Willis' Hill, and covering the left flank to Hazel Run. Schooled by experience in

former campaigns men realized the benefits of sheltering earth-works, and with such help as the bayonet provided, a small furrow was turned that later grew to a defence. At 10 p. m. General Griffin visited the command, sending wagons loaded with ammunition for distribution, while the wounded, as many as could be carried, were returned to the rear. The men suffered from exposure on the bare ground, with their clothing drenched from fording the mill race, blood heated from the effort and excitement of the charge; the enforced prostrate position, with the frosty December night, tended to chill and stiffen the body to a state of torpor. The hours passed all too swiftly, for men amid such dire surroundings realize the fleetness of time and precious boon of life.

Through the scatterings mists of morning came a flash, a puff of smoke, a shell with short fuse exploded far in rear of the recumbent lines. A moment later another, unexploded, buried itself deep in the earth between the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and the Sixteenth Michigan. Still another flash, a third shell scattered its fragments wide over the Twentieth Maine, wounding a number of men. Upon the position the enemy's batteries, two hundred yards in front, now had perfect range. Lying upon our faces that sunlit Sabbath morning, looking into the black muzzles of the guns that were expected every moment to open fire, conscious of our helplessness, we felt it was indeed the "day of wrath." Carefully turning to shut out for a moment this sombre vision, the eye rested upon the glittering cross crowning the spire of St. George's Church. Impending danger seemed even to scintillate from this gracious symbol, flashing forth the prophetic words of the *Dies Ira*:

"Seer and sybil's word confirming,
Heaven and earth to ashes turning."

During the night the enemy had heavily entrenched and strengthened his position, expecting an early morning advance. These three shots from Napoleon pieces were but the challenge for an attack, and with artillery double-shotted, cannoniers at their posts, without firing another round they stood to their guns throughout the day. The infantry in the meantime kept up a most harassing fire; as soon as head or hand was incautiously raised it was a signal for a shot, and casualties occurred from exposure, the plane of the enemy's fire being only from twelve to eighteen inches above our lines. Their pickets along Hazel Run and the small copses bordering that stream were

also very annoying, and it took the large detail of our sharpshooters, effectively posted along fences and the railway, to keep them quiet. The wounded suffered from thirst. Devoted comrades volunteered to run the gauntlet of fire to fill canteens from the mill race. This duty was successfully accomplished by two men from each company, who were cheered by admiring comrades as they returned, unharmed, for their action was valorous as well as humane.

As the day grew warm with sunshine, it was a comfort to the men to dry their damp clothing by turning from side to side upon the ground. Anxiously the future was awaited from minute to minute, and from hour to hour, doubting whether the general commanding would make his boasted assurance good by leading his favorite corps in an assault, although success could not be expected in a direct attack. Not men enough could be massed upon the plain in front to carry the works defended by the forces behind them, and relief could only come under cover of darkness. The moments passed inspired by hope and burdened by dread, a hope that reason might prevail over will, a dread of further blunder committed in the name of strategy. It was, therefore, with buoyant hearts that the sun's low sinking in the west was watched, the last glimmering rays changing into purple shadows as they lingered on the spires of Fredericksburg, bringing the assurance of darkness, and with darkness, relief.

It was nearly eleven o'clock on the night of the 14th that a whispered order passed along the lines, "fall in for the rear." We were being relieved by troops from General Sturges' Division, after enduring for thirty hours the enemy's fire, which we were unable to return, even when directed upon our details engaged in the sacred duty of bearing stretchers for the wounded, and in the burial of the dead.

All that soldiers could do had been done, and more than that, the discipline of constancy to duty and fidelity to obedience under the severest tests in the campaigns of veterans, had been met and maintained. Quietly and in order the Brigade formed and moved across the plain, gathering up and bearing away its long neglected wounded, finally bivouacking on the cold and uneven brick sidewalks of Caroline Street, our right resting upon George Street. So well disciplined was this command, that, although the city was deserted by its residents, not one instance was reported where officer or man left the ranks with the object of curiosity, pillage, or to seek shelter in the vacant houses. No fires were lighted, no rations cooked, the streets

filled with ambulances and artillery, continually moving toward front and rear.

The renewal of hostilities having been abandoned, preparations were made on the 15th for holding the town, and General Butterfield was assigned to the command of that part of Fredericksburg bounded by Hanover Street on the left and the Rappahannock on the right, with orders to place the same in a state of defence.* General Butterfield immediately charged General Warren with the construction of earthworks, and to Captain Weed, Chief of Corps Artillery, was assigned the distribution and position of batteries.

It had been determined that the Fifth Corps should hold the town, more to avoid the appearance of defeat than an act of conquest or base for future operations. While waiting for night to conceal these contemplated movements, Corps and Division Commanders were instructed to impress upon their commands the importance of being well "held in hand" for the immediate renewal of offensive action, and the enemy were shown vast columns massing and deploying upon a grander scale than hitherto, apparently preparing for a more matured and decisive assault. Darkness came on while these manœuvres were yet in progress, when the commanders of all corps, except Butterfield's, faced their columns toward the bridge's heads, and the evacuation of Fredericksburg began.

It is a matter of fact, although not of record, that at this time General "Stonewall" Jackson proposed to strip his corps "to the buff," that his men might readily recognize each other in the darkness, and with the "cold steel" assault the Fifth Corps, annihilate it, or drive it, together with the retreating troops that it covered into the Rappahannock. This barbarous and inhuman proposition General Lee promptly disapproved, and thus history is spared a fanatical chapter, the narration of which would have been unparalleled since the Christian era.†

At ten o'clock p. m. the entire command of Fredericksburg

*Headquarters Army of the Potomac, December 15, 1862.

Major-General Hooker, Commanding Centre Grand Division:

The Commanding General directs that all the troops now occupying the right bank of the Rappahannock be withdrawn to-night, excepting General Butterfield's Corps, which will occupy and hold Fredericksburg. Major-General Sumner has given orders that his command be removed under your direction.

Very respectfully,

JOHN G. PARKE, Chief of Staff.

†Officers high in rank, serving in General Jackson's Corps, whose names it is unnecessary to disclose, assured the writer that the above purpose was duly considered by General Jackson, and submitted for approval to General Lee.

was placed in General Butterfield's hands, when at once the Third Brigade was ordered to relieve the battle lines in front of Marye's Heights. Owing to excessive exposure on the night of the 13th, Colonel Stockton, commanding the Brigade, was taken ill, the command devolving upon Colonel Vincent Young, an accomplished soldier and filled with military ardor, the Brigade could not have fallen into better hands. The night of the 15th was dark and cold, with flurries of rain and sleet, the streets crowded with moving men and the abandoned *débris* of a battlefield. Assuming command, Colonel Vincent moved out through Hanover Street, down Federal Hill and over the small bridge covering the mill race, filing to the left, under cover of the knoll where so many battalions massed for the charge, and again sought refuge in retreat. On this knoll the Brigade halted, an interval of moonlight disclosing lines of battle lying upon their arms. But to the whispered inquiry, "To which corps do you belong?" these silent figures gave no reply. With unrusted armor buckled on, "their souls were with the saints," the stern necessities of war still exacting duty from the dead. Under cover of darkness the slain had been placed in lines along the several crests of the plateau facing the enemy. This appalling fact was now realized as these uniformed corpses were rolled aside like cumbersome stones to make a passageway for marching men. Through this revolting horror and beyond barricades of bodies piled high and frozen stiff, the column moved forward to its old position near to and in front of the Sunken Road, relieving General Zook's Brigade, Hancock's Division, Second Corps.

The unyielding fortitude and invincible courage displayed in the discharge of this duty was all that could be given by mortal men, a tribute to supreme heroism, inspired and sustained by the magnetism of the inflexible disciplinarian and adored commander who organized and drilled the regiments of the Third Brigade for the sublime duties of war.*

General Butterfield received orders to withdraw his command and recross the river at 3.30 a. m. on the morning of the 16th. There was not exacted of a corps commander during the entire war a more delicate military movement than the execution of this order. It was the one brilliant achievement of the campaign, the withdrawal of 30,000 men (including General Whipple's Division of the Third Corps), at a moment's notice, across a navigable river, in front of a victorious enemy, a hundred

*Major-General Daniel Butterfield.

guns trained upon its masses, without the loss of a man, the wheel of a wagon, or the firing of a picket shot.

The selection of General Butterfield to discharge this duty of covering the retreat and withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from Fredericksburg, with his command numbering hardly one-fourth of the enemy's forces, was then, and has ever been since, considered a double compliment—to himself, for his strong qualities as a soldier and a commander, his coolness and courage, with quick action of decision in any emergency, and to his command for proof of its steadiness, discipline and thoroughly soldier-like qualities. Nor was this duty new to either. General Butterfield had been selected by McClellan to cross the James River alone, with the old Third Brigade, and make a feint on Richmond, while the Army of the Potomac was being withdrawn, and to cover the retreat from the James River.

The withdrawal of the army from Fredericksburg was carried out in the most admirable manner. No confusion occurred, no haste, no disorder, and not a moment was lost. The artillery and trains were at once put in motion; the Provost Guard patrolled the town searching for absentees, who were hastened to their commands. "Precise and detailed orders in writing were given" for every movement. General Sykes was directed to cover the upper bridges with Colonel Buchanan's Brigade of Regulars, and the Fifth New York Volunteers of General Warren's Brigade were thrown out as skirmishers, covering the right front. At four o'clock Colonel Vincent ordered the left regiment of the Third Brigade, the Sixteenth Michigan, to pass noiselessly to the rear, following the bed of the Orange Railway, through the cutting toward the town. Whispered orders, "Follow to the left," were passed so quietly that the company on the right did not rise until the company on the left was well away. Before the last regiment of the Brigade had moved, its head of column had formed in line of battle, left in front, behind the mill race, covering the city southward from Hanover Street. Moving slowly in retreat along the outskirts of the town, our departure was signalled to the enemy by the baying of bloodhounds along our abandoned lines. Daylight disclosed the enemy's pickets held in check by the blue uniforms of the dead, lying in battle lines along their front. Slowly retiring from one position to another, moving through the lower part of Fredericksburg, the river's bank was reached. The bridges had been prematurely cut away. A sharp rebuke and orders from General Butterfield to the engineers in charge, soon brought the pontoons back in place, when, "by the right

flank," "file left," the Third Brigade, at eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th, were the last troops to recross the river at the steamboat wharves to the left bank of the Rappahannock, having lost 201 men.

Washington, September 21, 1892.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION, AT OGDENSBURG,
N. Y., 1894.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:

When the invitation, with which you honored me, to address you on this, our national birthday, was received, I accepted immediately. Aside from the pleasure of meeting, as I knew I should, many old comrades in arms and personal friends among your fellow citizens, I felt it a duty.

Half a century ago my father was engaged in the business of transportation from the Mohawk Valley to the St. Lawrence River, by stage, and over the Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, by steamer, in connection with honored citizens of northern New York, whose names are a synonym of true and good American citizens to-day, as they were then. The names of Chapman, Merriam and others came to mind instantly. I felt I should come among friends; that as some of the profits derived from that transportation, over half a century ago, had been applied to my education, it was a personal as well as patriotic duty to respond. So I am with you to-day. Confidentially, I thought I could pick up some old Fourth of July oration of mine, and not be burdened with any trouble or time in the preparation of what to say to you. As the time passed on, the subject was thought of, and it occurred to me that it wouldn't do to go to Ogdensburg and deliver a spread-eagle Fourth of July oration. I recalled the delicious story told at a celebrated dinner in New York by one of your well-known citizens, of his early experience in politics, addressing a public assemblage. He was called upon to make a speech at a political meeting, as a sort of pilot of the great political orator who was to do the heavier work. He acquitted himself to his own satisfaction, when the speaker of the day arose, and, after able political discussion, approached his peroration, which he intended should be patriotic, and of an order to impress the multitude. He sent forth a burst of eloquence, descriptive of America and the American eagle with wings extended, one wing over the St. Lawrence and the other over the Gulf of Mexico. With arms extended in this eloquent burst, and the eagle in this position, he hesitated. He seemed to be lost for language

to carry his speech and his figure further. Waiting for some time, as those of us often have to, for words to come, when thinking on our feet, the patience of the audience was greatly tried, and a good-natured Irishman exclaimed in a loud voice: "Oh, let the bird go, and give us some sense."

I thought should I begin to talk of patriotism and the American eagle, perhaps, among my audience, might be some of the old soldiers of Ogdensburg, who wanted no instructions or lessons in patriotism. Men, whose services to their country had proved their knowledge of their duty and their performance of it.

Here might be among my audience my old friend, General Davies, born near Black Lake, born in a log cabin, rocked in a cradle made from a log. His father purchased a farm when land was eight cents an acre, where we are. He came from a family that furnished a distinguished professor at West Point—a distinguished judge who ornamented the bench in the City of New York, and he, the youngest of the family, graduated with distinction at West Point, went out with your Sixteenth Volunteers from Ogdensburg, distinguishing himself by his judgment and coolness in command at the battle of Bull Run; was promoted to be brigadier-general and major-general of volunteers, and performed most valuable, distinguished and honorable services in the campaigns on the Mississippi and in the West. Possibly there might be with him your distinguished son, General Curtis, one of the heroes of Fort Fisher, Judge Sanford, Major Daniels, Captain Merry, Captain Best, Quartermaster Davies, Lieutenant Austin, of that same Sixteenth Regiment. Perhaps, too, your distinguished Colonel James, of the One Hundred and Sixth, formerly for a time of my staff, also present, who served both in the Fiftieth and Sixty-fifth; your Captain Shaw and Captain Birge, of the One Hundred and Sixth, and Captains Wells, Bosworth and Contryman, of the One Hundred and Forty-second; the brave Colonel Walling, of the One Hundred and Forty-second, who captured the flag at Fort Fisher; General Meyers, colonel of the Eighteenth; Ellsworth, and others of these brave men of Ogdensburg and its vicinity might be here. There is no need of talking patriotism to them. Recall those who are gone from our midst: General Barney and Captain Nevin, captain William Wheeler, Captain Ransom, Lieutenant Vilas, of the One Hundred and Forty-second; Peter Robinson, Andrew McDonald and Briggs, genial Atchinson, of the One Hundred and Sixth; Bartlett and Goodnow, of the Eighteenth; Goodrich and

Godard, of the Sixtieth; Remington and Bayne, all of whom have joined the majority—some gave their lives on the battlefield, others actually died from exposure, and many others had their lives shortened by service.

I might add names by the hour, coming down to your brave soldiers in the ranks who did the work. No, it would be a waste of time and an error of judgment to pick up an old Fourth of July address and tell it in the presence of the living, who set such an example to their friends and fellow citizens, who had received such an object lesson, with, hovering over us, the glorious spirits of the dead, who died in the discharge of patriotic duty, and affecting by example and spirit friends who remain. Even now the spirit of that grand old Ogdensburg historic Fourth of July patriot, General Roscius Judson, if not in our midst, is floating the flag above the reach of the eagle's flight. God bless his memory! The idea of making an old Fourth of July oration was abandoned.

What shall we discuss? What are we here for, and what is appropriate? We have heard read the Declaration of Independence, the Magna Charta of our nation. We look back with profound reverence and respect to the patriotism and ability of the great men of the Revolution. We find in the Declaration of Independence language stating the broad principles upon which it was founded:


"That all men are created equal." "That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." "That among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." "That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed." "That whenever any government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation upon such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." These general principles underlie the Declaration of Independence. The people were not oppressed by monarchical government, but by the measures of that government that were carried on by a king and parliament.

We may go back and review a few of these measures that oppressed our people. Thomas Jefferson had to give a bond to the king in the sum of fifty pound, sterling, to get a marriage license. How many marriages would occur in St. Lawrence County if every young man who desired to wed his sweetheart had to give a bond for two hundred and fifty dollars? There

were taxes upon newspapers, for example: "Upon every newspaper containing public news, or occurrences, which shall be printed, or made public, a stamp duty of one penny (two cents, our money) for every printed copy thereof. For every advertisement in any gazette, newspaper or other paper or pamphlet, a duty of two shillings, or half a dollar." How many newspapers would be printed to-day if the proprietor or editor had to pay two cents for every copy he printed, and fifty cents for every advertisement in it, to maintain a king or royal government?

No wonder that the editor or publisher of the *Pennsylvania Journal* suspended publication of his paper and issued his last number in the following language and form:

The Stamp
Duty
Is
A
Fatal
To-morrow.
DOLLAR-1250.



THE STAMP
DUTY
IS
A
FATAL
TO-MORROW.
DOLLAR-1250.

Thursday, October 31, 1765
THE
NUMBER 105

P E N N S Y L V A N I A J O U R N A L ;

A N D

W E E K L Y A D V E R T I S E R .

EXPIRING: In Hopes of a Resurrection to LIFE again.

I am sorry to be obliged to acquaint my readers that as the Stamp Act is feared to be obligatory upon us after the first of November ensuing (The Fatal To-morrow). The publisher of this paper, unable to bear the Burthen, has thought it expedient to stop awhile, in order to

deliberate, whether any methods can be found to elude the chains forged for us, and escape the insupportable slavery, which it is hoped, from the last representation now made against that act, may be effected. Mean while I must earnestly Request every individual of my Subscribers, many of whom have been long be-

hind Hand, that they would immediately discharge their respective Arrears, that I may be able, not only to support myself during the Interval, but be better prepared to proceed again with this Paper whenever an opening for that purpose appears, which I hope will be soon.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

Newspapers then, as now, it seems, had subscribers who did not pay up. This Stamp Act was repealed the next year, to the great joy of the people; but the fire and desire for liberty was ablaze with the American people. It would not down. It was not because of the form of government that the Revolu-

tion was brought about, but it was because of the acts that were done and performed under that form of government.

The new form of government given us after the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress and the founders of our government was an admirable one. In its workings it has been sufficiently expansive to enable amendments and corrections to be made to meet issues from time to time, as they have risen in our progress, and that brings us to-day face to face with a live issue that we can discuss here. It is our duty to do it. We will fly no bird, but go at the issue. Perhaps we will fly him later if time permits.

The close of our first century of independence marks an epoch unrivaled in the sudden development of a great nation. The Centennial was the celebration of one hundred years of marvelous prosperity, and the feet of liberty seemed firmly planted on these tranquil shores of the West.

To-day we may find food for ample thought.

It is true that the torch of liberty burns undimmed; that the heritage of our fathers has been preserved through two foreign and one memorable civil war. From Maine to Alaska our vast realm sweeps, rich in every natural gift and untrodden by any foreign foe. Last year saw the gates of a world's peace wide open in friendship at the great White City. There a wondering world gazed upon the work of our own hands. The spoils of the earth lay at the feet of the genius of liberty. The silent triumph of the World's Exposition was the concord and amity of the gathered hosts of peace. Friends and strangers vied in wonder and admiration. The heritage of our fathers, brought nearer to us on this day we celebrate, received its triumph of time at the Centennial, and last year, that will be ever memorable, saw one triumph of art. Both were and are ours.

In the last fifty years the world of science has been explored; new and living truths brought to light! While we, as Americans, have been "making history"—while our keen-eyed citizens have developed our natural resources—a great school of literature has grown up among us. The pulpit, the rostrum and the American journal have kept pace with the upward movement of the last twenty years, and a nervous, bold, energetic band of scholars and thinkers lead our masses on to a closer grapple with the only unsolved problems of American life. While in the whole world the republican imitators of the United States are left to follow in peace the progress of our great experiment—here, at home—we are destined to meet with every side prob-

lem of the effort at self-government. It is not alone as the recipients of precious lessons and a golden legacy that we Americans face the thinking world to-day.

The advances in the last quarter of a century in technical science—the daring inventions—the extended comforts of civilization, and the broadening of our daily lives have been accompanied with a diffusion of general information among us truly unequaled.

The average American intelligence is quickened to its utmost keenness by the chorus of our later civilization. While to us the simple franchise gives the dignity and power never enjoyed by even the citizens of haughty Rome—endowed as we have been, and enlightened as we are, with the example of our fathers to guide us, we are yet far from safety.

The sentinels on the watch towers of freedom must not sleep! It is theirs to guard—to watch for the foe without—and to quell dissensions from within. Assembled around a thousand altars of Liberty to-day, we may proudly review the past, gratefully realize the present, and in the hosannas of our rejoicing not forget to cast an anxious eye along our future national pathway. Though our broad land smiles in peace, garnered plenty surrounding us, though our laws are equitable, our flag honored, our institutions firmly planted, there are clouds upon the horizon of the future.

The world has been passing through a period of social and political unrest for the last ten years. Perhaps we would be more awake to this if the censorship of the European press were less effective.

A merciful Providence has spared us from the dominion of hereditary monarchs or tyrants, or the privileged aristocracy of birth. No great military Cæsar has attacked our liberties. Our generals, like Washington, laid down the truncheon of command on the altar of a victorious country. Our great armies of the War of the Rebellion dissolved into the body politic like the shadows of a dream. In its perhaps too rapid material development our country has forged on, forgetting that the century is closing in storm and unrest in Europe.

Parliamentary government has been strained to its utmost in the Old World, and new popular leaders, new codes, strange theories and radical dissensions have appeared in foreign lands. The great powers abroad have stood silently in arms since the close of the unhappy Franco-German War, and the burden of the state of armed peace has galled the toilers of Europe. To resent the exactions of military insolence, to avoid the enor-

mous burdens of taxation and the struggle of existence, the lower classes of Europe have poured into our land and through its open gates. Our labor markets have been crowded with aliens, who are not our brothers in sympathy and who bear none of the just burdens of citizenship. In these foreign lands ready demagogues have appeared, secret reactionary press and an inflammatory literature has been evolved from the bosom of discontent. New and vicious theories of government have taken a deep root—an obstructive and dangerous minority threatens the peace of several European peoples. Under whatever guise these levelling doctrines present themselves, they are a menace to the general welfare. The clouds of the French Revolution of 1793 seem to be lowering over the world in 1894.

It is but just to the rulers and constitutional monarchs of Europe to say that no attack has been made on the liberties of the citizen since the repression of 1848. As a whole, the Red Republican movement of the middle of our century was the failure of passionate, frenzied minds. Military repression subdued a general uprising which was in reality the work of secret societies.

In our later day the general danger is a graver one. Free thought, Radicalism, Socialism, Communism, and even Anarchy are sowing the teeth of Cadmus among us.

The outcome of this wretched and miserable theory and wrong fired the bullet of the assassin into the heart of a noble man, chief of one of our great cities, the Mayor of Chicago, and across the ocean even now comes the echo of the muffled drums and minute guns giving the last honors to the noble, chivalrous, generous, gentle Carnot, chief of the sister Republic of France, to tell us there again the insidious, wicked devils have struck another blow with the hope to produce the results they long for.

In a land where the voice, pen and press are unbridled, where the liberty of assembly is unquestioned, the importation of these wild doctrines and the men who preach them is a national crime. Over the world to-day the sophists of disorder, the priests of lawlessness, seek a fruitful ground for the cultivation of the mushroom growth of false social and political economy.

Old forms of belief reel under the blows of the agnostic. The institutions of law, of private right, of the home, the family, and the rights of personal and landed property are all vigorously attacked. Every landmark of human progress is menaced by these continental levellers, every interest dear to the good citizen is threatened.

The forensic demand for a division of wealth, the reiterated claims of the discontented, the cry of the vicious and idle for a State maintenance ring every day more loudly in our ears. From the Continent come daily the reports of class rebellion, of violent attempts of plot and scheme, and even dastardly anarchistic attacks on the general peace. For ten years a flood of undesirable immigration has clogged our great cities. In a land already burdened with the undesirable foreign contract laborer, and confronted with the difficult African problem of our own origin—derived from England—we see now congested masses of partly servile foreign laborers, as well as hordes of pauper and criminal refugees. Under the very shadows of the great Statue of Liberty these men come to us, led on by skilled emissaries, who bring the red flag and the assassin's knife with their infamous propaganda.

Is it not true that of the half million of undesirables thrust annually upon us, not ten in a hundred are contributing citizens in ten years? Is it not also true that they throng our public relief institutions; that they fill our jails and asylums? For the jury box, for the franchise, for the army and navy, as settlers, as heads of families, are not these aliens both undesirable and useless? These are questions addressing themselves to Americans to-day.

When weary of the labors of a patriot, George Washington retired to his Virginia home, he penned his Farewell Address—a document as lofty as the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, or the martyred Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech. All of the trials he predicted have come upon us, and all of the dangers he foresaw, together with the chastening hand of Providence for the continued crime of human slavery. But it was to American citizens, to freemen, to the inheritors of the prize for which our forefathers fought, that he spoke in clarion tones. Sectional dissension, class pride, foreign influence, alien principles, vicious public thought, and the evils of discord are painted in the calm words which should adorn every American schoolhouse. Even religious divisions are foreshadowed. But new and unforeseen dangers menace the country we love, the great land whose flag of stars now bears forty-four instead of thirteen.

Speaking to the citizens of the great Empire State, the leading Commonwealth of a Union born in battle's storm, cemented by the blood of heroes, I ask if American citizenship has not, to-day, its grave duties. It behooves the father, the veteran, the useful citizen and you, younger men, to look down the

columned years and see if the future of our republic is secure. It has been said that the word "country" calls up more than mere rocks, rivers, trees, broad prairies, hills, mountains and fields. The sacred words, "Our Country," to that true and loyal American citizen speak of all we revere in the past, cherish in the present and hope to hand down to the future. Our country means its homes, laws, grand principles, its equalized burdens, its tolerance, its educational aspirations, its guarantees of life, property and the savings of the thrifty.

The very name, "The United States of America," speaks of the brotherly union in interest of new families, communities and States. Possessing a marvelous natural wealth, with a judiciously evolved manufacturing system and proper rules of foreign intercourse, our land is, and should be, the hope of the freeman and the rock and refuge of liberty. Let us keep it so.

For a generation the dogs of war have been muzzled, our burdens laid on the resident, the traveler, the sojourner, and our own citizens, have been the highest in the civilized world. It is but natural that the easy conditions of life, the high wages incident to the great post-bellum development, the broadcast gifts of land and easily acquired franchise, have attracted to our shores the unthrifty as well as the worthy, the criminal as well as the fitting candidate for citizenship.

There have been important changes affecting our foreign immigration in the last thirty years. The conversion of the Atlantic Ocean into a mere ferry, the extension of the contract labor system, the demand for great blocks of men to aid in road construction or the primary work of the coal, iron and steel trade, have stimulated the incoming stream of alien reinforcement. It cannot be denied that mere manual labor is looked down upon by many Americans. To fulfil the needs of our capitalists, a swarm of foreigners have been thrust upon us, with no inborn respect for our laws, merely seeking personal advantage. Politicians, quick to see the value of these members and to coquet with these masses, have made the formal acquisition of our citizenship fatally easy and viciously rapid.

This question of citizenship we should guard—it is a grave question. The eloquent and able Dr. Raymond, President of Union College, truly said, in his recent inaugural, while speaking of the duty of the American college in connection with citizenship, "Our importance as a nation is not determined by our vast territory, our wealth, our military strength, but our civil and social institutions and life. To us, as to no other nation, has been given the opportunity and the privilege of working out

the problem of popular government upon the basis of equal individual rights, a problem theoretically simple, but practically found to be increasingly complicated.

"Now, the first condition of good government is the ability and character of the governing class. In popular government the governing class is the numerical majority of the citizens. Whatever arbitrary power may be assumed and exercised for a time by individuals and factions, ultimately the people assert their authority, and the rule of the majority is not only the theory but the fundamental fact of our national life. The essential truth of citizenship is not individual liberty, but responsibility. The very term indicates identification with larger and broader interests than those of the individual. The citizen is a member of the community; his individuality is, in a sense, merged into the life of the community; and just because the life of the community is of more importance than the life of the individual, his identification with that larger life is of greater dignity and honor than his personal excellence. It is this that exalts the title 'citizen' above any other title designed to express individual greatness."

We look out now on a world disturbed in many matters of vital interest to organized communities. The waves of Socialism have reached our own shores. There is no lack of false prophets among us. The land is studded with demagogues. Strange and unlawful assemblies, foolishly and partly riotous movements and an uncertainty of action in some legislatures and imprudence in the gubernatorial chair have disgraced several States and alarmed the whole nation.

While in the midst of an upheaval which shakes all beliefs, which alarms even the boldest, the good citizen can see in the too easily acquired American citizenship the primal cause of our present troubles and our future dangers.

Our Western States open no longer vast areas of new lands. A consolidated population calls on all for usefulness and economy. The competition of the almost thinking machinery of to-day demands a high technical skill, and our great cities are overcrowded with the poor, while our inland States are infested with the shiftless tramp.

An excitable, eager and energetic press spreads abroad news of tumults, strikes, disorders, and the spasmodic crimes of that Socialism which (under our generous license) is speeding on to Anarchy.

Columbia, serene upon the mountain heights of Liberty, with searching eye, scans the hordes of these disturbers. A warn-

ing voice fills the land, as in these generally foreign cabals the dangerous element is seen, skulking along to sedition under the borrowed cloak of civilization. The cry of freedom's sentinel is, "Close the doors! Scan all who knock at freedom's gates! Keep out the unworthy."

We greet and welcome every one who has fought our battles—shed his blood with us for our flag—from whatever nation or clime. We welcome and share with them, with their children and kin, all privileges and rights of citizenship. Whoever comes fitted by education, by intelligence, by desire for good and the right, we greet and hail; but there let us stop.

The scholar, thinker and moralist may coldly reason that the social pressure will finally relieve itself, that the self-regulative instinct of the best Americans will decide all our questions at the polls, and that the real American will always rule in our councils and hand down our heritage unimpaired. It is trusting too much to the doctrines of chances to allow the land we love to become the rallying place, the haven and the prey of those who lift no hand to guard its liberties, and put no shoulder to the wheel of progress. The dangers of Anarchy come not to us from the Anglo-Saxon. It is the heritage of diseased dreamers of '48.

Our great cities, which should be monuments of municipal progress, are largely controlled by those who handle the anti-American political element. To-day, in our broad land the password should be given from friend to friend, "Watch that man who does nothing in return for his citizenship."

Our place among nations will depend upon lifting up the status and responsibility of the individual voter.

Franchise as a trust, citizenship as a state involving grave duties as well as giving a means to place and preferment—these new and clear definitions must be insisted upon.

No public measure can rise above the wisdom and virtue of the better classes. No party should dare now to promulgate a platform which caters to the passions of the vicious, the leveler and the unworthy.

Peace has its duties as sacred to the defense of our liberties as the call to arms, and a full, resolute and honest performance of all the duties of citizenship is called for to-day from every man who claims the elective franchise.

There are no great questions of home or foreign policy to divide our people, at present. Not one of the critics or alarmists who now sound their warning notes claims that there are fundamental errors in our Constitution and Laws. Average

harvests, a sound state of public health and an absence of burning questions make this a time for us to survey the future from certain positions of assured success. The question of an adjustment of our tariff laws is one to be regularly dealt with by a general discussion, a consensus of opinion and the final regulation of the popular vote. But a conviction has stolen upon us that our Government does not govern as well as it might. That legislative, municipal and Congressional officials should be higher in their aims, purer in action and more directly responsible to the worthy classes. While the fabric of our laws is good, while the press and pulpit loudly urge reform, and while the educational, charitable and reformatory institutions of our land are unsurpassed, there is a lack of confidence in party, a weariness in the public mind, and a breaking up of old standards.

The agitation produced by the Socialist, of every class, the insane schemes or menacing gatherings of the unworthy, the open demand for State support and many chimerical levelling measures prove now that we have intrusted the franchise to many who would not lift up the status of the citizen, but pull all down into the gulf of failure, in which Fourierism, Communism, Socialism and Nihilism have dragged, or will drag, all their adherents.

The lawless measures, loud menaces and unpunished trespassers of self-elected communal tramp leaders are tolerated by many of our citizens. It seems that the violent taking of life alone seems to awaken these political dreamers. But uninterrupted trade, laws defied, startled communities and paralyzed industries prove to the clear-eyed thinker that the public peace has been gravely violated by the men who loudly call on the State to do for them while they are trying to pull it down.

The open general attack upon property and its possessors, the defiance of the rights of the prudent, industrious and saving, the negation of individual enterprise by these water-fly Rienzis of an hour, have filled our land with clamor.

Never before has our land been overrun with considerable bodies of wanderers, who, claiming public sympathy, leave a train of broken laws and trampled rights behind them.

It is the boast of this not by any means trifling "party," so styled, that public men lean to them, that they have a distinct political purpose, and that an implied menace follows these ravings.

Then to us, the lovers of the law, the conservators of order,

comes the duty to sift out and find what manner of men these be.

It is the citizens who rally to-day, for the right, around the altars of a blood-bought liberty, to send out no uncertain warning to our magistrates, leaders and public officials. We can see the insidious effort to make divisions between class and class, to unite racial and religious dissension, to brand the having or holding of property as the evidence of a past crime against the shiftless loiterer.

To-day, in America, hurl back the statement that our laws are unjust.

There is no land in the world where the reward of industry is so ample, the road to prosperity and home-getting so easy, as in the United States of America. It is madness to demand that a republican form of government is a mere life assurance for the criminal, the drone, the vicious or the mere discontented.

Within the last year, in their own lands, the advocates of this levelling doctrine have met and patiently submitted to the stern repression of their countrymen at home.

It is time for the good citizens of our States to begin and trust with office or public service only those who return to the commonwealth a faithful performance of their trust. To resolutely insist that the right shall prevail, that unemployed mobs shall not dictate to the peaceful artisans, or disturb the quiet home.

In a general effort to sustain and execute our laws the spirit of order and fellow feeling will rise in the security of our tranquil land. No land has ever seen more judiciously employed charity—a greater beneficence, a kindlier fellow feeling than the American communities have displayed during the recent general depression. The journalist, churchman, thinker, merchant and home defender can point to the organized well-doing of the last winter, and sternly ask of the Socialistic rebels against public order to point out their contribution to any good cause. The institutions of our beloved land, the settled customs of humanity and the code of republicanism have been put on trial by men who bear no burdens, pay no taxes, and neither in deeds, blood nor innate merit are entitled to a full, or any voice in regulating our affairs.

It is not a slur upon the hundreds of thousands of worthy naturalized citizens to say that the doctrines and practice of Anarchy or incipient disorder are directly traceable to foreign disturbers, to codes and creeds brought here, of vicious and alien origin.

It is undeniable that their following is not of native birth, that in our peculiarly American communities the average trials of State, National and business life are met with a truly American dignity and patience.

The situation of our land is peculiar. We have no assembly of notables, no aristocracy, no crown to issue a fiat to the adherents of what is practically "mob law," but, to-day, on the anniversary of the birthday of Freedom, the children of the State will resolve to demand some return from these wayfarers in life, for the peace and protection of our land. The watchword goes out, "Respect for the laws and safety for the institutions of our land."

In spite of the railing of demagogues it is true that the useful and law-abiding citizens of America bear patiently the whole burden of our civilization. The energetic, the rich, the effective hold up our enterprises, sustain our charities, endow our universities, and ornament and decorate our land with homes and monuments.

Here where neither title, privilege, garb, hereditary dignity nor form of address are reserved to the rich and important, the wail of the incipient Anarchist is the loudest. Here we can discern their determination to run liberty into license and personal freedom into lawlessness.

The cowardice, the inefficiency, the treason to any form of restraint of these would-be "Jack Cades" is beginning to weary our worthy citizens who do not watch this unmoved.

* * * * *

Eloquence, says Emerson, is a speech in which there is a man behind every word. Victorious war, says history, is that contest in which intelligence and morality serve the guns, and now you, my old comrades in arms who are here present, recall how rich was our war in these personal qualities. That war has taught us that the poetry of heroism is indeed not in the distance. For every one of your comrades who are gone and you here, born in battle it may be said, beneath your caps is a head as honest and noble in all its thoughts as any that ever wore a helmet or bore a knightly crest; beneath the blouses beat hearts as pure and unselfish as a woman's, but filled with the loftiest courage. The hands that poised the muskets which gave us our liberty and union were as firm and true as any that ever splintered a lance in the courtly and chivalrous contests of old.

The army, of which we are an integral part, has passed away. No more shall its bugles break the sweet stillness of the morn-





General Butterfield in 1900.



ing, when, as with their reveille, they saluted the coming day. No more shall the closing night hear the rolling of the tattooing drums. Its tents are shut, the cannon have thundered their last notes of defiance and victory.

As generation after generation shall pass in their long succession, while the great flag which we brought at the head of our marching columns floats over a free and united people, it will be remembered that in their day and generation, in their time and place, our fallen comrades did for liberty and for law, for the Constitution and for the Union, as did their forefathers in the Revolution, historic deeds worthy of immortal honor, deeds that in endless characters shall shine on glory's brightest page.

Look to it, comrades, by your example and your work while you live, that this shall not be lost. There is danger in the air! It is only to know it—to think of it—and to be prepared for it. American intelligence—American patriotism—courage and endurance will meet it—subdue it—and end it.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HERKIMER MONUMENT, NOV. 12, 1896.

[We are indebted to Col. John W. Vrooman, Chairman of the Herkimer Monument Commission, for a copy of the report transmitted to the New York Legislature, January 19, 1897, containing the accompanying address by General Butterfield.—EDITOR.]

However pleasant it may be to receive such a complimentary introduction, it is embarrassing, for we are not here to honor ourselves, but to honor one for whom this monument has been erected.

The Commissioners who have so successfully completed their labors, as you have heard, have devolved upon me the official duty of formally presenting and handing over to you, sir, as the representative of the State of New York, the muniments of title and records of ownership and possession by the State of the monument to-day dedicated. The State honors itself in this tribute to the memory of that patriot and brave soldier, General Herkimer.

Modest and unpretending as the structure is compared with the merits and deeds of Herkimer, the State and the people have reason to be grateful to the Commissioners that they have accomplished so much with the limited means placed at their disposal by the Legislature. Their patriotism and public spirit has, by their personal contributions, enabled them to exceed the appropriation made.

To the fact of the Mohawk Valley being my birthplace, within sounding distance of the guns of the battle of Oriskany, with my military services, must be attributed my selection for this portion of the official ceremony.

It is most gratifying to find a gallant soldier who served under me (Colonel Ehlers) exercising the official function in this afternoon's ceremonies at the monument of that noble, ancient and honorable order of which General Herkimer, as well as General Washington, were members.

It was indeed most appropriate that the symbols and implements of the craft were used in the beautiful dedicatory service. The Deputy Grand Master's Jewel, the Square, teaching the principles of morality and virtue, recalled four cardinal points of Herkimer's character: honor, courage, devotion and patriotism. The Level, the jewel of the Senior Grand Warden, teaching equality, fitly symbolized Herkimer's love of right and sympathy with his fellow man, and the Plumb, the jewel of the Junior Grand Warden, teaching rectitude of conduct and to walk uprightly before Heaven and before man, fitly illustrated the truth, justice and virtue which characterized the life of the grand old hero. The graceful speech and eloquence with the dignified ceremonial of the Masonic officials arrayed in their official regalia made a fitting frame and setting for the completion of the Commissioners' noble work that none who were present will ever forget.

It is a further pleasure to find here also a representative body of the descendants of the patriots of the War of the Revolution. The blood of their ancestors courses through their veins to-day, and thrills with pride and pleasure at the State's recognition of Revolutionary service. It is a matter of pride and honor to take part in any act or ceremony which adds a laurel or chaplet to the memory and honor of a grand type of patriot and soldier, who, wounded and dying, would not give up the fight, but won the victory on the battlefield, where our glorious emblem—the Stars and Stripes—for the first time in our existence as a nation, floated in battle and in victory.

Grand, glorious Herkimer! The blood of the hero and the patriots he commanded was not shed in vain. It is a precious memory and honor to the Mohawk Valley. May the State preserve and perpetuate this monument. May these records stand in the archives of the Capitol, a perpetual reminder that New York State, even after the lapse of one hundred and twenty years, has remembered to honor the hero who, though wounded, declared he would "face the enemy," and won from Washing-

ton words of highest praise and recognition for his glorious work at the battle of Oriskany.

It will exceed the duty assigned me to trespass upon the limits of time and the work of the honored jurist and citizen of Herkimer, Chief Justice Earl, who is to follow me, should I yield to the inspiration of the hour and the occasion and enter upon any further eulogism of Herkimer, the hero, and the history that has led to this creation and commemoration.

Take, sir, these documents and muniments, on behalf of the State from the Commissioners, and may you carry with them to the Governor and the Legislature the spirit that has manifested itself here, and re-echo the spirit and patriotism of the hero whose record and renown we commemorate. Carry with them also the hope and wish of every citizen of New York State that the splendid work which has thus far been done, and is doing by the State, at Saratoga, at Gettysburg, Antietam, Chattanooga, and the various battlefields of the last war, may continue, until the services of the gallant Colonel Marinus Willett, in seizing in New York City the arms with which he fought at Oriskany, with his victory over Doxtater's Tories and the warriors of the Six Nations, at Cedar Creek, near Sharon Springs, July 10, 1781—that the scene of the first blood shed on the American continent between American citizens and British troops at Golden Hill, in John Street, New York City; that the death of the brave Colonel Knowlton, at the battle of Harlem Heights, also in New York City; with Colonel Glover's sharp fight against the advance of Howe's army, at Troogs Neck, in October, 1776, "Bemis Heights," Stillwater and other like events, matters of National as well as State pride, may receive recognition and memorial, to be preserved and perpetuated to coming generations. Who shall tell what seeds of patriotism, national pride and hostility to anarchy and national dishonor would have been planted in the hearts of the myriads of emigrants and new-coming citizens who passed through the fertile Mohawk Valley for a score of years before the days of railroads, if memorials like those alluded to, and this of to-day, had greeted them? The occasion of to-day, this presence and the purpose for which we are assembled, make fitting and appropriate new reminders, and call for thankful recognition of the Oneida Historical Society's work in connection with the battlefield of Herkimer's glory at Oriskany.

ADDRESS AT THE REUNION AT CHATTANOOGA,
SEPTEMBER 18, 1895.

To speak of General Hooker and his forces, brought from the Army of the Potomac here, with a view of doing justice to the work and the merits of both, in the great struggle which brought all the armies here represented into existence, would demand time beyond the limits to spare on an occasion like this.

I must not exceed the limits of proper thanks for your kindly and fraternal remembrance in a brief résumé of the service of the detachment sent out to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland in its hour of great trial, and a few words of its commander, that splendid soldier, General Joseph Hooker.

The lack of organized and serviceable information on the part of our Government and commanders in the East, with the skill and ability of our opponents, permitted Longstreet's corps to be detached from the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, in the presence of the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, and fall upon the Army of the Cumberland with superior forces, while its commander, General Rosecrans, had been assured that no troops had been so detached.

Their arrival surprised Rosecrans at Chickamauga, and produced a result calling for immediate reinforcement.

That reinforcement, sent when the gallant Army of the Cumberland was on the verge of starvation, accomplished its immediate purpose in opening up the line of communication with Chattanooga that Rosecrans' most brilliant strategy had conquered, and made possible a new and future base of operations, which, but for the timely arrival of Hooker with our Potomac troops, might possibly have been lost through the strength of the reinforced enemy.

That detachment under General Hooker, subsequently became part of the Army of the Cumberland until separated and merged into the Army of Georgia under General Sherman for the great pictorial March to the Sea, while its gallant and best-beloved commander, the grand soldier, whom every true patriot and soldier that served under him placed at the highest pinnacle for ability and true greatness, George H. Thomas, was left to guard and defend the lines and territory which the Army of the Cumberland had conquered.

This brief outline covers the events which brought together two corps of the Army of the Potomac with the Army of the

Cumberland, and made them part of that army. This service caused your special recognition to-day, and through its results, a knowledge on the part of all who participated, of the character and training of both armies.

There is no similar instance, to my knowledge, where a body of troops, equal to a small army, moved to and incorporated with another and a larger army under a new commander, ever so quickly, so thoroughly, and so absolutely became inspired with enthusiastic admiration, enthusiasm, confidence and respect for that new commander, as did our detachment of the Army of the Potomac; from its chief—the gallant Hooker—down to the humblest private, all, feel toward that grand man, magnificent soldier and great patriot, George H. Thomas.

Would that every citizen and inhabitant of the United States could understand and know, as we do, his merits, his services and his ability. He had no superior and few equals.

Our love for and confidence in him cemented the bond of union between our portion of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Cumberland, which has never been, and never will be, broken as long as there are survivors.

Of the incidents of our service here before as Potomac Corps, we were subdivided and merged into the Army of the Cumberland and elsewhere, it is not vainglorious or immodest to speak of the splendid fighting of General Greene's New York Brigade, at Wauhatchie; General Orland Smith's Brigade, at the Hill we now call Smith's Hill, in the Wauhatchie Valley, and the fighting of the other troops of our command, when Longstreet made his night attack to defeat our purpose and duty.

Hemmed in as you were in Chattanooga, our night fight in darkness, only lightened by the flash of musketry gleaming on charging bayonets, you did not then so clearly understand and know what good work it was.

We were proud of it, we have been ever since, we are now, and we have a right to be. We were the more gratified and proud of it when we came to know and be of the Army of the Cumberland.

The arrival of the Army of the Tennessee here made it evident that reorganization would not further keep us in one body to particularly emphasize our Army of the Potomac training in the new field of duty. One corps entire was transferred, broken up and merged with troops under Generals Sherman and Grant. General Hooker was left with a portion of one division, and but for the breaking of the pontoon bridge from the Wauhatchie Valley across the Tennessee, having prevented

Cruft's division of the Cumberland and Osterhaus's division of the Army of the Tennessee getting into Chattanooga for the planned and prepared assault of the Confederate line on Missionary Ridge, you *may* never have known and seen, as you did, the brilliant and soldierly qualities of General Hooker and the remainder of his detachment, as exhibited in the assault thus caused.

The ability displayed in crossing Lookout Creek, surprising and capturing the enemy's pickets, forming the line up the side of the mountain, turning the enemies' flank, and moving down and around the face of Lookout, covering the crossing of Osterhaus's Division of the Army of the Tennessee, and Cruft's Division of the Army of the Cumberland, while sweeping the enemy out of their rifle pits, was a masterly and a great movement in the art of war. The union in a grand line of a division from each army, advancing to capture the mountain, around the front and over the nose of Lookout, amidst alternate fog, clouds and sunshine, the plainly defined and progressive line of battle of these combined forces, each and all pressing forward under physical difficulties of the worst character, with flags and leaders in advance, was an inspiring and brilliant spectacle, that none who witnessed it will ever forget.

It was an object lesson of mountain climbing in the face of the enemy to the troops in Chattanooga, of whose repetition of it the next day, at Mission Ridge, we were equally proud with our comrades from the other armies. Those who saw or participated in these events will never forget, or cease to be proud of them.

No spectacle in our war ever surpassed the climbing and capture of Lookout. It was equaled by the storming of Chapultepec and the glorious assault of the Army of the Cumberland up and over Mission Ridge. But for the delay caused by the failure of pontoons reaching us to cross Chattanooga Creek in time, the combined divisions of the three armies under Hooker would have first found the enemy's flank, and moved to sweep the Ridge and clear the way for the Army of the Cumberland. As it was, we arrived on the enemy's left simultaneously with the right of the Army of the Cumberland.

That scene can never be forgotten. The declining sun shone brightly yet on the bayonets of the Army of the Cumberland and those of Hooker's command as we advanced and met on the summit. Osterhaus on the eastern slope of the Ridge, Cruft's on the centre, and Geary on the western slope, all advancing, while the troops of Sherman and Thomas climbed the Ridge in

front under the enemy's fire. The climax, the possession of Mission Ridge, the capture of much war material, and a great and glorious victory over brave and gallant opponents, I can find no language to fitly describe.

The report of it by an eye witness, General Meigs, Chief Quartermaster, an able soldier and engineer, made to the Secretary of War at the time—when you read it will recall your enthusiasm and pride. The language, fitting and appropriate, I could not attempt to alter or improve.

General Hooker's execution in this campaign of the duty entrusted to him to make a demonstration on Lookout the first day and move on the enemy's flank the next, introduced him more thoroughly as a soldier and captain to your army here.

General Thomas spoke of our operations in his General Order of November 7, 1863, as "of so brilliant a character as to deserve special notice." We all know General Thomas always meant exactly what he said. Such action and skill brought out admiration for Hooker's thorough knowledge of his profession and his duties.

His magnificent physique and genial bearing, with his magnetic influence over his command, soon became apparent. It contradicted the effect of reckless statements of his personal habits and character. From a long service with him and every opportunity to judge and know by personal observation, I denounce these statements as false. The time has come when his old comrades and those who knew him best should set this slander finally at rest. Fearless in the expressions of his opinions and his criticisms, he gave offence often without intending offence, but claiming, when remonstrated with concerning it, that the expression of a truthful opinion was the duty of a patriot and the privilege of a gentleman. We can overlook these expressions from their sincerity and lack of malignity, and the bitter hostility they brought him.

Outspoken and fearless in speech—in conduct vigilant—wonderfully skilled in strategy, his troops soon learned that no soldier's life would be uselessly imperilled through his orders, and that no personal peril must forbid or endanger the accomplishment of a necessary military purpose, or the winning of a battle.

In the recent celebration of his old corps at Hadley, Mass., a distinguished soldier and orator here present with us truly said of him: "In the conception of military operations, Hooker was audacious, original, acute; in executing them he was energetic, yet circumspect and prudent. He was severe in discip-

line, exacting in his demands upon officers and men; lofty in his ideal of the soldier's intrepidity, fortitude, earnestness and zeal, yet, he was generous in praise, quick to see and recognize ability and merit, as well in the ranks of his adversary as in his own.

A soldier by intuition, instinct and profession. Hooker's sword was adorned by the best accomplishments known to the art of war. His character thoroughly military. He was fit for command. He was proud of the profession of arms. He brought to it the highest accomplishments of a soldier. His manner and bearing were distinguished, yet urbane and gentle. His temper was quick, yet forgiving. He was gracious to junior officers and prompt to recognize merit.

Diligent and punctilious in the discharge of duty. Toward all under his command he was exacting in discipline, inexorable to the laggard, prodigal in praise to the zealous and diligent. He always bowed to superior power with the same loyalty that he demanded from his own troops.

He never sulked in his tent when summoned to battle. He was a patriot. He loved his country. He loved its defenders. He has passed into history with the great characters of '61 to '65. He filled glorious pages of our American annals.

He served the country under McClellan, Burnside, Thomas, Sherman and Grant with unfaltering fidelity and zeal. When relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac the only favor he asked of Lincoln was the privilege of changing places with Meade—to command a corps under his late subordinate—so that he might share in the dangers and honors of the campaign he had begun. That campaign was completed successfully by battle at Gettysburg, the point he had selected two weeks in advance.* Never was the great Confederate Chieftain, Lee, outflanked when forces were equal, save when

*Before the Army of the Potomac crossed the Potomac for the Gettysburg campaign General Hooker, taking a map of Pennsylvania and pointing to it, said to me: "General Lee will repeat his campaign of last year across the Potomac. He will cross here (pointing to Williamsport on the map). They are finding great fault with me that I do not attempt to prevent his crossing. Why, I would lay the bridges for him and present arms to his forces rather than they should not cross. We will guide his march after he crosses and keep him to the other side of this range (pointing to the range of mountains laid down on the map, extending from the Potomac to the vicinity of Gettysburg, and running his finger along stopped at the position of Gettysburg on the map), and we will fight the battle here. We will have every available man in the field, and if Lee escapes with his army the country are entitled to and should have my head for a football." D. Butterfield. Above in answer to General Sickles' suggestion in his letter requesting publication of my address.

Hooker commanded against him. Massachusetts has this proud record for her first soldier.

I may be permitted, in discharging the duty assigned me, to speak of Hooker and his army, to echo and repeat his oft-expressed sentiments concerning General Thomas and our Army of the Cumberland. They were ever full of admiration, high confidence and esteem.

This occasion would not be complete did I fail to recognize the astounding ability and courage shown by our opponents in those days. The brilliant strategy and tactics of that great commander, General Joe Johnson, the courage and skill of Longstreet (*bowing to Longstreet on the stage*) and I am glad to see him here to-night; the vigor and force and soldierly qualities of Bragg, Hood, Stewart, Cleburne and others, to mention all of whom would be almost to read the Confederate roster.

But for this we could claim no laurels of our battles. Thankful that they are not tinged with bitterness, malignity or unkind feelings on either side, may we ever remain united with our glorious flag, free institutions and government so aptly described by the immortal Lincoln, in Henry Wilson's words, as the "Government of the people, by the people, for the people."

God grant if ever again temptations or causes arise for sectional strife, we may remember that

"In vain is our strife, when its fury has passed,
Our fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow,
Roll mingled in peace to the valleys below.
Our Union is River, Lake, Ocean and Sky,
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die."

ADDRESS AT THE FISHKILL MONUMENT DEDICATION, OCTOBER 14, 1897.

The occasion of our assemblage to-day associates so many matters of historical interest and patriotic pride, that one pauses to weigh the rich material against the allotted time for our purpose.

The portion of the country around the old village of Fishkill, and for many miles in its vicinity, was the scene of stirring events during the period of the Revolutionary War.

The precise spot where we are assembled has its particular historic interest, since in 1776 the Council of Safety of Fishkill caused to be erected, at Washington's request, barracks, built by the militia of the town, and also a hospital. The barracks were in the fields, all along to the village, in front of the memo-

rial we are here to dedicate; the hospital and cemetery behind it. The memorial carries the dates, 1776, the year of its foundation, and 1783, which latter was the year of removal. Houses in Fishkill yet standing, one on Main Street, near the Poughkeepsie Road, were built from the timbers taken down in the removal of the barracks.

The purpose of these barracks, to care for the guard covering the depot of supplies and the invalid soldiers of Washington's army, and why it was so chosen, is best described by General the Marquis de Chastellux, a French officer and nobleman of distinction, in his book of travels. He was here in 1780. He says of Fishkill, that it had been long the principal depot where were placed the magazines, hospitals, workshops, etc., of the American army, all of which formed a town of themselves, composed of handsome, large barracks, built in the wood, at the foot of the mountains—this very spot.

I quote his language, where he says: "As for the position of Fishkill, that it was a post of great importance is evident from the campaign of 1777. It is clear that the plan of the English was to render themselves masters of the whole course of the North River, and thus to separate the Eastern and Western States. It was necessary, therefore, to secure a post on that river. West Point was made choice of as the most important to fortify, and Fishkill as the place best adapted to the establishment of the principal depot of provisions, ammunition, etc.; these two positions are connected together."

He speaks of the politeness shown him, describes the barracks, speaks of the prisoners in English uniform whom he saw through the windows of the prison, and then speaks of the huts occupied by some hundreds of soldiers near Fishkill on his road to West Point. This description, written by a foreigner of distinction, and a soldier of high honor, gives the keynote of the character and sufferings of the men whose memory we are here to honor.

The same character of testimony is found repeated in different language in the official reports of officers and the private letters and correspondence of hundreds who were of that army, who occupied the camps and barracks at West Point, Cold Spring, Constitution Island, and other points within an hour's ride of where we now are.

In his description of the soldiers in these huts, he says: "These invalids are all in very good health, but it is necessary to observe that in the American army every soldier is called an invalid who is unfit for service. Now these had been sent here because their clothes were truly invalids. These honest

fellows were not even covered with rags; but their steady countenances, and their arms in good order, seemed to supply the defect of clothes, and to display nothing but their courage and their patience."

Speaking afterward of West Point and its fortifications, he says: "A Frenchman would be surprised that a nation just rising into notice should have expended in two years upward of twelve millions of francs in this desert. He would be still more so, on learning that these fortifications cost nothing to the State, being built by the soldiers, who received not the smallest compensation, and who did not even receive their stated pay."

His translator, an English gentleman, who had also visited our armies at that time, adds to this statement of the marquis: "The zeal, perseverance and honor which shone forth in the American army, in the most arduous and extraordinary circumstances, almost surpasses credibility. They were in general most wretchedly clothed, seldom received any pay, were frequently in want of everything, from the public scarcity of money and the consequent indifference of the contractors, and had daily temptations thrown out to them of the most alluring nature. This army seemed to be pervaded but by one spirit, and fought and acted with as much enthusiastic ardor as the most enlightened and determined leaders."

These were the words of foreigners, not Americans. We may well be proud of these tributes to the men we honor today. But we must cease to quote and repeat what others said of these men, else we should occupy time for hours.

Of these you can read for yourselves: from Lossing, in his "Field Book of the War of the Revolution"; from Bailey, the local historian, who has published a most valuable collection of historical data of Fishkill's early history; from Blake, in his "History of Putnam County"; from Philip H. Smith's "History of Dutchess County," and another by James H. Smith; from the valuable historical sketch of Fishkill, by T. Van Wyck Brinckerhoff; from Barnum's "Spy Unmasked," republished with illustrations and an appendix; all these are full of interesting information apropos of the work done by the patriots of '76 here and in the locality around us.

We have no clash of arms and roar of battle to describe here; but we are to honor that sturdy manhood and patriotism which caused brave men to bear their sufferings heroically and with patience for the sake of their country and for liberty.

Let us choose, rather, to treat this occasion, then, in the spirit of the sentiment which prompted the ladies of the Melzingah Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the

erection of this memorial—graceful recognition of the patriotism and sacrifices of the noble men who served as soldiers in the War of the Revolution, and local pride and patriotism in preserving the memory of such noble work as a reminder and object lesson to those now in ignorance, and who may follow us in the future.

Twice have I caused to be introduced in Congress a bill looking to the carrying on of this work by the Government, the same as we are engaged in; twice failed, but shall try again.

It might, perhaps, be deemed an extravagant sentiment to say that every inch of ground made sacred by the footprints of a soldier of the American Revolution *should be identified* for the benefit of succeeding generations. But it is not too much to hope that every place where there occurred any important incident of that historic struggle should be deemed worthy, at least, of some monumental tablet or memorial. (Applause.) The number of people who, by reading this inscription, will have their attention for the first time directed to the story of which it may give a fragment cannot be foretold. How few persons among those of our fellow citizens, even of the men and women, boys and girls, who may pass this tablet, have caught the spirit of the seven years' struggle from 1776, the troubles that led up to it, and the problems that followed it; the armies of Washington in camp, on the march, and in actual battle; how they were raised, how they were maintained, and how they suffered, exemplified in a military sphere; the burdens and sacrifices of the homes; the anxieties of the fireside; the problems of social order in the States; and the many embarrassments of our different States.

There was seldom unity, not always success; usually poverty, and not always hope; but, somehow, there was progress. It now lay here, a battle won there, and now and then a fresh incentive from a patriotic home, an awakened State Legislature, a fresh trust in the genius and the capacity of a general or a statesman—and many of our best statesmen were officers in the field; an American determination to strive on and on until armed resistance to our new government should disappear from our shores: all contributed to keep the young republic on its feet until the Old World began to receive the new nation into the family of nations, and then to enter into treaties with it of commerce and of amity.

Every incident connected with the birth of the new nation is ripe with inspiration and instruction for succeeding generations. *Every monumental tablet is a seed of patriotism*

fraught with silent and continuous instruction. It tells the casual stranger something to interest him as he passes by; it reminds the youth that there is something to learn about events of which he will be ashamed to remain in ignorance; and it admonishes the indifferent or the careless that the questions of to-day, which are idly tossed from his mind as belonging to, what he may style, the intrigues of politics, or the craft of politicians, are as fraught with great possibilities of national retrogression or national advancement as were in their day the questions so happily solved by the wise fathers of the republic in the stormy days attending the American Revolution. And these students, if so incited to study and know the history of our beloved land, and heaven grant they may, cannot but feel, as they read the fertile pages of the history of those days, the most profound astonishment that that partially developed young colony, in the audacious onslaught for liberty and the rights of man against unjust tyranny, displayed *such* an aggregate of almost superhuman effort and accomplished *such* results.

Well might the astonished commander of the English forces, with superior numbers in his favor, exclaim in his wrath at defeat: "What are these men made of?"

If it be true that a nation, like the human body, is healthy in proportion to the purity and strength of its blood, then the blood that nerved the arms and developed that army of patriots, and now speaks to us with trumpet tongues from this sacred soil which to-day we dedicate, was the healthy, pure outcome of *God-given strength*.

Oh, could a shade of the spirits once here arise from yonder field *now, this day*, and look upon us as we stand in reverent discharge of what we feel *sacred, American, patriotic duty*, what would he see, and what, think you, would he say?

Let us, for the moment, invoke this shade and spirit of the soldier of the Revolution. Let him come forth from the soil sacred by sufferings and the bloodshed of his comrades, hallowed by patriotism and sterling worth.

Lo! he comes, ascends to the hills and redoubts where burned his camp fires and the beacons on the Hudson; where patriot fires, lit by Washington's orders, made American hearts pulsate with thrilling emotion, their glowing light telling victories won for American arms, and the evacuation of our great City of New York.

We see him now. What a spectacle! What a memory! What a reverie! What does he look like? Is he well fed?

Look at his gaunt figure, his half-famished body! Is he well clothed? Look at his poor bruised and frozen feet swathed in tow cloth tied with strings of tow! Look! How pitiful to see the poor frost-bitten fingers, the clothing of rags and coffee bagging. It caused the huts and barracks here, that were thrown up to protect him from the relentless elements. But we pause as we gaze on this sight. His countenance beams with the glories of his patriot's duty well done. It is beautiful, and sheds a halo that takes from our vision the marks and emblems of his suffering.

Lo! *he is glorified!* Like our Divine Master, *he has conquered.* He has long since overcome human frailties and soared above human necessities.

From the beacon heights, as he looks down, he finds all nature stands in its outline, much as it did four centuries ago, when Columbus stood knocking at the convent door for food and shelter, *arguing, imploring* for three poor vessels with which to sail from the port of Palos to find that New World St. Brendin's tales had told of and taught him he would find. He finds all nature just as they did a century and more ago, when, with the chain across the Hudson, and the troops posted on both its banks, as L'Enfant pictured them in 1780, our army stood like Vikings to guard the coveted pass through the Highlands.

He sees there no camps, the forts on Constitution Island and Fort Putnam in ruins, Fort Webb surmounted by an observatory, and Fort Clinton gone.

But there are beautiful barracks and edifices; a towering granite shaft, with its golden figure of Fame, glistens in the sun, and tells, as a battle manument, of heroes slain in the war to preserve and defend what he fought for and created—the war that our veteran comrades here before me fought in. We know nothing, by comparison, of what the Revolutionary patriots suffered.

Dimly he descries the north and south redoubts at Garrisons. The Robinson house, the home of the traitor Arnold, and from whence he fled, has gone; yet its site is preserved, marked by the foundation walls. The path by which Arnold fled down to the Hudson to join the British "Vulture" is still there, and the memory and dishonor of his treason yet fill every heart.

There are houses with the portraits of the woman Washington was said to love, and whom he scorned when seeking André's pardon. Others with Washington's portrait as the young colonel, when he visited Beverley House. All these

homes, and other, are filled with hearts now beating and pulsating with patriotic blood, and have been homes of statesmen, cabinet ministers, ambassadors and representative men.

The swift-flying railway trains and steamers are new and unknown to him.

He looks along the road hither, and finds the Huestis house, where Washington met Luzerne, the French Minister, and, turning back to Fishkill, without knowledge of the treason, gave Arnold time to escape his just fate. He sees the redoubts still guarding the gorge on the road near the old Haight house, the dividing line between Dutchess and Putnam Counties. Huts and barracks are gone.

He sees here his old camp ground and the Wharton house, where headquarters were, where often Washington came, and where Enoch Crosby was brought for his mock trial.

Yonder he sees the old Dutch Church, not now a prison, but well preserved, devoted to its original uses, like the Episcopal Church, its neighbor, which was once a hospital, and where the Provincial Congress of the State assembled. The piles of dead comrades that filled the streets there are only a memory.

He sees the Matthew Brinckerhoff house, east of the village, where the gallant Lafayette was so long ill and suffering. He looks along the road to Glenham for the shop of Bailey, where patriotism forged the sword of victory for Washington. The house has gone, but the sword is treasured by the country.* Yet beyond, he sees the Verplanck house, where the Society of the Cincinnati was formed. He sees the old stone house on the south side of the road, the Scofield house, where Baron Steuben, whom all the soldiers knew, had his headquarters. He sees the old Osborn house on the hill, beyond which was the outpost of the encampment. He sees the old Ackley house, where the Committee of Safety met.

His head droops. He seems to think. He sees again a moving column. His eyes are aglow. He straightens up his manly but gaunt figure with pride. 'Tis the Hessians and others of the army of Burgoyne, captured at Saratoga by Gates, who were paroled to go to Boston and be shipped to England; but Congress has set this aside, and they are being marched back from Hartford, through Fishkill, and across the ferry to Newburg, to be sent south.

He starts at sight of us here on his old camp ground. His strong and manly face is stirred with the memories of the scenes of his time. There is determined power in his features,

*This sword is now in the National Museum at Washington.

every one of which seem charged with the memories of a keen and varied life passed with the army of which he was a part.

As the declining sun throws its long shadows across the meadows, his quick ear catches the sound of the evening gun from Washington's Headquarters, at Newburg, midst the homes of the gallant "Orange Blossoms"; and from further down the river, at West Point, the harmonious strains of the music of parade, the beat of drum and sound of trumpet are echoed by Cro' Nest and the old gray hills as they re-echoed the martial music of Washington's army.

Soldiers march forth, bearing the flag he fought for. Its stars are increased, indicative of growth and strength of almost imperial States. It is not the old Continental uniform of blue and buff he sees, but he finds splendid soldiers in training to lead the hosts who will ever defend and fight for that flag and uphold the Union his comrades in arms established and achieved. They honor and salute the flag, and again the evening gun of West Point causes the national standard to be furled and guarded for the night, while all heads are uncovered, and with the strains to its glory all thus honor the flag.

He sees we have not forgotten the lays that cheered his comrades' hearts in those dreary days of privation and suffering of a hundred or more years ago.

What are his feelings as all these scenes pass before his memory and his vision and he looks down upon us here to-day? He sees in those beaming faces everywhere visible our tributes of gratitude, and that this spot is sacred because of the valorous dead, who achieved so much, who achieved everything for us. He recalls the invocation and prayer of the pastor of the old Prison Church, that the spirit of our forefathers be with us and upon us, and he sees your Dr. Huizingah's eloquent prayer is answered.

As we unveil the memorial he reads there, beneath the arc of the thirteen stars, carved in granite, commemorative of the thirteen original States, these graceful words of patriotism and gratitude, penned by the estimable lady, Mrs. Verplanck, Regent of the Melzingah Chapter, so prominent and efficient in the work and the effort that has caused this assemblage and this ceremony. Remember these words. They tell him, and they tell you and all, the story of the days and events we commemorate. Listen to them:

"In grateful remembrance of the brave men who gave their lives for their country during the American Revolution, and whose remains repose in the adjoining field, this stone is erected

by Melzingah Chapter, Daughters American Revolution, October 14, 1897."

Our shade has vanished. He has recognized the spirit and the work here. Heaven bless Melzingah Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Blessings upon every Chapter or Association of devoted and patriotic women who institute or aid such work. May their example spread over the land until no spot or incident of that grand struggle remains without some mark to perpetuate the memory of its good and its glory for mankind.

Let us join together and erect a monument to the Continental soldier as he was in the days we commemorate, and place it on the bank of the Hudson. Let us mark the noble Lafayette's home in his hours of sickness and suffering for us.

May the study of those historic days be constant and pervading, and the solutions of the problems of our own day and generation be facilitated, the national necessities better appreciated, the people become better qualified as Americans, and learn how, in the language of the Preamble to the United States Constitution, "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

ADDRESS AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY—FOUNDER'S DAY, JANUARY 11, 1898.

A large number of Cornellians and townspeople assembled in the Armory on Tuesday to hear Gen. Daniel Butterfield, famous soldier, successful business man and erstwhile friend of Ezra Cornell, deliver an address on the founder of the University.

At 10 o'clock promptly the programme was begun by the Cadet Band, which rendered some musical selections in an unusually happy style. President Schurman introduced the speaker, remarking in graceful terms upon his worth and position, and alluding to the friendship which had existed between the General and the father of Cornell.

The temporary stage which had been erected in front of the gymnasium entrance was almost unadorned, and unoccupied save for the president and the veteran warrior. The effect was one of impressive and dignified simplicity. General Butterfield spoke about an hour. The full text of his address follows:

Fifty years and more ago must seem to some of you a very,

very long time. It does to me, but there are some vivid personal recollections of it not out of place here to-day. We all pass, but we, who are in the white winter of our age, take special delight in leaving with our youthful successors the story of those experiences which have deeply stirred our feelings and influenced our lives.

Between myself and the man, Ezra Cornell, who built houses with his own hands, and plodded on foot selling plows, and yet was able out of his prolific brain to project, and out of his surplus wealth to endow, and out of his patient industry and sublime courage to foster and defend this great and growing institution, there was one point of contact in my youth, and a strong bond of ancestral association, that I cherish with delight and that I am moved to impart to you on this glad anniversary. A boy, coming home at vacation from the first sophomore term in the year, I was asked by my father what I was learning in Union College, answering by a general description of the course of studies pursued; an inquiry was then made respecting the experiments in chemistry and the natural sciences, and what, if anything, had been learned of the magnetic telegraph. These latter questions were asked by a friend of my father's present, a stranger to me, who had been very much interested as an eager listener, in the examination of my father as to the progress made in the studies, etc. The person who asked this question was a tall, straight man, then about thirty-nine years of age. He had an attractive and impressive face, as he gazed intently and inquiringly into mine with his clear blue eyes, that seemed of themselves, without words, to ask pleasantly but strongly, "Now tell us all about it"; an aquiline nose, a handsome and strong feature of his face, with a formation of the lower jaw and lips, in the closing of the mouth, that a life's experience has since taught me were indications of force of will, determination and strength of character—which I was too young then to comprehend, but which was photographed on my mind so clearly, that were I skilled as an artist or painter I could to-day reproduce it. He sat opposite me, with his elbows on the table and his chin between and supported by his hands. Had not the very kindly expression of his face been so assuring in its interest and sympathy it would have been embarrassing. As it was it encouraged me.

I gave a description of the Morse telegraph instrument of the first construction, with its soft, iron horse-shoe magnet wound with wire to surround it with the current from the battery—its lever and pointed steel nipple, or pen, at one end,

the action of the current from the battery, as the key was closed, causing the bar of metal to be drawn upon the magnet and the pen end to be moved up against a ribbon or strip of paper between rollers moved by clock-work, making a mark on the paper as long as the current was kept perfect, and releasing the bar of metal when the current was broken, stopping the pen-mark, so that marks of any desired length or simple dots were made upon the strip of paper, which marks or dots made the alphabet identical with that in use to-day by telegraphic operators—only now read by sound without the paper strip and without the pen. The battery then in use was described. It was the Grove battery, which was very different and more expensive than anything now in use. This stranger to me asked if it was simple and easy to operate, and who could operate it. My reply was, "Any young man of fair intelligence, not necessarily a college-bred man, or any young woman who could play the piano or keep good time."

A few other questions of detail, that have escaped my memory now, were satisfactorily answered during this interview. My last answer about the young woman was the termination of the investigation, so far as I was concerned, of the value or benefit of my college work and study. At its close and with the answer, this stranger brought his fists down on the table together, not with great force but with emphasis, and said to my father, "The boy has got it; college is doing him good." My father introduced me then to this stranger, with the remark, "My son, this is Mr. Cornell, and we are going to build a telegraph line from New York to Buffalo."

I have never forgotten this interview, and carry with me now the clearest recollection of the face and person of Ezra Cornell, as I wish every one of you young gentlemen could.

I have never yet determined whether the purpose of this interview was to ascertain if there was any use in sending a boy to college as young as I was, or whether it was a keen and far-seeing move on the part of Mr. Cornell to convince my father that the working and understanding of telegraphy would be a very simple and inexpensive matter, and so to get him strongly interested in building telegraph lines, as he did so become interested.

The thought has occurred to me since this great University inception, that perhaps that interview might have been one of the suggestions that helped to nourish, if not to plant, some seed the fruition of which was the great life work of your founder. And if in any degree I thus served unconsciously as

a slight factor in the development of the superb scheme, I desire here and now to claim the credit in the name and for the sake of my own venerable Alma Mater and its sagacious president, Eliphalet Nott.

From this interview and the business connection that grew up between Ezra Cornell and my father, I not only became well acquainted with Ezra Cornell at that time, but also with his son, who became Governor of New York, and who now is a trustee of this University, and by whose side I stood and learned, with Orin S. Wood and Otis E. Wood, to operate the telegraph and to cement a friendship which has continued unbroken, strong and delightful in all its phases for over half a century. I believe that friendship has inspired President Schurman to invite me to address you on this Founder's Day. The only drawback to the pleasure is that I cannot probably tell you much of the founder that has escaped the pen of his filial biographer, and the graceful tributes of those eloquent orators who have preceded me, on like anniversaries, in laying laurels, grateful recollection and high appreciation upon the records for the honor of Ezra Cornell.

Such tributes cannot be too often repeated if they bring home to you who are enjoying the benefits of his foresight, his generosity, his firmness and perseverance, the example and work of his life and the nobleness of his character and nature, as a model to profit by in your own careers.

Perhaps you are a student or a close observer of nature; if you are, fortunately for you it will be found an unfailing and unceasing source of pleasure and interest as long as you live. You may have seen in a field of grain one spear that has grown up among its fellows and exceeded them in height and bearing to a marked degree.

In a forest of elms, or other kind of trees, if you have studied and watched carefully from an elevated position you will at times find one tree growing up above its fellows and growing larger. In a corn field this superiority of growth and bearing sometimes shows itself, and that particular corn stalk is selected as a specimen. There is seldom, if ever, any reason found in the culture of these different species that explains why nature has produced such results, unless these plants think and reason, and by that process, manage to attract to themselves, from the air and the earth, more of the elements that produce growth and greatness. So with man.

As we gather here to-day to add our praises to the heartfelt eulogies that have been made before, we cannot but feel, after

the close study of this many-sided man, that he so overtops the average mental and moral stature that it is three men, instead of one, to whom we really owe our grateful praise.

First.—The man of justice, purity and integrity.

Second.—The thoughtful man of affairs, keen, far-sighted, always working with a purpose.

Third.—The man of strong human sympathies as a tender, loving husband and father, a philanthropist of the purest ideals.

These are so intimately blended in the character and life of the man that they will necessarily run together in what we have subsequently to say about him.

Probably the greatest characteristic of Mr. Cornell was the firmness of his judgment in support of an opinion which he had reached after mature consideration. The courage and sturdiness with which he was accustomed to support his own mental conviction was indeed remarkable. When once he had thoroughly considered a subject or a proposition and arrived at a conclusion that a certain object could be accomplished, and that it was worthy of the requisite effort, he was wholly oblivious to discouragement. Obstacles only served to arouse his energies, and the more serious the difficulties encountered, the greater was his determination to succeed.

The firmness of character and fertility of resource was particularly demonstrated in his devotion to the telegraph enterprise. When Professor Morse had proved the scientific success of the telegraph, but the government officials had decided that it could not be made a commercial success, Mr. Cornell boldly ventured his all upon his own opinion to the contrary, and went courageously to work for its accomplishment.

For more than ten years Mr. Cornell devoted himself with heroic courage to the development of the telegraph system in America. With sublime patience and untiring energy he overcame obstacles, which oft times appeared absolutely impossible to surmount, but true to the courage of his convictions he was finally enabled to triumph over every difficulty, and at the age of fifty he retired from the conflicts of active business as a millionaire.

Many men would, after such a struggle and success, have been disposed to treat themselves to a holiday of luxury, but not so with this earnest-minded Quaker. Instead of seeking a life of ease and enjoyment he began to look about to see where and how he could make himself and his fortune useful to his fellow man. His abilities were quickly sought in the public service of his native State, during the gloomy days of the great

Civil War, to which he devoted himself with characteristic earnestness.

While engaged in duties pertaining to his official position, Mr. Cornell's attention was incidentally attracted to the necessity for more adequate provision for the development of the cause of higher education in this State, and to the opportunity of its accomplishment by a proper utilization of the United States Land Grant, which had been made by Congress, in 1862. Realizing that the princely offering of the Federal Government was in serious danger of being frittered away quite unworthily he stepped resolutely forward and tendered to the State a personal donation of \$500,000 for the endowment of a great University, conditioned upon the appropriation to it of the proceeds of the Land Grant, which was ratified by the State, but only after a long and bitter struggle and after the imposition of a unique and oppressive tax of \$25,000 as a royalty for the privilege of being permitted to be generous. The State was not perfectly fair and wise, for the grant though good for Mr. Cornell and good for the village of which he was a distinguished citizen, was good, most of all, for the future prosperity of the youth of the whole imperial State of which Mr. Cornell was an honored pillar, and Ithaca a brilliant gem, with the placid lake set in the landscape to be a crystal surrounded by emeralds.

Owing to the provision of the Federal law prohibiting any State from locating its land warrants within the boundaries of any other State, it became necessary for States having no public lands within their domain to sell their land scrip in the open market. For many years previous the market price of public land warrants had been very steady at the normal government rate of \$1.25 per acre. At this rate the 990,000 acres would have produced an endowment fund of about one million and a quarter of dollars. Unfortunately, however, the requirement of sale on behalf of most of the larger States quickly ran the current value of the scrip down to about thirty cents per acre, with the probability of still lower rates.

Deploring the shameful sacrifice which seemed impending, Mr. Cornell conceived the idea of having the New York warrants purchased and located by individuals for the benefit of the Cornell University, to which their avails had already been appropriated by the legislature. In this view he earnestly sought the co-operation of many rich men. He made personal appeals to nearly one hundred different persons to unite with him to accomplish this beneficent object, but he was unable to

enlist a single individual. Finally, as the last resort, he determined to undertake the great task unaided. He made a contract with the State Land Board for the purchase of the scrip, and agreed to locate the land, pay the taxes and all other expenses, and to pay over to Cornell University every dollar of the profits as an endowment fund.

Nobody, unfamiliar with the details and annoyances incident to the location and care of public lands, can begin to appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking thus assumed by the generous-hearted founder in behalf of the great cause he loved so well. During the first year he advanced more than two hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of the scrip and the expense of location. Before a single dollar of profits was realized he had advanced more than five hundred thousand dollars. Eight years of incessant labor was devoted by him to this great work, and, sorrowful to relate, he was called to a higher life before its burdens were relaxed. Finally, however, his great foresight was most gloriously vindicated, and Cornell University has already realized, as the profits of that contract, five or six million of dollars, which is now safely invested in this endowment fund, while there still remains undisposed of about one hundred and fifty thousand acres of the original land from which another million of dollars may be reasonably expected.

In connection with his foresight and explanatory of his choice of Ithaca as a home, and illustrative of the truth that many forces co-operate to any great success, let me call your attention to a preliminary historical fact.

Upon assuming the command of the Revolutionary Army, Washington found himself in a strange country and in most urgent need of officers upon whom he could rely, who were familiar with the topographical details of the region about New York and the Hudson River Valley. Making his necessity known to the patriotic general, George Clinton, his attention was directed to Simeon DeWitt, a youth who had recently graduated as a civil engineer at one of the New Jersey colleges. The introduction was successful, and the young man was assigned to duty upon the staff of the commander-in-chief, where he served with complete satisfaction until the close of the great struggle for independence.

Afterward, General DeWitt was appointed State Engineer and Surveyor by Governor George Clinton, and in that position served the State more than fifty years. Under his supervision, counties west of the Hudson River Valley were surveyed, and to him our people are indebted for the many classic names of

towns and counties in this beautiful region, which, judged by the testimony of such names as Ovid, Utica, Syracuse, Homer, Palmyra, might seem to have been founded by Greeks and Romans themselves, rather than by sturdy, practical Americans.

Upon visiting the head of Cayuga Lake, in 1805, General Dewitt was greatly impressed with its future importance as the nearest point of connection between the waters of the Great Lakes and the Susquehanna River. He thereupon located at this place the land warrants which had been awarded him for revolutionary services, and determined to make it his ultimate home. By his influence a post-office was soon opened here and named Ithaca.

Under date of May 10, 1810, General DeWitt wrote a friend at Albany, as follows: "I find this village (Ithaca) considerably increased since I was here before. I have counted thirty-eight dwelling houses, among which is one very large, elegant, three-story house for a hotel, and five of two stories; the rest of one story—all generally neat frame buildings. Besides, there is a schoolhouse, and buildings for merchant stores, shops for carpenters, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, coopers, tanners, and we have besides shoemakers, tailors, two lawyers, one doctor, watch cleaner, turner, miller, hatter, etc."

Subsequently General DeWitt projected a ship canal from Sodus Bay, on Lake Ontario, to Cayuga Lake, in order to connect Ithaca with the Great Lakes. He then built the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad, from Ithaca to Owego, by means of which it was anticipated that Ithaca would become a great inland city at the gateway of an important channel of commerce between the northern lakes and the Susquehanna River and thence to Baltimore. What think you would DeWitt say, could he stand here to-day looking out on the same landscape of beauty, and find added the University, with its seventeen buildings on the campus, two thousand students, one hundred and seventy-five professors and instructors, its library of two hundred thousand volumes, with the flourishing, fine city of Ithaca, if not the great thoroughfare of commerce he thought and planned, far ahead of that in importance and benefit to the human race, a gateway and threshold by passage through the University to the realms of education and cultured thought.

It was under the stimulus of these brilliant expectations of the youthful Ithaca that the young Quaker, Ezra Cornell was, in 1828, at the age of twenty-one, attracted from the quiet of his father's farm, in Madison County, to cast his future fortunes in this locality. It was a lucky day for Ithaca; for its com-

mercial advantage, for its culture, to have this wealth of art, science and literature piled up at its doors—this mass of living, germinating thought fermenting in its midst, and nourishing industry, agriculture, statesmanship, for the young republic; for its beauty, to have the grace of noble architecture added as a crown of glory to those towering cliffs; for its civic pride to be named Oxford, Cambridge, Bonn, Berlin, as one of the greatest educational forces of the world, and to become one of the great magnetic poles to draw the intellectual pilgrim, and to subtly and powerfully influence all the currents of scholarship.

No one, truly mindful of the part he played, should grudge to Ezra Cornell or his eminent descendants, the honor of the name borne by this institution. Village and State and Nation should be proud to emblazon it as a type of manhood and noble citizenship, a very searmark of lofty example. Humanity at large is honored by such a character, and men simply prove their own worth by the heartiest recognition. Had he sought the distinction for himself—to be written down to coming ages as “one who loved his fellow man”—it would have been a natural, a pardonable, nay, even a laudable ambition. That he did not, according to the testimony of Ambassador White, but was willing to obscure his own part in the enterprise with thoughts solely for the welfare of others and with no concern for his own fame, places him among the rarest spirits of the human race, and makes it the more incumbent upon us, not to permit the memory of such a character to perish.


It ought to stand as a perpetual provocative to inquiry ever renewed, as the successive generations of youth come here to enjoy the generous fruitage of his great labors, that they may be answered with the story of his life and aroused by the example of his energy, his resoluteness, his foresight, his unselfishness.

Another phase of Mr. Cornell's character, quite in contrast with the grim earnestness and endurance by which he accomplished the great features of his noble life work, was his simplicity and tenderness of feeling. Especially were those modest graces exhibited in the presence of those upon whom fortune had frowned. None were too humble to seek his charitable, presence, and never did the worthy unfortunate fail to receive his kindly and sympathetic consideration. His personal attention is providing for the families of the volunteer soldiers in the days of the cruel war was the subject of the deepest gratitude from those upon whom the burden of patriotism was so heavily laid.

Apropos of the Civil War, and only pertinent to the purpose of to-day's reminiscences by reason of Mr. Cornell's sympathy and interest and patriotic work in that connection, I may be permitted, as a participant in it and an old soldier, to recall to you young gentlemen something of its gigantic proportions and the unprecedented number of men it brought into the field. The number of Union soldiers enlisted under the call for troops, including re-enlistments, were 2,572,000. Of these there were 2,000,000 enlisted for three years, 427,000 for one and two years, and the balance for a shorter period. Put in another form, there were 1,765 regiments of infantry, 270 regiments of cavalry, more than 900 batteries of artillery, and 671 ships of all kinds, manned by about 134,000 men. Of these, 364,116 are known to have died from wounds and disease, and they do not include those who perished in rebel pens, nor those lying in unknown graves, conservatively estimated at 150,000. The records show there were 5,825,000 entries at the hospitals during the war. These figures prove the great severity of the struggle, and the enormous drain on the strength of those engaged, and gives no figures of the other side. The war for the preservation of the Union contains a record of patriotism, courage, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty found nowhere else in the annals of mankind. It is gratifying to record Ezra Cornell's sympathetic work for it and permissible to note to-day these statistics here in this armory with the pleasure of a veteran at sight of the cadets of Cornell's fine battalion of infantry, showing that practice and information of the military art is part of the work of Cornell, and that you will, many of you, be quite ready and instructed for support and defense of the flag and the country at a moment's call.

Many stories of rare interest are related of the kindly attention of the great Founder to the humble and almost friendless students who ambitiously sought the University in its earlier years. Men who have since achieved renown in consequence of their ability to continue and succeed in this great seat of learning were indebted to his personal consideration for the means to persevere in their efforts. His sympathies were boundless and his counsel and advice could never be sought in vain.

Two distinct efforts are necessary to the accomplishment of such a work as Ezra Cornell's, and in fact to any great good for mankind—thought and action. It is not always given to one individual to have the genius and energy to make both efforts. Ezra Cornell had both in a marked degree. He was



a profound thinker. How well and how carefully he thought out his work before he began it—is pretty clearly set forth in the addresses of Ambassador White, Judge Finch, Colonel Shaw and others made here.

Add to the forethought, the energy, the perseverance and the patience of Ezra Cornell—crowned with his unbounded generosity and consideration for his fellow men, and we unite elements of character and nature that make the grandest and most elevated type of humanity. May we not study out for ourselves some of his unwritten thought and what he foresaw? Should not you who are trained in this school do so, and by every effort of your life join in the work and purpose of the Founder?

He discerned the needs of the future. Ezra Cornell looked far into coming time in founding this noble University. His large experience in the affairs of life taught him that the only safety for Republican government was to be found in the general loyalty and wisdom of our whole people.

His was a large mold in which manhood was cast. He saw with the vision of a prophet what alarming dangers were coming into view, threatening the very life of our nation. And so he went in his great way about planning adequate safeguards for the youth of our whole country.

He founded this University on lines of equality to all creeds, sections and conditions of young men and women. It is as wide as the world in its invitation for aspiring youth to come and satisfy themselves with the wealth of knowledge here placed within their reach. He knew full well what hatred and sectionalism had wrought in blood and agony, in the great rebellion; and with masterly forethought here laid the foundations of a safe educational system, based upon conditions of common interest to all our people.

Here we find no narrow circles teaching sectional ideas; but one broad plane of education worthy of every son and daughter of our Union.

And this is the need of the future. He had faith in the reign of the common people; and his heart beat in full sympathy with the idea that a good education was the best capital with which to start in the battle of life.

In founding a library for Ithaca, and in founding this great University later on, Ezra Cornell rose from high to higher in his ambition to make large provision for the development of a full rounded manhood and womanhood.

The needs of our time call for many-sided men and woman—

fitted to resist the special temptations and dangers which beset our fast age—with the privileges and aids of Cornell University, such representative friends of true mental and moral culture can be graduated here.

It was Baron Von Humboldt who wisely declared that, "Whatsoever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation must first be introduced into its schools," and this is a view which inspired the founder to devote his later years to rearing this monument incidentally to his memory, but primarily for the safety of the nation. What a splendid vision of the future filled his soul, when he had fully developed his ideas of what this spot should stand for, in future years! The response of his prophet-like call, within a single generation, has been wonderful. The attendance at present, representing all our States and the leading countries of the world, proves how wide is the fame of this young University—whose life is yet measured only by decades. The founder filled the poet's picture and estimate of true nobility:

"Who'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating!"

and his example is one that will point the way to successive benefactions from philanthropic Americans, who, seeing the true glory of his deeds, will emulate them in other places for the benefit of the youth of our land. Already he has called forth generous supporters to enlarge his work here.

After all, no monument endures like the sentiments of justice and righteousness in the hearts and lives of men and women. Here on these commanding heights is the battleground for the noblest victories youth can win. Culture here opens wide her portals and bids all to enter who have the inspirations of a larger view of life urging them forward to brave deeds and worthy ambitions.

In view of the great life and services of the founder of this University, at once so progressive and so promising along all lines of high culture and safe development, I urge the discipline of the loftiest patriotic sentiments, to the end that the youth who go forth from these halls of learning may be four square to all the needs and duties of loyal Americans, and the noblest Christian citizenship. Ezra Cornell rose, along the practical avenues of American possibilities through the exercise of honest toil, unswerving integrity, heroic endeavor, and

large practical views of the glorious heritage of American citizenship. He worked his own way along the rugged road of poverty into the bright avenue of well-won wealth; and then he grandly builded of his own fortune this splended temple of learning as a monument to his genius and philanthropy, and a blessing to generations to come. No grander creation of one man can be found in the wide sweep of the globe than the beautiful group of buildings which cluster on this glorious campus, the fruit of the founder's inspiration and example communicated to and working in able supporters and successors. Nature seems to have been in touch with the spirit of the great founder, for here, as in few other places, there is united a variety of natural splendors of hill, valley and lake, shifting in beauty with all kaleidoscopic changes of the seasons. Here has risen to meet the demands, group after group of needed educational buildings, until a rival of the oldest universities of the old world stands forth, able to cope with every phase of learning in other lands, and yet, only in its infancy. Here "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Here the youth of formerly hostile sections can mingle in a common unity, without bitterness and in enjoyment of a common birthright. The Puritan and the cavalier are here merged into the happy American. Here the sons of Union veterans and the sons of Confederate veterans can join hands in loyalty to a common valor, and thank God both are now heirs to one flag, one country, and one free civilization. This University seemed to rise triumphant after sectional differences had been settled by fire and blood, and a new opportunity was presented for American youth to become worthy workers under the new-born privileges and enlarged bounds of freedom on our soil. As a soldier of the Union in the past war era, I plead for broad views of our present new birth of freedom. Our battles are over, and the issues so stupendous at the time have been forever settled. Braver men never fought or fell than those who contented for ideals dear to each section, and when the war closed, the Union became the common heritage of a whole reunited and great people.


There are two factors absolutely necessary to the thorough success of a great educational institution: One—money in abundance to provide what manufacturers and business men would call the plant, that is, all the college buildings and grounds, the library, the various apparatus and instruments connected with education, all of which are found here at Cornell. Another—an executive head or chief with a faculty

fitted by culture and natural endowments to carry on the work. To realize how thoroughly this provision was made by your founder, read with care and study the address of Andrew D. White, the first president of Cornell, now so ably representing our country at the German court in Berlin. This address was delivered here on Founder's Day, 1890. It gives a complete description of Ezra Cornell's work from the commencement of his efforts to found this institution. If every student here has not read it, he should do so, with those of Judge Finch and Albert Shaw, not only once but a second and a third time. It portrays between the lines the wonderful judgment of men possessed by the founder, and leaves the indelible impression that his effort was not to follow in the rut of any existing institution, but to accomplish the greatest amount of possible good and efficient work in the line of education for the benefit of his fellow-men, and doing it as he did in American fashion of going directly at and reaching out for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Let me illustrate this trait of American character of going directly and quickly at the purpose, by an incident of the war.

After we had carried Lookout Mountain, in the battle above the clouds, the command which I served with were ordered to proceed across the Lookout Valley early next morning and attack the enemy's left on Mission Ridge, in front of Chattanooga. Pontoon bridges were ordered to be at a crossing of the creek in the valley at an early hour. They were not there to meet us; the stream was like a southern bayou stream, nine or ten feet deep, steep vertical banks of soft earth, no possibility of crossing, horse or man, without a bridge, owing to the character of the banks.

Our movement was urgent, and exhibiting great impatience and much temper at the failure of the pontoon train to arrive, I was approached by one of our Western volunteers with the inquiry, "General, do you want to get some men across that stream? If you do I can get a regiment over in 20 minutes." This statement astonished me. I had no experience as woodsman, brought up in a city and with my education or that part of it in engineering. I knew of no way to cross such a stream without bridges or boats. "You are my man," was my reply. "What do you want to do it with?" The answer was, "Half a dozen axes and some of my regiment to use them." These were instantly at hand, and in fifteen minutes the men had felled a tall and large tree on the bank of the stream so it fell across it and the top lodged on the opposite side—a few cuts



with the axes cut away limbs projecting on the end and across the stream, and a regiment went flying over in single file, followed by another before the bridges came, greatly to our advancement in time and movement. I have never since that failed to listen to any suggestion from any American how to accomplish an immediate and difficult work.

This American trait Ezra Cornell had when he built his first wooden house with no knowledge of carpentry, and built the Beebe tunnel with no knowledge of engineering; had he waited to learn these arts he may never have accomplished either. Don't forget, young gentlemen, his example—drive direct at it with vigor and every resource you can think of when you have an urgent task to perform.

His success has brought a situation which led one of the best of American authorities on education to say to me with much emphasis:

"The American university has come to stay." In the early college days I have alluded to, we never heard much of universities—it was colleges—Yale College, Harvard College, Columbia College, Princeton College, Union College, etc.—the word "University" was neither spoken nor thought of by students in connection with any American institution. As to England, we spoke of Cambridge and Oxford as colleges. Bonn enjoyed the dignity of the title of a university; of those of other countries we heard little and knew less."

It must then have been an inspiration that combined with Ezra Cornell's genius and character of the peculiarly American type when he announced his purpose and desire in the sententious description that the seal of Cornell carries:

"I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study."

Further illustration of his concise method of thought and expression, his character as a deep and earnest thinker, as well as his nature, is at hand and of record in his noble words Oct. 7, 1868, when this University was founded. It proves how thoroughly from the moment he conceived it. The idea of the University became entwined with this very life—it shows that this man of gentle exterior but iron resolve had fully thought out and determined how to place it in the power of any person to acquire a thorough education, as there had been nothing half-hearted in his labors—so there was nothing half-hearted in his noble philanthropy.

The opinion of competent foreign critics of his broad foundation and grand purpose here may be thoroughly realized

by an incident that occurred between distinguished men whose rank and lines of thought run in the direction of education. Visiting the Bibliotheque Nationale in connection with some researches for records of the discovery of America, I had to obtain special permission for access to the most valuable manuscripts, made before the days of printing, in that great library, I was shown into the jealously-guarded and securely-constructed apartment that held these treasures. Whom should I meet there but Hon. Melvil Dewey, the secretary of the University of the State of New York, a thorough and efficient worker, with his heart and life bound up in the subject of education. There was a mutual surprise in our meeting, and it resulted in a long conversation afterward, in which the subject of Cornell University came up.

He told me of a recent dinner at the National Liberal Club in London with several Cambridge and Oxford University men, among them Prof. Richard G. Moulton, who had been making a tour of the United States. Mr. Dewey happened to ask the recent visitor to our country what most astonished him or what was the greatest wonder found in his travels in the United States, and supposed, of course, that it would be Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone Park and its canons, the Capitol at Washington, New York, Chicago, or some of our great cities of such rapid growth, but he was startled by the reply, substantially in these words:

"When I walked over the campus of Cornell University, studied its workings, admired its buildings—its scenery and surroundings—it was to me the greatest wonder of America to think it had grown into such proportions and strength for its work, in a single quarter of a century, reaching the plane which the universities of the Old World had required so many centuries to gain."

This incident seems to me a more condensed and thorough appreciation of the great work of Ezra Cornell than it is possible for me to express. And yet I am constrained to add one word only of my own, by way of summary and brief exhortation.

I do not desire to indulge in any hyperbolic praise, but I think I am within the lines of modest truth when I attribute to Ezra Cornell two rare qualities of successful manhood:

First—The readiness to undertake enterprises calling for unusual confidence in yet untried powers—a self-reliance that challenged him to put forth his utmost skill, and that was shown to be warranted by the success of the event.



Second—A keen foresight of remote advantage which led him to espouse great causes in the days when they were despised, and to stake his fame and fortune upon their final triumph. Primary examples of these qualities are to be found in the building of the DeRuyter house without any knowledge of the mystery of carpentry, the conception and construction of the Beebe tunnel without any knowledge of the art of the civil engineer, and the dropping of the plough to direct the pioneer work that established the newly invented toy telegraph in its sphere as a mighty factor in American civilization. It may seem as if he were running counter to that precept which enjoins the man who has once put his hands to the plough not to turn back. But second and deeper thought will show that he did not turn back. He dropped the handles of the plough that merely turned up the soil for the time-honored crop of vegetables and took firm guiding grasp of one that cut the deep and lasting furrow for the lightning to travel in as a ministering spirit, and that broke the ground for that beneficent agency known as Cornell University. I could name you men of my own generation, renowned for a brief time for dazzling business achievements, whose memories are fast fading from human recollection, and whose influence is no longer felt. Their great enterprises have failed for want of a directing genius, or bear the title of a stranger; their property is consumed or scattered. They had their little day and it has passed forever, while in the case of Ezra Cornell a high and a holy resolve has given "an empire without an end." For as a great man he was good, and as a good man he is forever great. And it is to this imperishable quality of goodness that preserves greatness and renders it perennially fruitful, world without end, that I would chiefly direct your attention, young gentlemen, to-day. Ezra Cornell was a true humanitarian, of the class that deserve to stand high in the affairs of the nation and in the reverence of the world. He might, as so many have done, have sought only a brilliant personal success, involving benefit simply to himself and his immediate heirs. But he chose instead to make American youth his perpetual beneficiaries. It is desirable that such ambition as his should be gratified and exalted as perpetuating an important and inspiring lesson as to the privilege of wealth and its high uses. The demand for the reason for the name of this University is a constantly recurring opportunity for a reminder of the unselfish application of genius and wealth; of the possibility of such a voluntary sharing of the strong with the weak, as

shall disarm envy and promote a true socialism; as shall furnish to the youth an additional incentive to call forth his supreme energies for the sake of others, instead of pausing in self-content, or hoarding in abject miserliness. Such a life may even be regarded as a vindication of inequality, as part of the scheme of Providence to call out the full resources of a gifted nature, and to reward it with the joy of an immortality of benefaction. Like begets like, and Ezra Cornell's example has already called forth supporters of the same high spirit, to forward the expansion of the University.

All honor to the Sages, the Sibleys, the McGraws, White, Fayerweather, and other like noble natures, who added to Ezra Cornell's great work and princely gifts.

The keynote of the thought and action of Ezra Cornell, after he had obtained wealth by untiring, persistent industry, close economy and far-seeing wisdom, was his desire to use that wealth in providing a perennial source of knowledge, open to and within reach of the acceptance of every person who would earnestly seek for knowledge.

Other benefactors of our English-speaking people have contributed to the establishment of institutions of learning; learned, pious, earnest men have solicited the aid of kings and counsellors to establish great seats of learning in England and America, which during a slow and sometimes precarious growth of from three to six hundred years, have sent forth scholars and scientists and statesmen, whose actions are part of the histories of England and America, and after all these years of growth, those universities have only recently attained their independence, through the gifts and legacies of friends continued through all these years. While here, within the memory of every adult person in this audience, has been founded, equipped, established and endowed by the beneficent action of Ezra Cornell, the self-taught mechanic, the wise business man, an university, the equal of any and superior of most of like institutions in the world. What a vast difference between this and the little country schoolhouse in which that "poor young man," Ezra Cornell, graduated after an additional winter's schooling, obtained at the price of clearing four acres of land covered with a heavy beechwood forest.

Did Ezra Cornell find the motive of his action in the thought that the University he proposed to establish would be an eternal monument to himself, as it undoubtedly will be? I doubt if such a thought ever had the least influence in determining his action. There was before him, innate in every

fibre of his soul, intensified by his own struggles and experience, one great absorbing thought, What can I do to help the helpers, to educate the aspiring, to encourage the struggling, ambitious poor, who seek by the attainment of knowledge to benefit themselves and others. It appears as if he sank out of sight intuitively all selfish feeling or desire, if any ever existed, in the presence of the great passion to benefit the coming generations of youth, by affording them access to instruction in every branch of human knowledge. One intimately associated with him during the prosecution of this, the greatest work of his life, writes: "I feel bound to say that I have never known a man more entirely unselfish. I have seen him when his wealth was counted in millions devote it so generously to university objects that he felt it necessary to stint himself in some matters of personal comfort. When urged to sell a portion of the university lands at a sacrifice in order to better our foundation, he answered in substance, don't let us do that yet, I will wear my old hat and coat a little longer, and let you have a little more money from my own pocket. Such was his self-denial.

"His religion seemed to take shape in a constant desire to improve the condition of his fellow-men. He was never surprised or troubled by anything which any other human being believed or did not believe. Of intolerance he was utterly incapable. A verse of the Universal Prayer was a favorite quotation,

'That mercy I to others show,
That mercy, show to me.'

"He sought no reputation as a philanthropist, cared little for approval, and nothing for applause, but I can say of him, without reserve, that during all these years I knew him, he went about doing good."

Standing to-day in the presence of these classic and palatial halls of learning, we look around in vain for any attempt to impress or burden "any person" who may seek knowledge at these sources with his personal beliefs or religious opinions, or with anything that will make prominent his own opinions or maxims of life. But if we seek a sign and look over the door of his private residence, we read a brief, significant and notable motto, modestly carved in the solid capstone over the principal entrance, which to every Cornell student will be a cherished remembrance, an admonition, and an inspiration. A student of Cornell will need seek no other heraldic device with

which to emblazon shield or coat of arms, other than the severely simple motto, "True and firm."

The moral culture of students reared under the influence of such ideas and example is a great and constant addition to the forces that enoble American civilization. Such a career involves practical religion, a life stimulated and permeated in thought and act with a divine spirit, so fully that there is left no time to formulate a creed, time only to exhibit a noble one in action. "My voice is in my sword," declared the resolute MacDuff as he faced the tyrant of Scotland. "My thought is my deed" might have been the parallel utterances of Ezra Cornell, and to it we can certainly add with pride and gratitude to-day—"and here stands the deed founded on a rock, embodied in strength and beauty, thrilling with mighty, growing, deathless power." "True and Firm; True and Firm."

ADDRESS AT PRESENTATION OF FLAG TO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, MAY 7, 1898.

Mr. President Low—Our services of dedication are ended. Holding in my hand a list of the gallant sons of Columbia who in years past, from its foundation in 1754 down to the commencement of the existing war in April, 1898, beginning with Thomas Marston, a graduate of 1758, your first class, who was a member of the Revolutionary Committee of 1775, and including such distinguished alumni of Columbia as John Parke Custis, Harman Rutgers, of the Continental Army, killed in the battle of Long Island, 1776; Major-General Alexander Hamilton, of the United States Army, who was upon the staff of General Washington; Jacob Morris, of 1775, an Aide-de-Camp to General Greene; Ogden Hoffman, of 1812, Midshipman in the United States Navy; a De Peyster, Captain of the United States Army; a Kearney, Colonel of Dragoons and Brigadier-General in the Army, and Governor of Vera Cruz, and of the City of Mexico during the war of 1848; another Kearney, the famous brave and gallant "Phil" Kearney, a Major-General killed at Chantilly at the age of 47, in 1862; the brave General Ellis, killed at Gettysburg, and the noble Richard Tilden Auchmuty, breveted for gallantry at Gettysburg; F. Augustus Schermerhorn, brevetted for gallantry at Five Forks, who gave his splendid yacht to the Government a few days since; General Stewart L. Woodford, now on his way to us from Spain; General Henry E. Davies, of the class of '57, who won his stars as a Major-General at the point of his sword in the war for the union; Henry

Ketteltas, of the same class, brevetted for gallantry at Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Mission Ridge; Alfred T. Mahan, who went from here to graduate at the Naval Academy in '59, and so through the long list in the staff and other departments. Time does not permit to name them all, although included with the list are members of our Post, and the names of such distinguished families as the Jays, the Morris's, the King's, and members of your faculty now with you, the Surgeon-General of the Army and others. These names are reminders that it needs not this flag, it needs not eloquence nor words of patriotism for the purpose of inculcating in the Sons of Columbia a spirit of devotion to flag and country. That seed has been well planted here, and will continue in the future, as in the past, to bring forth its fruits. I recall with pleasure and pride your own eloquent words upon the historic field of Gettysburg, and your glorious tribute to the gallant 14th Regiment of Brooklyn, to-day again in the field at its country's call. I fully realize what effect the words and example of your administration of Columbia will be; it suffices to give you for Columbia this tribute from our Post of Veterans; may it perform the double duty of saying to you, to the young men assembled here, and to those who will come in the future, that our veterans, and the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic appreciate the service of Columbia's sons for that flag, and have full confidence that their glorious service in the past will always be repeated in the future.

In the name of my comrades of Lafayette Post No. 140, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, representing soldiers and sailors who defended the integrity and authority of the nation in the past. In the names of my comrades who in the present are again showing their loyalty and devotion to the flag and country, I present to you this pedestal and staff dedicated to the purposes set forth in the address of our late commander and comrade, Admiral Meade, when the flag, glorious emblem of our nationality, was presented two years since. With those ceremonies we may now recall the words and promise of our then commander, the gallant and lamented Meade.

You will find in imperishable bronze the words so impressively spoken on these grounds to you by Admiral Meade—"Love, Cherish and Defend It." You will also find the emblem of our order, whose history (yet unwritten), I trust some day may be, replete as it is with the grandest spirit and example of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty of a noble char-

acter, in the service and the money it has given from the generosity of our comrades to comrades and their families in distress.

Accept it, sir, with our trust that the historic loyalty and devotion of Columbia to our country and flag, its prompt response to every call and requirement therefor, will continue to add to the rolls of honor to be emblazoned upon the walls of your splendid and historical institution of learning. It is yours, the gift of our comrades to Columbia.

Accept it, sir, and may blessings and prosperity ever rest upon you and upon Columbia in future as in the past, while you adhere always to the principles and spirit it illustrates and calls forth—and may God bless Columbia.

[Two days later President Low wrote to General Butterfield: "I write just a line to tell you how much we all enjoyed the ceremony of Saturday afternoon. Every one who took part in it thought it a most impressive occasion. I need not say to you that we are very proud of our staff and flag, and that the University feels very closely united in interest with Lafayette Post of the Grand Army of the Republic."—EDITOR.]

WHAT SHALL OUR COLONIAL POLICY BE?

Address to the Society of Colonial Wars, New York,
November 30, 1898.

In 1776 Congress resolved that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." Since that declaration until now we have dropped the colonial business except in recalling historic memories and services of our colonial ancestors.

If the inhabitants of our newly-acquired possessions were of the same sterling qualities and intelligence as our original colonies, the policy question would settle itself. There is where the whole difficulty comes in a response to the subject you give me.

As a result of the recent war, so chivalrously undertaken and gloriously consummated, we are confronted with a problem demanding careful consideration of candid minds, inspired by high civic and national ideas, demanding right and justice to our own people at home and to those we have conquered abroad. Meeting the case any other way is unworthy of our race and history. We shall meet it with courage, deliberation and right. The magnificent record of the chosen servant of the people, whom war with our laws and customs found with full

power as our leader, gives us confidence that William McKinley will wisely recommend such action by Congress as the situation demands. His advisers in statecraft are not new to the business. Their brains and judgment command public confidence.

The Congress to assemble next week was not elected with this issue in sight, hence we may more freely express our views upon the subject. In our history grave issues have demanded and received compromises. We who want all advantages of our new acquisitions without the disadvantages of placing them in their periods of political incubation on a Territorial plane for the dignity of Statehood, want them to possess a potentiality other than mere numbers to permit them at any time to become sovereign States and integral parts of this Union. Expansion is here, and we must guard against the great danger of these countries becoming co-equal members of this Union by the one safe and sure guarantee of a constitutional amendment that shall prohibit admission of any State into the Union which is not a portion of the American continent.

A new page in our history is opened. We are aligned, perhaps allied somewhat, in policy with England; we are in closer parallel with the ancient republic of Rome. We awake to the fact that the statesmen of England have had an underlying purpose other than mere expansion and land-grabbing for its sake. They have been hunting and working for employment, food and development of their population overgrowing their limited area and capacity. We have room enough, but we hear a call for the benefits of trade and commerce to our own people. It rolls along with a different chord to its germane call for philanthropic and humane ideas. We must not ignore it.

The problem is full of vexations. Shall we be as wise as England and hold our Government and rule within ourselves?

Put up the bars and so declare by constitutional amendment if need be.

No more States outside our present boundary on this continent.

Colonies if you will—yes, and for them a colonial policy.

Shall the mathematics of population dominate the moral, political and commercial considerations involved? No.

If so, Hawaii can knock at the doors of Congress for admission, and what would she be?—about 5,000 intelligent whites, counting our British brethren there, as against more

than ten times that number of raw Japanese and native Hawaiians.

Think of that uneducated vote handled by political adventurers and greedy corporations! And yet, in the august Senate of the United States, the vote of such a likely-to-be rotten borough—without the vote or the intelligence of one of our Assembly districts—would equal that of the imperial State of New York. The proposition is abhorrent, a revolt to reason. Demagogues of our day, confined to no one party, will urge that there is no justice in denying Hawaii seats in the National Senate when pocket boroughs such as Nevada, Montana or polygamous Utah, have them. Justice is a most potent word, but what justice or common sense in making one colossal blunder and political crime serve as a precedent for perpetrating another?

At their worst these States of ours present racial raw material for splendid American citizenship. They have the potentiality of developing coherent balanced and creditable commonwealths. Such is not the case with Hawaii.

These arguments apply with greater force to other possessions, the war we did not seek has brought us. The Philippines have a population of about seven millions. Of this vast number not one-twentieth has education, as we understand the term, to fit them for American citizenship. It is doubtful if the present generation could be reasonably expected to become competent citizens of the United States.

Comodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family, was wonderfully vigorous and terse of expression in making an illustration. Speaking of Wall Street speculators who took on greater burdens than they could carry, for prospective profits, when asked the trouble, he replied: "Those fellows bit off more than they could chew." Would we not find ourselves in a similar plight with these possessions, before their political digestion was accomplished, if we attempt Territorial and State absorption?

Development does not move spasmodically—English, French, Germans and ourselves have taken a few ages to arrive at our present degree and exercise of political liberty. It would be a grievous wrong to the Filipinos to make them our political equals, before they have taken on education even much below the average we possess.

Porto Rico ethically, though less numerically, enforces this contention. Her population in 1887 was 814,000, of which about 300,000 were negroes, and Cuba, in 1894, had 1,000,000,

of whom 35 per cent., or over 550,000, were negroes. In round numbers ten million of people to be added to our population if the surmise is probable that Cuba must remain under our protectorate indefinitely. These ten millions in no wise qualified or capable of qualification within many years, to become full-fledged American citizens with their several habitats recognized as Territories and then as sovereign States—300 years under Spain gives no evidence or foundation for belief that they will be qualified.

No, gentlemen, unless we want to accentuate the present all-sufficient abuses of our political system and stimulate corruption by endowing ignorance with power, we shall not tolerate the idea that Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, or even Alaska, are to be erected into States of this Union.

Consider for a moment that, based upon careful calculation of the growth of our population since the formation of the United States, we are able to estimate with practical precision that our present American population of, say 75,000,000, will be 150,000,000 within the next 38 years, this without foreign mixture from our new possessions. That is to say, that within the sound of my voice there are those who will live long enough to see the day when, if these foreign races are admitted as States, one branch alone, the Asiatics, under a moderately close political decision of our own people, could hold a balance of power in Congress to settle such questions as, for instance: Gold or silver money, paper or fiat money, based on sugar, hemp, wheat, tobacco or other products, declare and support a State religion for our military posts, regiments, ships of war, territorial and race schools, or other grave and serious questions not unlikely to arise in a government like ours under such conditions.

Do you think such a state of affairs will conduce to the welfare or is to be desired for the American people? Is it wise to open the door for the possible entrance thereof?

Now, how shall we govern these people? What shall be our policy? I answer, Make them colonies and have a colonial policy—one that will enable us to devolve their government upon themselves as fast as they develop capacity therefor, but that shall not open the door for their exercise of any power or control, however remote, in our Government. It is our right and our duty to dictate conditions that will socially and surely guard our magnificent political fabric.

We have no right to leave to any chance of future possible danger the great structure of free government by trained and

educated citizens, which produced the men behind the guns and trained them with such limited numbers to astonish the world with the results.

To govern with the military arm is the only sound, practical solution of the problem. Do not let the idea of such a course in our peaceful republic deter you from considering with candid, open intelligence this bold proposal.

I do not fire a blank charge at your minds to hear a musical echo dance itself to death on the far-away hills of fancy.

Not because I have been a soldier am I enamored of the military form of government. Witness the return of a million men to the works and arts of peace from our civil war to learn that a large army of American soldiers in our Republic is a source of no danger compared with the far greater one of projecting into the veins of a body politic as advanced as ours the virus of a vast ignorance, expressed from and in the masses of inferior or degenerate races.

We must keep our possessions and squarely meet the questions the war has brought us, like American men. It will need no large army to properly garrison our Asiatic and West Indian possessions with the aid of our magnificent navy, of which we are so justly proud and which we must and will maintain.

Great Britain maintains her rule and her admirable administration of affairs in her huge and scattered colonies with an army of comparatively small size—so can we. Do you ask my reasons why a military government will be best for our colonies for a long time to come? I answer:

First—It will be stable and even in its operations. Commanders may be transferred, but no change of governmental policy will follow such transfer.

Second (perhaps this should be first)—It will be more honest. The cause is not far to seek. Military men from our Government schools, or acquiring that training in service, are not prone to jobs and deals—they rarely ever do—but if they do, their comrades' noble esprit makes short shrift for them in courts martial.

The psychological fact is that men to whom the profession of arms is attractive—soldiers and sailors born and bred—are not, as a rule, subject to the allurements of commercial cupidity. The military governors taken from our regular forces will not palter, will not betray their trust. We who have served with them and of them, know them to their very bone, and we trust them unreservedly. They will be to us as

just a source of national pride as the military governors of provinces were to Rome in her day of greatness, or the long, illustrious roll of military governors among whom England for several centuries has found but one to impeach for high crimes and misdemeanors.

The third reason for urging military government for colonies is a corollary to my second. It will be vastly more economical and more efficient. Local improvements, whatever they are, will be done rightly from the start, and will last, like the roads which the thoroughbred Roman built in Britain to remain, long as witnesses of his work after the bat and owl had usurped the palaces of the Cæsars.

The cardinal principle of the practical military mind is order and discipline. Order is the primary need where inferior races abound, and where the impractical, disorderly Spaniard has misruled so many years. There is need of a strong arm to subdue guerrillas, banditti, etc., the natural legacy from years of Spanish oppression and misrule.

Are there penalties imposed upon localities, then the results will be used for local benefit or brought home as the grand old Hero, General, and Military Governor Winfield Scott, brought home from Mexico—the fine imposed there, and built a soldiers' home for our Government.

Military occupation for a very considerable period is forced upon us. Let us keep it there until every evidence comes to us and satisfies us the basis of fitness and education is up to the standard of our original colonies. Then set them up for themselves, as we did, or add them as worthy stars to our constellation, if we can get a flag big enough.

You know we knocked out and refused admission to one State. Putting these people where some would propose would only repeat this trouble. The example of this kind of danger occurred about 110 years ago, when John Sevier, a political brigand of his time, assisted at the violent birth of the State of Frankland, or Franklin, harried the peaceable, inferior race, the Indian, in his vicinity, and nearly succeeded in setting three sovereign States, North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia, by the ears. The chaotic State of Franklin, a secession of certain counties from North Carolina, lasted for about three years before collapse and Sevier's flight for his life.

Imagine the mischief to follow in the Philippines with a Sevier in Aguinaldo or others! We can handle them as colonies; as States or Territories they may become thorns in our flesh.

If some one cries out that the Constitution, forsooth, makes no provision for our having colonies, and nothing but Territories on the swift way to statehood, then let us amend the Constitution as proposed.

The poet Lowell, also, by the by, a statesman, like the poet Hay, remarked suggestively: "New occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient good uncouth."

The greatest and grandest trust that was ever formed in the history of mankind was when the thirteen original colonies formed the great trust of the United States for the purposes of a Government by the people, for the benefit of the people. We have since admitted many partners to this trust for the benefit of the human race. Our business men have of recent years begun to follow the example of the colonies and form trusts for their own benefit in trade. When they don't work for the general good the people will turn them down, probably.

Let us not spoil our own original grand trust of the United States Government and be turned down ourselves by taking in dangerous elements—diluting and weakening it—not, at least, until the elements we add have the virtues and the strength equal to the original. Let us challenge our new candidates for Senatorial honors and learn their opinions. We have a right to them. While we will not discuss questions of trade and open doors, leaving that to wise and experienced trained legislators along those lines, let us turn from the immediate business questions of sensible administration of these new possessions to broad and high consideration of our ultimate duty toward the peoples in the near and the uttermost parts of the earth over whom our Flag waves in victory and glory.

In due course of years duty may shape itself to cover with the full mantle of American citizenship all inferior or delayed races within the scope of our sovereignty.

Then it may come to be written by some great poet of a greater future, as Claudian wrote of his beloved Rome, "Haec est in gremium," etc., and we may read him transposed, that "we too, have raised our vassals to citizens and linked far places in a bond of love and made the world one family."



Copy of Trumbull's Painting of Washington.
Presented to Memorial Hall, West Point, by General Butterfield.

REMARKS ON HIS PRESENTATION TO THE CUL-
LUM MEMORIAL HALL AT WEST POINT, OF
THE PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GEORGE WASH-
INGTON, MAY 30, 1900.

[In addition to the large painting of Washington, General Butterfield was a liberal subscriber to the Battle Monument at West Point and the donor of a copy of Salvator Rosa's *Battle on the Bridge*, a Large Tablet with list of graduates killed in action during the first century of the existence of the United States Military Academy; Medallions of Generals Anthony Wayne and Winfield Scott; and an enlargement of a photographic group of Generals Sheridan, Merritt, Forsyth, Devin and Custer. Butterfield, who was deeply interested in the West Point Memorial Hall, was also instrumental in persuading many others to present portraits and other gifts, to be displayed in the new building.—EDITOR.]

This Memorial Day and this Memorial Hall are most fitting in time and place for a tribute to him whose service and example as a soldier was the seed for the foundation of the spirit and example that easily makes him the founder of the Army so magnificently created and perpetuated here—in its esprit du corps, personal bearing and chivalry as soldiers.

The presentation of the portrait of Washington to West Point, the military school of the nation which calls him Father, caused consultation as to the selection of Trumbull's painting as safer to follow than to attempt any new creation; and the courtesy of His Honor, the Mayor of New York, permitted the reproduction of the portrait painted for New York City and now hanging in the halls of that city. Of the many men that have been chosen with other required qualities there never was a finer specimen of physical manhood, patriotism, devotion to duty, and a high standard of honor than Washington. More than six feet in height, his colonial style of uniform which the army of his day wore, and is to-day admired as a gentleman soldier's apparel; the white horse he rode at Yorktown when he received the surrender of Cornwallis; all render his an heroic figure never better described than by the pen of the Marquis de Chastellux, as caught by the pencil of Trumbull, in the following words: "A stature noble and lofty, a figure well made and exactly proportioned, the head rather small. Neither a grave nor a familiar face; the brow sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude; inspiring respect, he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence." Other close observers likewise have specially noted that Washington's head was small; and it may be softly said that, unlike those of some of our Presidents, it always remained so.

Here in our vicinity the work he strove to do was chiefly of a constructive and preventive character; to get his army into better condition and to thwart the British in their plan of making our noble Hudson River act as a line of cleaving between the eastern and western, perhaps we should say the northern and southern, forces of patriot rebels—this was Washington's aim and measurably his accomplishment.

In doing this he assembled here most of the grand spirits among the soldiers in the war and impressed his spirit upon them. His character and his personal beauty seems to have descended as a birthright upon the noble class of men who were trained in this school since the days when he fortified this place in 1779, which caused it to be followed by this Academy. It seems to me that it was Washington's spirit that has ever since hovered over the Academy, this soil that has been so productive of men—such wonderful examples of splendid character as soldiers and gentlemen—who have preserved in an absolute democracy so grand a corps, who have safeguarded the honor of their country even at the cost of imprisonment and dishonor to those who failed in their trust. The value of its work is not fully understood even with Scott's tribute from the Mexican War. Only those who have held positions and experience in war to know what this institution has done through its alumni can fully realize it, and we cannot keep from coupling it with Washington and regarding him by knowledge and study of him as its founder with being the founder of the army. But as I am wandering from our founder I cannot abstain from a word of justice and honor so deserved by West Point's children.

Unlike the famous men of history, Washington was illustrious from whatever side approached; in civic life alone his name would illumine history if his military record did not. It has often occurred to me that too little note has been taken of Washington as the leader of his country in times of peace. As a statesman he stands before the critic of the centuries as grandly as the General of Armies.

During the struggle for existence, when this nation formed a confederation for mutual safety, he quickly saw that it was only a rope of sand that held the parts together, and so proclaimed it upon every fitting occasion. The Articles of Confederation he regarded as a memorandum of mutual good-will, but having in themselves no vital political power.

The war ended with this semblance of a Government, each State liable, as he foresaw, to enter into a death struggle with

its neighbor and thus destroy all that had been contended for in the seven years of titanic efforts for the liberty of man. But no mortal man, other than Washington, had the influence to say this condition shall be changed. Suspicion paralyzed the tongue of every other citizen who dared to raise his voice for reorganization and constitutional confederation. And so matters ran on for a period of four years after Washington had yielded his sword at Annapolis.

At last, Maryland and Virginia began the mutter of discontent as separate nationalities, and then Washington, with that wisdom which never seemed to be foreign to any of his acts, stepped upon the platform as the champion of a genuine and effective reform. He advised Virginia to invite the other States to a convention for laying the foundations of a stable government. Virginia, of all the States, was obedient to his word, and the convention followed which gave us that union under which we have flourished so greatly and which we have since fought with spartan valor to defend.

Washington was easily the Father of this Convention, and hence the Father of our present Constitution. Men opposed this who should have been wise enough to foresee the necessity, but amid the acrimonious fight that followed, for and against the adoption of our present rule of government, it was the hand of Washington that beat all others down. If peace has her victories as brilliant as those of war, Washington surely has the right to wear the laurels of the forum as well as the sword of Mars.

It is not the time here to review his life as President and his many beneficial acts as the wise ruler of the Republic. When he refused to be embroiled with France into a war with England, he gained a special and specific claim upon the gratitude of every American whose birthright might have been fatally imperiled by such a rash adventure.


Passing from his civic life to that of the soldier, necessary to be here taken up, though ever so briefly, on this occasion, another view is presented to be embodied with my offering of this portrait to the Academy and the Memorial Hall, which, I ask you, gentlemen of the Academic Board, to accept in accordance with your invitation.

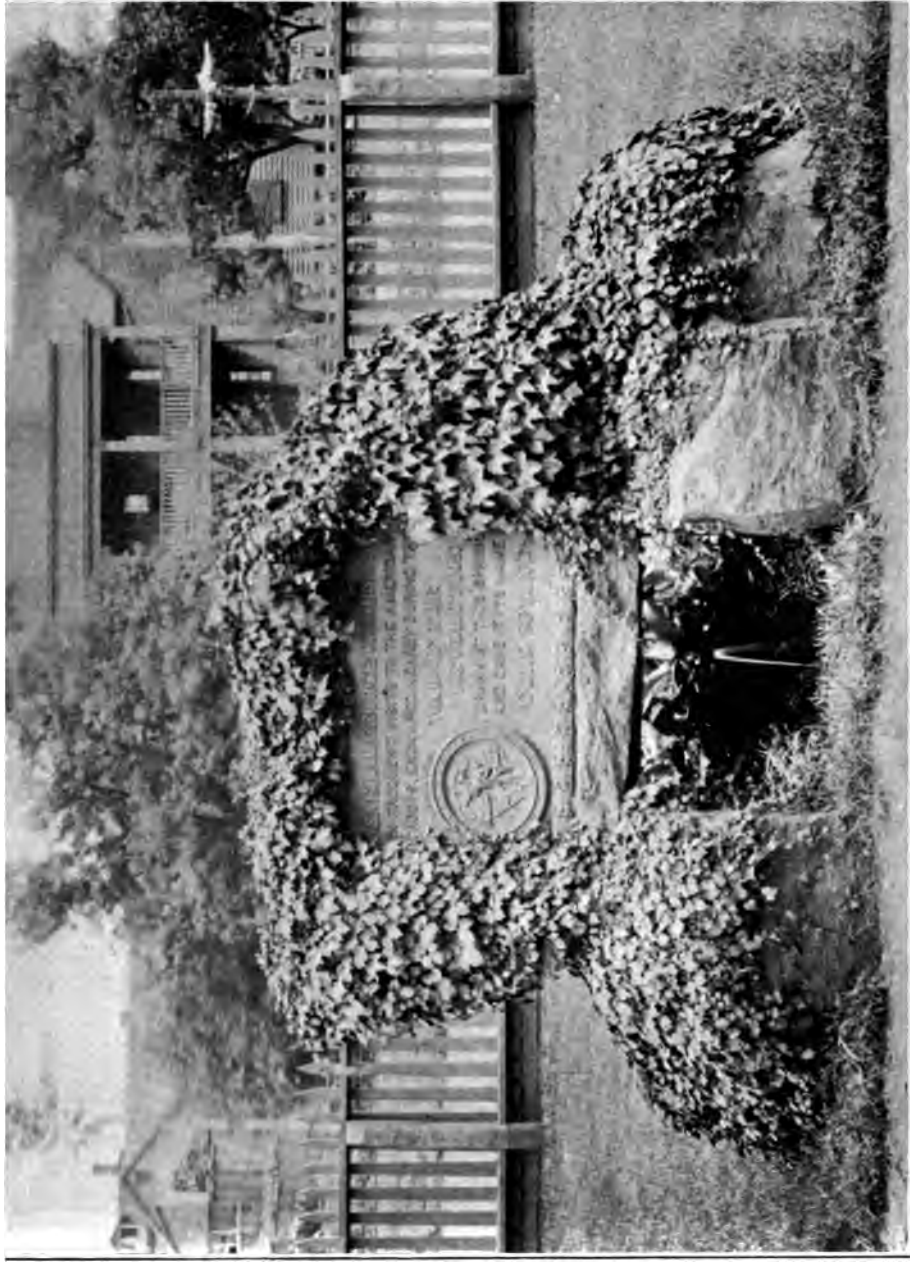
A chief element in the character of Washington, leading him on to success, was his equipoise of mind under all circumstances. Whether in the cabinet or the field, he was always master of himself. It is said of Napoleon, that at the bridge of Arcola he was less excited than if on a dress parade. He

undoubtedly was enthusiastic, for the situation made this unavoidable; but he never for a moment lost the control of all his faculties. If this be the test of military genius, then Washington was endowed beyond all the great military leaders of history. Self-possessed even to austerity in the house of ease, he never lost this important mental control in the rush of fiercest battle. From the opening of the war for Independence, he was easily the moving and the controlling spirit of every campaign, and never once can he be charged with losing self-control, unless it be on the occasion of Lee's unaccountable retreat at Monmouth, which Washington was justified at the moment in regarding as insolent insubordination if not covert treason, and when he launched upon the culprit's head the only harsh language attributed to him through the entire seven years of unequal conflict with England. A man thus organized is ordained for any fortune, with full possession of all his faculties in direst emergency. To particularize one would have to rewrite the war of the Revolution. But before the Revolution Washington had revealed those characteristics which were afterward to make him the famed hero of all the centuries.

As a soldier with Braddock, he was the calm and self-possessed Captain who was decreed of Providence to save the army, after the commander fell. And doubtless he never would have fallen had he listened to the advice of his subordinate, who saw as clearly the line of duty amid the shower of savage arrows on the Monongahela as he would have seen it on a dress parade. The story is well worn of the old Indian who complained that he had fired seventeen times at the figure of Washington, who notwithstanding remained unhurt and undismayed; it was this coolness which paralyzed the arm of the dusky warrior and nullified his aim.

On Dorchester Heights before Boston, this great chief was to give to his country the first evidence of his power. He there besieged Howe with a force far inferior to the British enemy and compelled him to fly in trepidation from the victorious republicans. At the hour of his triumph, the army of Washington was undisciplined, unorganized and without guns and ammunition. The adversary was oversupplied in everything. Yet General William Howe fled to Halifax, and Washington, impotent in all that made an army formidable, excepting always his own unyielding genius of self-mastery, took possession of the surrendered city. A pitched battle upon the open plain, with lives of thousands made victims to voracious war, could have accomplished no more.





The Spring near the Railway station where Washington frequently drank, and to which he gave the name of Cold Spring.



Next at Long Island do the garlands which destiny weaves for her favorites fall profusely upon the brow of Washington. It was a moment of great expectations. The American Army was well placed, and as far as good judgment could foretell the future, the British were to meet with their second great disaster. Generals Greene and Putnam and Sullivan were names of men tried and true, and it seemed that not even fickle chance could possibly give to the invading British the baton of success in this bloody game. But lofty expectation came to grief. Greene sick and away from his command, Putnam blundered; and the enemy was looking for the signal of complete surrender of the American forces, when the fatal day closed and darkness rent this signal from the exulting victors. At this direful moment, Washington crossed the East River, and on his coming the guardian angel of patriots' cause at once spread his wings in protection of its shattered hopes. Night and day, for forty-eight hours, Washington was continuously in his saddle; and when the enemy advanced to take possession of the fallen banners of the Americans, they marched into empty entrenchments from which the late occupants had marched in safe retreat. In all history of man's contentions in serried lines upon contested fields, there is probably no movement more brilliant than this, or more full of that genius whose symbol is the sword.

Passing White Plains and Harlem Heights, the after march across New Jersey, calls tears of pity to glistening eyes whenever the wintry disasters and sufferings of this tramp are given a recital. It was Washington alone who said, "I will not despair." All others did, and many, even of the best, were in favor of capitulation. His aid may well have said to his companion of equal rank:

"There is something of mystery about
This man that inspires a sense of awe, which
No other mortal gives. I tell you, George—
He is the one hope we have of victory;
And upon his single palm he bears up our
Falling fortunes, as God bears up the world."

After the trials of retreat across the States comes the Battle of Trenton. Who but Washington could have planned this trial of arms, confronting the grinding ice of the Delaware, and have executed his plan alone, after the abandonment of his co-operating generals. Great Alexander at the Granicus

or at Arbela did no work of greater military genius. Nor did any general at any time do a work of greater consequences. It turned the entire fortunes of the war. The British, confident that the war was ended, were making plans for departure for England. Washington at Trenton and Princeton changed the situation; and reviving patriotic hopes from his success, never flagged again during the entire war. At Brandywine, Washington, as at Trenton, led his troops, but the errors of Sullivan made his well planned fight a failure. He saved his army from capture by the same skill which guided him at Long Island; and at Valley Forge in the winter ensuing, he made the life of Howe in Philadelphia as unhappy as before he had made it in Boston. And he did all this with only a skirmish line of starving, clotheless, freezing soldiers, held in their places by the magic of his personality. Saratoga at this time was the triumph of his strategy, for no point in the great war was beyond his care. Then came the treason of Arnold, more crushing to him than an army lost, for he appreciated Arnold's dash and courage, and the full reliance ever to be placed upon the success of any work committed to his sword, while his heart was still true. Yet Great Washington, even above treason, could rise serene and confident, and welcome the French now arrived to unite their swords with his.

Yorktown was the next and final test of power between the contending forces in which Washington personally took part; and here as ever he was the prudent and brave commander.

Cornwallis was surrounded by a cordon of fire, arranged by the foresight of Washington before the French fleet had left the West Indies for our shores, provided that fleet sailed into the Chesapeake instead of into the harbor of New York. When the news came that the allies had so entered Southern waters the doom of the British invader was sealed. Washington, end, by the genius of his self-control and exalted common sense, always the self-poised, calm, conscientious Chief even to the sense, as his reward, gained the sword of Cornwallis and the acclaim of all nations, that he was

"The one, solitary, alone, Immortal."

Fitly and properly he stands here, not as a graduate, but as the type and founder of the best of our army—and so I hand him over to you.

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